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48

MELVILLE

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Moby Dick; or, The Whale

BY HERMAN MELVILLE



WILLIAM BENTON *Publisher*

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BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

HERMAN MELVILLE 1819-1891

THE AUTHOR OF *Moby Dick* was born in New York in 1819 descended from Scotch stock on his father's side and from Dutch Calvinists on his mother's.

He and his new wife settled in New York here as the protégé of Everett Ruess. He had received his novel for the *Literary* 11

The necessity of contributing to the support of his family compelled Herman to leave school at the age of fifteen to seek for his bread.

bookstores. "Those deep fairs with those those occasional flashings forth of the truth and those short quick plunges at the very heart."

settling was accorded the same unenthusiastic reception that was to begeth all the books in which he tried to get at the truth. Rather than get it done. So perhaps he put it all to turn gain to strain his nerve in *Redburn* (1849) and *White-Jacket* (1850) semi-autobiographical tales of life aboard a merchantman and a man-of-war. Both were fairly well received. But his people

with that poor devil. "I am a poor devil," he says. "And when he attempts to say 'God bless him'—God bless him!—'Well, he is a poor devil'—as intimated at the persons of

he scarcely passed a year between the days that his new unfolded the myself. His first novel is drawn from his personal experience in the South Seas. *Typee* was published in London and New York in 1846.

in old Massachusetts hanging at the meagre income from his books by small-scale farming.

The same year Hawthorne moved to near by Lenox. Melville had written an essay in praise of Hawthorne placing him beside Shakespeare in his type of blackness.

Herman Melville

writing he completed two novels and a book of short stories by 1857

Low in spirits and broken in health Mel

to his mind and all possible and impossible matters

It was to Hawthorne that Melville dedicated *Moby Dick* (1851) writing to him of the hell fire in which the whole book is broiled. This work he felt marked the end of that process of unfolding within begun when he was twenty-five. I feel that I am

stood this book. It's a long stage and no inn in sight and night coming and the body cold. But with you for a passenger I am content and can be happy," he wrote the elder author. In the same letter he describes his own sensations: "I have written a wicked book."

He then

able even Duyckinck complained that Melville had let his mind run riot amid remote analogies. Melville attempted without success to secure consular appointment in 1853. The same year a fire at the warehouse of his publishers destroyed not only his books but also the plates from which they had been printed; they were not reprinted during his lifetime. Unable to find other means of earning his livelihood, he was obliged to continue

up his mind to be annihilated but still he does not seem to rest in that anticipation and I think will never rest until he gets hold of a definite belief. It is strange how he persists in wandering to and fro over these deserts as dismal and monotonous as the sandhills amid which we were sitting. He can neither believe nor be comfortable in his unbelief.

The last thirty-three years of Melville's

He sailed for San Francisco aboard his brother's clipper ship. In 1866 he was appointed a customs inspector in New York, a position he held until 1885.

just before his death and published posthumously in 1904.

Herman Melville died in New York on September 8, 1891. Only one newspaper carried an obituary notice and this was but a few lines.

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Etymology

(SUPPLIED BY A LATE CONSUMPTIVE USHER TO A GRAMMAR SCHOOL.)

The p-ple Usher—threadbare in coat heart body and brain I see I m now
He was ever dust ng his old lexicons and grammars with a queer handkerchief
mockin ly embell shed with all the gay fl-ors of all the known nations of the
world. He loved to dust his old grammars & somehow mildly rem nded him of
his mortal ty

While you take in hand to school others, and to teach them by what name
a whale-fish is to be called in our tongue leavin out, through ignorance the
letter H which almost alone maketh up the signification of the word you
d liver that which is not true

HACKLUYST

WHALE. Sw and Dan h al This animal is named from roundness or
rolling; for in Dan. hr 's is arched o vaulted. Webster's Dictionary

WHALE. It is more immediately from the Dut. and Ger Waller A.S.
W also can to roll to wallow Richardson's Dictionary

ח	Hebrew
ῥῥῥ	Greek
CETUS	Latin
WHEL	Anglo-Saxon
HVALT	Danish
WAL	Dutch
HVAL	Swedish
WHALE	Icelandic
WHALE	English
BALEINE	French
BALLENA	Spanish
PEKEE NUTEE NUTEE	Fejee
PEHEE NUTEE NUTEE	Enimangoon

swallow of his and perisheth in the bottomless gulf of his paunch
HOLLAND'S *Plutarch's Morals*

The Indian Sea breedeth the most and the biggest fishes that are among which the Whales and Whirlpooles called Balæne take up as much in length as four acres or arpens of land
HOLLAND'S *Pliny*

Scarcely had we proceeded two days on the sea when about sunrise a great many Whales and other monsters of the sea appeared Among the former one was of a most monstrous size This came towards us openmouthed raising the waves on all sides and beating the sea before him into a foam
TOOKE'S *LUCIAN The True History*

He visited this country also with a view of catching horsewhales which had bones of very great value for their teeth of which he brought some to the king

The best whales were caught in his own country of which some were forty eight some fifty yards long He said that he was one of six who had killed sixty in two days
Other or Oother's verbal narrative taken down from his mouth by King Alfred A.D. 890

And whereas all the other things whether beast or vessel that enter into the dreadful gulf of this monster's (whale's) mouth are immediately lost and swallowed up the sea gudgeon retires into it in great security and there sleeps
MONTAIGNE *Apology for Raymond Sebond*

Let us fly let us fly! Old Nick take me if it is not Leviathan described by the noble prophet Moses in the life of patient Job
RABELAIS

This whale's liver was two cart loads
STOWE'S *Annals*

The great Leviathan that maketh the seas to seethe like a boiling pan
LORD BACON'S *Version of the Psalms*

Touching that monstrous bulk of the whale or ork we have received nothing certain They grow exceeding fat insomuch that an incredible quantity of oil will be extracted out of one whale
Ibid *History of Life and Death*

The sovereignest thing on earth is parmacetti for an inward bruise
King Henry [IV Part I]

Very like a whale
Hamlet

Which to secure no skill of leach's art
Mote him availle but to returne againe
To his wound's worker that with lowly dart
Dinting his breast had bred his restless paine
Like as the wounded whale to shore flies thro' the maine
The Faerie Queene

Extracts

Immense as whales the motion of whose vast bodies can in a peaceful calm
trouble the ocean till it boils

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT Preface to *Gondibert*

What spermacetti men might justly doubt since the learned Hosmannus in
his work of thirty years saith plainly *Nescio quid sit*

SIR T BROWNE *Of Sperma Ceti and the
Sperma Ceti Whale Vide his V E*

Like Spencer's Talus with his modern flail
He threatens ruin with his ponderous tail

The r fixed jav'lins in his side he wears
And on his back a grove of pikes appears

WALLER'S *Ballad of the Summer Islands*

— (in

ian

Silly Mansoul swallowed it without chewing as if it had been a sprat in the
mouth of a whale

PILGRIM'S Progress

That sea beast
Leviathan which God of all His works
Created hugest that swim the ocean stream

Paradise Lost

——— There Leviathan
Hugest of living creatures in the deep
Stretched like a promontory sleeps or swims
And seems a moving land and at his gills
Draws in and at his breath spouts out a sea

Ib d

The mighty whales which swim in a sea of water and have a sea of oil swim
among them

FULLER'S *Profane and Holy State*

Set aside behind some promontory lies

The huge Leviathans to attend the prey
And give no chance but swallow in the fry

Which through the r gap in the sea stake the way

DRYDEN'S *Annals of the World*

While the whale is floating at the stern of the ship they cut off his head and
tow it with a boat as near the shore as it will come but it will be aground in
twelve or thirteen feet water

THOMAS EDGE'S *Ten Voyages to Spitzbergen* in PURCHAS

In their way they saw many whales sporting in the ocean and in wantonness
fuzzing up the water through their pipes and vents which nature has placed on
their shoulders

SIR T. HERBERT'S *Voyages to Asia and Africa* (Harris Coll.)

Here they saw such large troops of whales that they were forced to proceed
with a great deal of caution for fear they should run their ship upon them

SCHOUTEN'S *Sixth Circumnavigation*

We set sail from the Elbe wind N E in the ship called *The Jonas in the-
Whale*

Some say the whale can open his mouth but that is a fable

They frequently climb up the masts to see whether they can see a whale for
the first discoverer has a ducat for his pains

I was told of a whale taken near Shetland that had above a barrel of herrings
in his belly

One of our harpooners told me that he caught once a whale in Spitzbergen
that was white all over *A Voyage to Greenland A D 1671* (Harris Coll.)

165- one eighty
as informed) be-
sig a a qu many or on did afford 500 weight of baleen The jaws of it stand
for a gate in the garden of Pitferren *SIBBALD'S Fife and Kinross*

Myself have agreed to try whether I can master and kill this *Spermaceti*
whale for I could never hear of any of that sort that was killed by any man such
in his fierceness and swiftness

RICHARD STRAFFORD'S *Letter from the Bermudas*
Phil Trans A D 1668

Whales in the sea
God's voice obey

N E Primer

We saw also abundance of large whales there being more in those southern
seas as I may say by a hundred to one than we have to the northward of us
CAPTAIN COWLEY'S Voyage round the Globe A D 1729

and the breath of the whale is frequently attended with such an insup-
portable smell as to bring on a disorder of the brain *ULLOY'S South America*

To fifty chosen walphs of special note
We trust the important charge the petticoat
Oft have we known that seven fold fence to fail
Tho' stiff with hoops and armed with ribs of whale

Raj e of the Lock

If we compare land animals in respect to magnitude with those that take up

Extracts

their abode in the deep we shall find they will appear contemptible in the comparison. The whale is doubtless the largest animal in creation

GOLDSMITH *Nat Hist.*

If you should write a fable for little fishes, you would make them speak like great whales.

GOLDSMITH to JOHNSON

They seemed to endeavour to conceal themselves to avoid being seen by us.

COOK'S *Voyages*

The larger whales, they seldom venture to attack. They stand in so great dread of some of them that when out at sea they are afraid to mention even their names, and carry dunghill, limestone, juniper wood and some other articles of the same nature in their boats, in order to terrify and prevent their too near approach.

VON TROIL'S *Letters on Banks and Solander's Voyage to Iceland in 1777*

The *Spermaceti* Whale found by the Nantuckois, is an active fierce animal and requires vast address and boldness in the fishermen

THOMAS JEFFERSON'S *Writ. Memorial to the French Minister in 1778*

And pray sir what in the world is equal to it?

EDMUND BURKE'S *Reference in Parliament to the Nantucket Whale Fishery*

Spain—a great whale stranded on the shores of Europe.

EDMUND BURKE (somewhere)

A tenth branch of the king's ordinary revenue said to be grounded on the consideration of his guarding and protecting the seas from pirates and robbers, is the right to royal fish, which are whale and sturgeon. And these when either thrown ashore or caught near the coast, are the property of the king

BLACKSTONE

Soon to the sport of death the crews repair
Rodmond unerring o'er his head suspends
The habited steel, and every turn attends.

FALCONER'S *Shipwreck*

Bright hence the roofs, the domes, the spires,
And rockets blew self-dying,
To hang their momentary fire
Around the vault of heaven.

Moby Dick

So fire with water to compare
The ocean serves on high
Up spouted by a whale in air
To express unwieldy joy

COWPER *On the Queen's Visit to London*

Ten or fifteen gallons of blood are thrown out of the heart at a stroke with immense velocity

JOHN HUNTER'S *Account of the Dissection of a Whale (A small sized one)*

The aorta of a whale is larger in the bore than the main pipe of the water works at London Bridge and the water roaring in its passage through that pipe is inferior in impetus and velocity to the blood gushing from the whale's heart

PALEY'S *Theology*

The whale is a mammiferous animal without hind feet

BARON CUVIER

In 40 degrees south we saw Spermiceti Whales but did not take any till the first of May the sea being then covered with them

COLNETT'S *Voyage for the purpose of Extending the Spermiceti Whale Fishery*

In the free element he —

F

F

— — — — —

Which language cannot paint and mariner

H — — — — —

7

(

Lead by mysterious instincts through that waste

And trackless region though on every side

Assaulted by voracious enemies

Whales sharks and monsters armed in front or jaw

With swords saws spiral horns or hooked fangs

MONTGOMERY'S *World before the Flood*

Io! Plan! Io! sing

To the Finny people's king

Not a mightier whale than this

In the vast Atlantic is

Not a fatter fish than he

Flounders round the Polar Sea

CHARLES LAMB'S *Triumph of the Whale*

In the year 1690 some persons were on a high hill observing the whales spouting and sporting with each other when one observed there—pointing to the sea—is a green pasture where our children's grandchildren will go for bread

OBER MAYER'S *History of Nautical et*

Extracts

I built a cottage for Susan and myself and made a gateway in the form of a Gothic Arch by setting up a whale's jawbones.
HAWTHORNE'S *Twice Told Tales*

She came to bespeak a monument for her first love who had been killed by a whale in the Pacific Ocean no less than forty years ago
Ibid.

The papers were brought in and we saw in the *Berlin Gazette* that whales had been introduced on the stage there

ECKERMANN'S *Conversations with Goethe*

"My God! Mr Chace what is the matter? I answered "We have been stove by a whale

FLETCHER'S *Whaling Ship*

1821

A manner sat in the shrouds one night

As it is undergone in the sea

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH

The quantity of blubber withdrawn from the different boats engaged in the capture of this one whale amounted altogether to 10,440 yards or nearly six English miles

Sometimes the whale shakes its tremendous tail in the air which cracking like a whip resounds in the distance of three or four miles
SCORESBY

destoyed

It is a matter of great astonishment that the consideration of the habits of so interesting and in a commercial point of view of so important an animal (the Sperm Whale) should have been so entirely neglected or should have

Moby Dick

The Cachalot [Sperm Whale] is not only better armed than the True Whale (Greenland or Right Whale) in possessing a formidable weapon at either extremity of its body but also more frequently displays a disposition to employ these weapons offensively and in a manner at once so artful bold and mischievous as to lead to its being regarded as the most dangerous to attack of all the known species of the whale tribe

FREDERICK DEBELL BENNETT'S *Whaling Voyage Round the Globe* 1840

October 13 — There she blows was sung out from the masthead
Where away? demanded the captain
Three points off the lee bow sir
Raise up your wheel Steady!
Steady sir
Masthead ahoy! Do you see that whale now?
Ay ay sir! A shoal of Sperm Whales! There she blows! There she breaches!
Sing out! sing out every time!
Ay ay sir! There she blows! there—there—*thar*—she blows—bowes—bo-o-o-s!
How far off?
Two miles and a half
Thunder and lightning! so near! call all hands!

J ROSS BROWN'S *Etchings of a Whaling Cruise* 1846

The whale ship *Globe* on board of which vessel occurred the horrid transactions we are about to relate belonged to the island of Nantucket

Narrative of the Globe Miting by LAY
and HUSSEY survivors AD 18 8

Being once pursued by a whale which he had wounded he parried the as

Missionary Journal of TYERMAN and BENNETT

Nantucket itself said Mr Webster is a very striking and peculiar portion of the National interest There is a population of eight or nine thousand persons living here in the sea adding largely every year to the National wealth by the boldest and most persevering industry

Report of DANIEL WEBSTER'S Speech in the U S
Senate on the application for the Erection of a
Breakwater at Nantucket 1828

The whale fell directly over him and probably killed him in a moment

*The Whale and his Captors or The Whale
man's Adventures and the Whale's Biog-
raphy gathered on the Home-ard Cruise
of the Commodore Preble* by the Rev
HENRY T CHIEVER

Extracts

"If you make the least damn bit of noise" replied Samuel "I will send you
to hell"

6 Narrative

The voyages of the Dutch and English to the Northern Ocean in order if
possible to discover a passage through it to India though they failed of their
main object laid open the haunts of the whale

McCulloch's Commercial Dictionary

These things are reciprocal the ball rebounds only to bound forward again

It is impossible to meet a whale ship on the ocean without being struck by her

One of the crew of the ship recollect having

It was not till the boats returned from the pursuit of these whales that the
crews saw the ship in bloody possession of the savages enrolled among the

Newspaper Account of the Taking and Retaking
of the Whale Ship Hobomack

It generally well known that out of the crews of Whaling vessels (American)
few ever return in the ships on board of which they departed

Cruise in a Whale Boat

Suddenly a mighty mass emerged from the water and shot up perpendicu-
larly into the air It was the whale Miriam Coffin or the Whale Fishery

The Whale is harpooned to be sure but bethink you how you would man-
age powerful unbroke colts with the mere appliance of a rope tied to the root
of his tail

A Chapter on Whaling in Rats and Trucks

branches.

DARWIN'S Voyage of a Naturalist

Stem all exclaimed the mate as upon turning his head he saw the dis-

Moby Dick

tended jaws of a large Sperm Whale close to the head of the boat threatening it
with instant destruction — Stern all for your lives!

Wharton the Whale Killer

So be cheery my lads let your hearts never fail
While the bold harpooneer is striking the whale!

Nantucket Song

Oh the rare old Whale mid storm and gale
In his ocean home will be
A giant in might where might is right
And King of the boundless sea

Whale Song

Chapter 1

Loomings

CALL me Ishmael. Some years ago—never mind how long precisely—

upper hand of me that it requires a strong moral principle to prevent me from deliberately stepping into the street and methodically knocking people's hats off—then I account it high time to get to sea as soon as I can. This is my substitute for pistol and ball. With a philosophical flourish Cato throws himself upon his sword. I quietly take to the ship. There is nothing surprising in this. If they but knew it, almost all men in their degree, some time or other cherish very nearly the same feelings towards the ocean with me.

There now is your insular city of the Manhattoes belted round by wharves as Indian isles by coral reefs—commerce surrounds it with her surf. Right and left the streets take you waterward. Its extreme downtown is the Battery where that noble mole is washed by waves and cooled by breezes which a few hours previous were out of sight of land. Look at the crowds of water-gazers there.

Circumambulate the city on a dreamy Sabbath afternoon Go from Corlews Hook to Coenties Slip and from thence by Whitehall northward What do you see?—Posted like silent sentinels all around the town stand thousands upon thousands of mortal men fixed in ocean reveries Some leaning against the spiles some seated upon the pier heads some looking over the bulwarks of ships from China some high aloft in the rigging as if striving to get a still better seaward peep But these are all landsmen of week days pent up in lath and plaster—tied to counters nailed to benches clinched to desks How then is this? Are the green fields gone? What do they here?

But look! here come more crowds pacing straight for the water and seemingly bound for a dive. Stringe! Nothing will content them but the extremest limit of the land, loitering under the shady lee of yonder ware-

They must get just as nigh the water as they
in And there they stand—miles of them—
leagues. Inlanders all they come from lanes and alleys, streets and avenues—
—north, east, south, and west. Yet here they all unite. Tell me, does the
magnetic virtue of the needles of the compasses of all those ships attract
them thither?

Once more. Say you are in the country, in some high land of lakes. Take almost any path you please, and ten to one it carries you down in a dale, and leaves you there by a pool in the stream. There is magic in it. Let the most absent-minded of men be plunged in his deepest reveries—stand that man on his legs, set his feet a-going, and he will infallibly lead you to water, if water there be in all that region. Should you ever be athirst in the great American desert, try this experiment: if your caravan happen to be supplied with a metaphysical professor, yes, as every one knows, meditation and water are wedded for ever.

But here is an artist. He desires to paint you the dreamiest, shadiest, quietest, most enchanting bit of romantic landscape in all the valley of the Saco. What is the chief element he employs? There stand his trees, each with a hollow trunk, as if a hermit and a crucifix were within, and here sleeps his meadow, and there sleep his cattle, and up from yonder cottage goes a sleepy smoke. Deep into distant woodlands winds a mazy way, reaching to overlapping spurs of mountains bathed in their hillside blue. But though the picture lies thus tranced, and though this pine-tree shakes down its sighs like leaves upon this shepherd's head, yet all were vain, unless the shepherd's eye were fixed upon the magic stream before him. Go visit the Prairies in June, when for scores on scores of miles you wade knee-deep among Tiger lilies—what is the one charm wanting?—Water—there is not a drop of water there! Were Niagara but a catarrh of sand, would you travel your thousand miles to see it? Why did the poor poet of Tennessee, upon suddenly receiving two handfuls of silver, deliberate whether to buy him a coat, which he sadly needed, or invest his money in a pedestrian trip to Rockaway Beach? Why is almost every robust boy with a robust healthy soul in him, at some time or other crazy to go to sea? Why, upon your first voyage as a passenger, did you yourself feel such a mystical vibration, when first told that you and your ship were now out of sight of land? Why did the old Persians hold the sea holy? Why did the Greeks give it a separate deity, and own brother of Jove? Surely all this is not without meaning. And still deeper the meaning of that story of Narcissus, who because he could not grasp the tormenting, mild image he saw in the fountain, plunged into it and was drowned. But that same image we

Now when I say that I am in the habit of going to sea I do not mean to have it inferred that I ever go to sea as a passenger. For to go as a passenger you must needs have a purse and a purse is but a rag unless you have something in it. Besides passengers get seasick—grow quarrelsome—don't sleep of nights—do not enjoy themselves much as a general rule. —no I never go as a passenger nor though I am something of a salt

kind whatsoever. It is quite as much as I can do to take care of myself and my

fowls—though once broiled judiciously buttered and juiced they are not to say

from a schoolmaster to a sailor and requires a strong decoction of Seneca and the Stoics to enable you to grin and bear it. But even this wears off in time.

that Well then however the old sea-captains may order me about—how

Again I always go to sea as a sailor because they make a point of paying

me for my trouble whereas they never pay passengers a single penny that I ever heard of. On the contrary passengers themselves must pay, and there is all the difference in the world between paying and being paid. The urbane activity with which a man receives money is really marvellous considering that we so earnestly believe money to be the root of all earthly ills and that on no account can a moneyed man enter heaven. Ah! how cheerfully we consign ourselves to perdition!

Finally I always go to sea as a sailor because of the wholesome exercise and pure air of the fore-castle deck. For as in this world head winds are far more prevalent than winds from astern (that is if you never violate the Pythagorean maxim) so for the most part the commodore on the quarter deck gets his atmosphere at secondhand from the sailors on the fore-castle. He thinks he breathes it first but not so. In much the same way do the com-

on a whaling voyage this the invisible police officer of the Fates who has the constant surveillance of me and secretly dogs me and influences me in some unaccountable way—he can better answer than anyone else. I take it that this part of the bill of these three mysterious ladies must have run something like this

Grand Contested Election for the Presidency of the United States

WHALING VOYAGE BY ONE ISHMAEL

BLOODY BATTLE IN AFGHANISTAN

Though I cannot tell why it was exactly that those stage managers the Fates put me down for this shabby part of a whaling voyage when others were set down for magnificent parts in high tragedies and short and easy parts in genteel comedies and jolly parts in farces—though I cannot tell why this was exactly yet now that I recall all the circumstances I think I can see a little into the springs and motives which being cunningly presented to me under various disguises induced me to set about performing the part I did besides crying me into the delusion that it was a choice re-

judgment

of the great

whale himself. Such a portentous and mysterious monster roused all my curiosity. Then the wild and distant seas where he rolled his island bulk the undeliverable nameless perils of the whale these with all the attending marvels of a thousand Paragonian sights and sounds helped to sway me to my wish. With other men perhaps such things would not have

Not ignoring what is good I am quick to perceive a horror and could still

The Carpet Bag

be social with it—I would they let me—since it is but well to be on friendly terms with all the inmates of the place one lodges in.

For reason of these things, then, the whaling voyage was welcome—the great floodgates of the wonder world swung open, and in the wild conceits that swayed me to my purpose, two and two there floated into my inmost soul endless processions of the whale, and midmost of them all one grand hooded phantom, like a snow-hull in the air.

Chapter 2

The Carpet Bag

I STUFFED a shirt or two into my old carpet bag, tucked it under my arm, and started for Cape Horn and the Pacific. Quitting the good city of old Manhatta I duly arrived in New Bedford. It was on a Saturday night in December. Much was I disappointed upon learning that the little pocket for Nantucket had already sailed, and that no way of reaching that place

lines of whaling stop
voyage it may as well

be related that I for one had no idea of so doing, or my mind was made up to sail in no other than a Nantucket craft, because there was a fine bordering something about everything connected with that famous old island which amazingly pleased me. Besides, though New Bedford has of late been gradually monopolising the business of whaling, and though in this matter poor old Nantucket is now much behind her, yet Nantucket was the great original—the Tyne of this Carthage—the place where the first dead American whale was stranded. Where else but from Nantucket did those aboriginal halemen, the Red Men, first sail out in canoes to give chase to the Leviathan. And where but from Nantucket too did that first adventurous little sloop put forth, partly laden with imported cobble-stones—so goes the story—to throw at the whales in order to discover when they were nigh enough to risk a harpoon from the bowsprit?

Not having a night a day, and still another night following before me in New Bedford ere I could embark for my destined port, it became a mat-

ter, and only brought up a few pieces of silver. So, wherever you go, Ishmael, said I to myself as I stood in the middle of a dreary street, shouldering my bag and comparing the gloom towards the north with the darkness toward the south—wherever in your wisdom you may conclude to lodge for the night, my dear Ishmael, be sure to inquire the price, and don't be too particular.

With halting steps I paced the streets and passed the sign of The Crossed Harpoons—but it looked too expensive and jolly there. Farther on from the bright red windows of the Sword Fish Inn there came such fervent rays that it seemed to have melted the picked snow and ice from before the house for everywhere else the congealed frost lay ten inches thick in a hard asphaltic pavement—rather weary for me when I struck my foot against the flinty projections because from hard remorseless service the soles of my boots were in a most miserable plight. Too expensive and jolly again, thought I pausing one moment to watch the broad glare in the street and hear the sounds of the tinkling glasses within. But go on, Ishmael, said I at last, don't you hear? get away from before the door, your patched boots are stopping the way. So on I went. I now by instinct followed the streets that took me waterward for there doubtless were the cheapest if not the cheeriest inns.

I
but deserted. But presently I came to a smoky light proceeding from a low wide building the door of which stood invitingly open. It had a careless look as if it were meant for the uses of the public so entering the first thing I did was to stumble over an ashbox in the porch. Ha! thought I ha! as the flying particles almost choked me, are these ashes from that destroyed city Gomorrah? But The Crossed Harpoons and The Sword Fish?—this then must needs be the sign of The Trap. However I picked myself up and hearing a loud voice within pushed on and opened a second interior door.

It seemed the great Black Parliament sitting in Tophet. A hundred black faces turned round in their rows to peer and beyond a black Angel of Doom was beating a book in a pulpit. It was a negro church and the preacher's text was about the blackness of darkness and the weeping and wailing and teeth gnashing there. Ha Ishmael muttered I backing out wretched entertainment at the sign of 'The Trap'.

Moving on I at last came to a dim sort of outhanging light not far from the docks and heard a forlorn creaking in the air and looking up saw a swinging sign over the door with a white painting upon it faintly representing a tall straight jet of misty spray and these words underneath—The Spouter Inn—Peter Coffin.

Coffin—Spouter?—Rather ominous in that particular connection thought I. But it is a common name in Nantucket. All this Peter here is an emigrant from there the place for the time looked quiet enough. The wooden house itself looked as if it might have been carted here from the ruins of some burnt district and as the swinging sign had a poverty-stricken

The Carpet Bag

sort of creak to it I thought that here was the very spot for cheap lodgings and the best of pea coffee

It was a queer sort of place—a gable-ended old house one side palsied as it were and leaning over sadly. It stood on a sharp bleak corner where that tempestuous wind Euroclydon kept up a worse howling than ever it

an old writer—of whose works I possess the only copy—a marvellous difference whether thou lookest out at it from a glass window where the frost is all on the outside or whether thou observest it from that sashless window where the frost is on both sides and of which the wight Death is the only glazier. True enough thought I as this passage occurred to my mind—old black letter thou reasonest well. Yes these eyes are win-

finished the copestone is on and the cups wet a ago. Poor Lazarus there chattering his teeth against the curbstone for his pillow and shaking off his tatters with his shiverings he might plug up both ears with rags and put a corn-cob into his mouth and yet that would not keep out the tempestuous Euroclydon. Euroclydon! says old Dives in his red silken wrapper—(he had a redder one afterwards) pooh pooh! What a fine frosty night how Onon glitters what northern lights! Let them talk of their oriental summer climes of everlasting conservatories

than here? Would he not far rather lay himself out on the line of the equator yea ye gods! go down to the fiery pit itself in order to keep out this frost?

No that Lazarus should be stranded there on the curbstone before

But no more of this blubbering now we are going a whaling and there is plenty of that yet to come. Let us scrape the ice from our frosted feet and see what sort of a place this Spouter may be

Chapter 3

The Spouter Inn

ENTERING that gable-ended Spouter Inn you found yourself in a wide low straggling entry with old fashioned wainscots reminding one of the bulwarks of some condemned old craft. On one side hung a very large oil painting so thoroughly besmoked and every way defaced that in the unequal cross lights by which you viewed it it was only by diligent study and a series of systematic visits to it and careful inquiry of the neighbours that you could any way arrive at an understanding of its purpose. Such unac-

contemplation and oft repeated ponderings and especially by throwing open the little window towards the back of the entry you at last come to the conclusion that such an idea however wild might not be altogether unwarranted.

But what most puzzled and confounded you was a long limber portentous black mass of something hovering in the centre of the picture over three blue dim perpendicular lines floating in a nameless yeast. A boggy soggy squitchy picture truly enough to drive a nervous man distracted. Yet was there a sort of indefinite half attained unimaginable sublimity about it that fairly froze you to it till you involuntarily took an oath with

—It's a blasted heath —It's a Hyperborean winter scene —It's the breaking up of the ice bound stream of Time. But at last all these fancies yielded to that one portentous something in the picture's midst. That once found out and all the rest were plain. But stop does it not bear a faint resemblance to a gigantic fish? even the great Leviathan himself?

In fact the artist's design seemed this a final theory of my own partly based upon the aggregated opinions of many aged persons with whom I conversed upon the subject. The picture represents a Cape Horn in a three dis-
to spring
upon the

three masts.

The opposite wall of this entry was hung all over with a heathenish array of monstrous clubs and spears. Some were thickly set with glittering teeth resembling ivory saws others were tufted with knots of human hair and one was sickle-shaped with a vast handle sweeping round like the segment

Mixed with these were rusty old arms
and deformed Some were stoned weapons With this once long lance now
wildly elbowed fifty years ago did Nahian Swain kill fifteen whales be-
tween a sunrise and a sunset And that harpoon—so like a corkscrew now—
— — — — — afterwards

leet and at last was found imbedded in the mump

Crossing this dusky entry and on through yon low-arched way—cut
through what in old times must have been a great central chimney with
fireplaces all round—you enter the public room A still duskier place is this
with such low ponderous beams above and such old wrinkled planks be-
neath that you would almost fancy you trod some old craft's cockpits
especially of such a howling night when this corner anchored old ark
— — — — —

— — — — — and — — — — — head Ro

Abominable are the tumblers into which he pours his poison Though
true cylinders without—within the villainous green goggling glasses deceit
full tapered do: nwards to a cheating bottom Parallel meridians rudely
— — — — —

Upon entering the place I found a number of young seamen gathered
about a table examining by a dim light divers specimens of *skrimsl ander*

having a harpooneer's blanket, have ye? I s'pose you are going a whalin
so you'd better get used to that sort of thing

I told him that I never liked to sleep two in a bed that if I should ever
do so it would depend upon who the harpooneer might be and that if he
(the landlord) really had no other place for me and the harpooneer was
not decidedly objectionable, why rather than wander further about a

strange town on so bitter a night I would put up with the half of any decent man's blanket

I thought so All right take a seat Supper?—you want supper? Supper'll be ready directly

I sat down on an old wooden settle carved all over like a bench on the Battery At one end a ruminating tar was still further adorning it with his Jack knife stooping over and diligently working away at the space between his legs He was trying his hand at a ship under full sail but he didn't make much headway I thought

At last some four or five of us were summoned to our meal in an adjoining room It was cold as Iceland—no fire at all—the landlord said he couldn't afford it Nothing but two dismal tallow candles each in a winding sheet We were fain to button up our monkey jackets and hold to our lips cups of scalding tea with our half-frozen fingers But the fare was of the most substantial kind—not only meat and potatoes but dumplings good heaven

Lightmare to a dead sar

tainty

Landlord I whispered that ain't the harpooneer is it?

Oh no said he looking a sort of diabolically funny the harpooneer is a dark-complexioned chap He never eats dumplings he don't—he eats nothing but steaks and likes 'em rare

The devil he does says I Where is that harpooneer? Is he here?

He'll be here afore long was the answer

I could not help it but I began to feel suspicious of this dark-complexioned harpooneer At any rate I made up my mind that if it so turned out that we should sleep together he must undress and get into bed before I did

Supper over the company went back to the bar room when knowing not what else to do with myself I resolved to spend the rest of the evening as a looker-on

Presently a rioting noise was heard without Starting up the landlord cried That's the *Grampus's* crew I seed her reported in the offing this morning a three years voyage and a full ship Hurrah boys now we'll have the latest news from the Feejees

A tramping of sea boots was heard in the entry the door was flung open and in rolled a wild set of mariners enough Enveloped in their shaggy watchcoats and with their heads muffled in woollen comforters all bearded and ragged and their beards stiff with icicles they seemed an eruption of bears from Labrador They had just landed from their boat and this was the first house they entered No wonder then that they made a straight wake for the whale's mouth—the bar—when the wrinkled little old Jonah there officiating soon poured them out brimmers all round One com

The Spouter Inn

upon which the old fellow mixed him a
re

whether caught off the coast of
island

The liquor soon mounted into their heads as it generally does even with
the arrantest toppers newly landed from sea and they began capering about

shoulders and a chest like a cotter-woman
a man His face was deeply brown and burnt making his white teeth
dazzling by the contrast while in the deep shadows of his eyes floated some
reminiscences that did not seem to give him much joy His voice at once

h m n s i u u a d a y

darted out of the house in pursuit of him

It was now about nine o'clock and the room seeming almost supernatu-
rally quiet after these orgies I began to congratulate myself upon a little
plan that had occurred to me just previous to the entrance of the seamen

No man prefers to sleep two in a bed In fact you would a good deal
rather not sleep with your own brother I don't know how it is but people
like to be private when they are sleeping And when it comes to sleeping
with an unknown stranger in a strange inn in a strange town and that

but you have your own hammock and cover yourself with your own
blanket and sleep in your own skin

The more I pondered over this harpooneer the more I abominated the
thought of sleeping with him It was fair to presume that being a har-
pooneer his linen or woollen as the case might be would not be of the

strange town on so bitter a night I would put up with the half of any decent man's blanket

I thought so. All right, take a seat. Supper?—you want supper? Supper'll be ready directly.

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The Spouter Inn

and going to bed yet no sign of my harpooneer
Landlord' said I what sort of a chap is he—does he always keep such
} on his head upon twelve o'clock

red generally he's an easy man to get out a peddling
ss may be

he can't sell his idea

Can't sell his head?—What sort of a bamboozingly story ■ this you are telling me? ■ getting into a towering rage 'Do you pretend to say landlord that this harpooneer ■ actually engaged this blessed Saturday night or rather Sunday morning in peddling his head around this town? ■

That's precisely it, said the landlord, and I told him he couldn't sell it here, the market's overstocked.

With what? shouted I

With heads to be sure ain't there too many heads in the world?

I tell you what it is landlord said I quite calmly you'd better stop spinning that yarn to me—I'm not green

May be not taking out a stuck and whistling a toothpick 'but I rayther guess you'll be done brown if that ere harpooneer hears you a-landenn his head

I'll break it for him said I now flying into a passion again at this unaccountable farrago of the landlords

It's broke a ready said he

Broke said I— broke do you mean?

stroke said stroke do you mean
 I L ~ oh can call it I guess

now

other

and that too without delay I come to your house and want a bed you tell me you can only give me half a one that the other half belongs to a certain harpooneer And about this harpooneer whom I have not yet seen you persist in telling me the most mystifying and exasperating stories tending to beg in me an uncomfortable feeling towards the man who you design for my bedfellow—a sort of connection landlord which is an intimate and

trying to induce me to do so knowingly would thereby render yourself liable to a criminal prosecution

tidest certainly none of the finest I began to twitch all over Besides it was getting late and any decent harpooneer ought to be home and going bedwards Suppose now he should tumble in upon me at midnight—how could I tell from what vile hole he had been coming?

Landlord! I've changed my mind about that harpooneer—I shan't sleep with him I'll try the bench here

Just as you please I'm sorry I can't spare ye a tablecloth for a mattress and it's a plaguy rough board here—feeling of the knots and notches

But wait a bit Skrimshander I've got a carpenter's plane there in the bar—wait I say and I'll make ye snug enough So saying he procured the plane and with his old silk handkerchief first dusting the bench vigorously set to planing away at my bed the while grinning like an ape The shavings flew right and left till at last the plane-iron came bump against an indestructible knot The landlord was near spraining his wrist and I told him for heaven's sake to quit—the bed was soft enough to suit me and I did not know how all the planing in the world could make eider down of a pine plank So gathering up the shavings with another grin and throwing them into the great stove in the middle of the room he went about his business and left me in a brown study

I now took the measure of the bench and found that it was a foot too short but that could be mended with a chair But it was a foot too narrow and the other bench in the room was about four inches higher than the planed one—so there was no jocking them I then placed the first bench lengthwise along the only clear space against the wall leaving a little interval between for my back to settle down in But I soon found that there came such a draught of cold air over me from under the sill of the window that this plan would never do it all especially as another current from the rickety door met the one from the window and both together formed a series of small whirlwinds in the immediate vicinity of the spot where I had thought to spend the night

The devil fetch that harpooneer thought I but stop! couldn't I steal a march on him—bolt his door inside and jump into his bed not to be wakened by the most violent knockings? It seemed no bad idea but upon second thoughts I dismissed it For who could tell but what the next morning so soon as I popped out of the room the harpooneer might be standing in the entry all ready to knock me down!

before long I'll have a good look at him then and perhaps we may become jolly good bedfellows after all—there's no telling

But though the other boarders kept coming in by ones twos and threes

The Spouter Inn

there was a parcel of outlandish bone fish-hooks on the shelf over the fireplace and a tall harpoon standing at the head of the bed.

But what is this on the chest I took it up and held it close to the light and felt it, and smelt it, and tried every way possible to arrive at some

hole or slit in the ruddle of this mat the same as in our mat ponchos. But could it be possible that any sober harpooneer would get

in the neck.

dressed as I was and remembering what the landlord said about the har

heaven

door

Lord save me thinks I that must be the harpooneer the infernal head pedlar. But I lay perfectly still, and resolved not to say a word till spoken to. Holding a light in one hand and that identical New Zealand head in the other the stranger entered the room and without looking

face but he kept it averted for some time & hale employed in unlacing the boots mouth. This accomplished, however he turned round—when good heavens, what a sight! Such a face! It was of a dark, purplish yellow colour here and there stuck over with large, blackish looking squares. Yes, it is

'Wall said the landlord fetching a long howl.

was where he brought up a lot of balmed New Zealand heads (great curios you know) and he's sold all on 'em but one and that one he's trying to sell to-night cause to-morrow's Sunday and it would not do to be sellin' human heads about the streets when folks is goin' to churches. He wanted to last Sunday but I stopped him just as he was goin' out of the door with four heads strung on a string for all the airth like a string of onions.

This account cleared up the otherwise unaccountable mystery and showed that the landlord after all had had no idea of fooling me—but at the same time what could I think of a harpooneer who stayed out of a Saturday night clean into the holy Sabbath engaged in such a cannibal business as selling the heads of dead idolaters?

Depend upon it landlord that harpooneer is a dangerous man.

He pays reg'lar was the rejoinder. But come it's getting dreadful late you had better be turning flukes—it's a nice bed Sal and me slept in that ere bed the night we were spliced. There's plenty room for two to kick about in that bed it's an almighty big bed that. Why afore we give it up Sal used to put our Sam and little Johnny in the foot of it. R I a-dreaming and—

so saying he lighted

up and was going to bed the way. But I stood irresolute when looking at a clock in the corner he exclaimed I sum it's Sunday—you won't see that harpooneer to-night he's come to anchor some where—come along then do come won't ye come?

I considered the matter a moment and then upstairs we went and I was ushered into a small room cold as a clam and furnished sure enough with a prodigious bed almost big enough indeed for any four harpooneers to sleep abreast.

There said the landlord placing the cradle on a crazy old sea-chest that did double duty as a washstand and centre table there make yourself comfortable now and good night to ye. I turned round from eyeing the bed but he had disappeared.

Folding back the counterpane I stooped over the bed. Though none of the most elegant it yet stood the scrutiny tolerably well. I then glanced round the room and besides the bedstead and centre table could see no other furniture belonging to the place but a rude shelf the four walls and a papered fireboard representing a man striking a whale. Of things not properly belonging to the room there was a hammock lashed up and thrown upon the floor—the harpooneer's ward.

The Spout r Inn

palms. It was now quite plain that he must be some abominable savage or other shipped aboard of a v haleman in the South Seas and so landed in this Christian country. I quaked to think of it. A pedlar of heads too—perhaps the heads of his own brothers. He might take a fancy to mine—heavens! look at that tomahawk!

But there was no time for shuddering for now the savage went about something that completely fascinated my attention and convinced me that he must indeed be a heathen. Going to his heavy grego or wrapall or dreadnought which he had previously hung on a chair he fumbled in the

proved to be. For now the savage goes up to the empty fireplace and removing the papered fireboard sets up this little hunchbacked image like a tumpin between the andirons. The chimney jambs and all the bricks inside were very sooty so that I thought this fireplace made a very appropriate little shrine or chapel for his Congo idol.

I now screwed my eyes hard toward the half hidden image feeling but ill at ease meantime—to see what was next to follow. First he takes

withdraals of his fingers (whereby he seemed to be scorching them

moved his lips. All these strange antics were accompanied by still stranger guttural noises from the devotee who seemed to be praying in a sing-song or else singing some pagan psalmody or other during which his face twitched about in the most unnatural manner. At last extinguishing the fire he took the idol up very unceremoniously and bagged it again in his grego pocket as carelessly as if he were a sportsman bagging a dead woodcock.

long been bound

But the interval I spent in deliberating what to say was a fatal one. Tak

just as I thought he's a terrible bedfellow—he's been in a fight, got dreadfully cut, and here he is just from the surgeon. But at that moment he chanced to turn his face so towards the light that I plainly saw they could not be sticking plasters at all: those black squares on his cheeks. They were stains of some sort or other. At first I knew not what to make of this, but soon an inkling of the truth occurred to me. I remembered a story of a white man—a whiteman too—who falling among the cannibals had been tattooed by them. I concluded that this harpooneer, in the course of his distant voyages, must have met with a similar adventure. And what is it, thought I, after all! It's only his outside: a man can be honest in any sort of skin. But then, what to make of his unearthly complexion, that part of it I mean lying round about and completely independent of the squares of tattooing. To be sure, it might be nothing but a good coat of tropical tanning; but I never heard of a hot sun's tanning a white man into a purplish yellow one. However, I had never been in the South Seas, and perhaps the sun there produced these extraordinary effects upon the skin. Now, while all these ideas were passing through me like lightning, this harpooneer never noticed me at all. But, after some difficulty having opened his bag, he commenced fumbling in it, and presently pulled out a sort of tomahawk and a sealskin wallet with the hair on. Placing these on the old chest in the middle of the room, he then took the New Zealand head—a ghastly thing enough—and crammed it down into the bag. He now took off his hat—a new beaver hat—when I came nigh singing out with fresh surprise. There was no hair on his head—none to speak of at least—nothing but a small scalp knot twisted up on his forehead. His bald purplish head now looked for all the world like a mildewed skull. I had not the stranger stood between me and the door. I would have bolted out of it quicker than ever I bolted at dinner.

Even as it was, I thought something of slipping out of the window, but it was the second floor back. I am no coward, but what to make of this head paddling purple river! altogether passed my comprehension. Ignorance is the parent of fear, and being completely nonplussed and confounded about the stranger, I confess I was now as much afraid of him as if it was the devil himself who had thus broken into my room at the dead of night. In fact, I was so afraid of him that I was not game enough just then to address him, and demand a satisfactory answer concerning what seemed inexplicable in him.

Meanwhile he continued the business of undressing, and at last showed his chest and arms. As I live, these covered parts of him were checkered with the same squares as his face; his back, too, was all over the same dark squares; he seemed to have been in a Thirty Years War, and just escaped from it with a sticking plaster shirt. Still more, his very legs were marked as if a parcel of dark green frogs were running up the trunks of young

The Counterpane

Good night landlord said I you may go
I turned in and never slept better in my life

Chapter 4

The Counterpane

Upon waking next morning about daylight I found Queequeg's arm
You had all
itchwork full
of odd little parti-coloured squiggles
is arm of his
tattooed all over with an interminable Cretan labyrinth of a figure no
two parts of which were of one precise shade—owing I suppose to his keep-

they so blended their hues together and it was only by the sense of weight
and pressure that I could tell that Queequeg was hugging me

My sensations were strange. Let me try to explain them. When I was a
child I well remember a somewhat similar circumstance that befell me
whether it was a reality or a dream I never could entirely settle. The cir-
cumstance was this. I had been cutting up some caper or other—I think it
was trying to crawl up the chimney as I had seen a little sweep do a few
days previous and my stepmother who somehow or other was all the time

slowly as possible so as to kill time and with a bitter sigh got between the
sheets

at the window and a great rattling of coaches in the streets and the sound

ing up his tomahawk from the table he examined the head of it for an instant and then holding it to the light with his mouth at the handle he puffed out great clouds of tobacco smoke. The next moment the light was extinguished and this wild cannibal tomahawk between his teeth sprang into bed with me. I sang out I could not help it now and giving a sudden grunt of astonishment he began feeling me.

Stammering out something I knew not what I rolled away from him against the wall and then conjured him whoever or whatever he might be to keep quiet and let me get up and light the lamp again. But his guttural responses satisfied me at once that he but ill comprehended my meaning.

Who-e debel you? —he at last said— 'You no speak dam me I kill-e. And so saying the lighted tomahawk began flourishing about me in the dark.

Landlord for God's sake Peter Coffin! shouted I. Landlord! Watch! Coffin! Angels! Save me!

Speake-e! tell-ee me who-ee be or dam me I kill-e! again growled the cannibal while his horrid flourishings of the tomahawk scattered the hot tobacco ashes about me till I thought my linen would get on fire. But thank heaven at that moment the landlord came into the room light in hand and leaping from the bed I ran up to him.

Don't be afraid now said he grinning again. Queequeg here wouldn't harm a hair of your head.

Stop your grinning shouted I and why didn't you tell me that that infernal harpoonier was a cannibal?

I thought ye know'd it—didn't I tell ye he was a peddlin' heads around town?—But turn flukes again and go to sleep. Queequeg look here—you sabbee me I sabbee you—this man sleepe you—you sabbee.

Me sabbee plenty —grunted Queequeg puffing away at his pipe and sitting up in bed.

You gettee in he added motioning to me with his tomahawk and throwing the clothes to one side. He really did this in not only a civil but a really kind and charitable way. I stood looking at him a moment. For all his tattooings he was on the whole a clean comely looking cannibal. 'What's all this fuss I have been making about' thought I to myself—the man's a human being just as I am he has just as much reason to fear me as I have to be afraid of him. Better sleep with a sober cannibal than a drunken Christian.

Landlord said I tell him to stash his tomahawk there or pipe or whatever you call it tell him to stop smoking in short and I will turn in with him. But I don't fancy having a man smoking in bed with me. It's dangerous. Besides I ain't insured.

This being told to Queequeg he at once complied and again politely motioned me to get into bed—rolling over to one side as much as to say—I won't touch a leg of ye.

The Counterpane

L. hae savages have an in-
 nus how essentially
 polite they are I pay this particular reque because he
 with so much civility and consideration while I was guilty of
 L. all his toilet mo-
 breeding Never
 he and his ways

r hat a very tall
 nted up his boots

one by the bye and then—still minus his boots
 What under the heavens he did it for I cannot tell but his next movement
 was to crush himself—boots in hand and hat on—under the bed when
 from noisy violent gaspings and strainings I inferred he was hard at work

probably would not have thought of it had not been still a savage he never would have dreamt of getting under
 the bed to put them on At last he emerged with his hat very much dented
 and crushed down over his eyes and began creaking and limping about
 the room as if not being much accustomed to boots his pair of damp
 wrinkled cowhide ones—probably not made to order either—rather pinched
 and tormented him at the first go off of a bitter cold morning

Seeing now that there were no curtains to the window and that the

Quee-

s on I

could have washed his face but Queequeg, to my amazement contented
 himself with restricting his ablutions to his chest arms and hands He

sequent misfortunes At last I must have fallen into a troubled nightmare of a doze and slowly waking from it—half steeped in dreams—I opened my eyes and the before sunlit room was now wrapped in outer darkness Instantly I felt a shock running through all my frame nothing was to be seen and nothing was to be heard but a supernatural hand seemed placed in mine My arm hung over the counterpane and the nameless unimaginable silent form or phantom to which the hand belonged seemed closely seated by my bedside For what seemed ages piled on ages I lay there frozen with the most awful fears not daring to drag away my hand yet ever thinking that if I could but stir it one single inch the horrid spell would be broken I knew not how this consciousness at last glided away from me but waking in the morning I shudderingly remembered it all and for days and weeks and months afterwards I lost myself in confounding attempts to explain the mystery Nay to this very hour I often puzzle myself with it

Now take away the awful fear and my sensations at feeling the supernatural hand in mine were very similar in their stringeness to those which I experienced on waking up and seeing Queequeg's pagan arm thrown round me But at length all the past night's events soberly recurred one by one in fixed reality and then I lay only alive to the comical predicament For though I tried to move his arm—unlock his clasp—yet sleeping as he was he still hugged me tightly as though nought but death should part us twain I now strove to rouse him—Queequeg!—but his only answer was a snore I then rolled over my neck feeling as if it were in a horse-collar and suddenly felt a slight scratch Throwing aside the counterpane there lay the tomahawk sleeping by the savage's side as if it were a hatchet-faced baby A pretty pickle truly thought I abed here in a strange house in the broad day with a cannibal and a tomahawk! Queequeg!—in the name of goodness Queequeg wake! At length by dint of much wriggling and loud and incessant expostulations upon the unbecomingness of his hugging a fellow male in that sort of style I succeeded in extracting a grunt and presently he drew back his arm shook himself all over like a Newfoundland dog just from the water and sat up in bed stiff as a pike-staff looking at me and rubbing his eyes as if he did not altogether remember how I came to be there though a dim consciousness of knowing something about me seemed slowly dawning over him Meanwhile I lay quietly eyeing him having no serious misgivings now and bent upon narrowly observing so curious a creature When at last his mind seemed made up touching the character of his bedfellow and he became as it were reconciled to the fact he jumped out upon the floor and by certain signs and sounds gave me to understand that if it pleased me he would dress first and then leave me to dress afterwards leaving the whole apartment to myself *Thinks I Queequeg under the circumstances*

The Street

kind of travel I say may not be the very best mode of attaining a high social polish. Still for the most part that sort of thing is to be had anywhere.

These reflections just here are occasioned by the circumstance that after we were all seated at the table and I was preparing to hear some good stories about whaling to my no small surprise nearly every man maintained a profound silence. And not only that but they looked embarrassed. Yes here were a set of sea-dogs many of whom without the slightest bashfulness had boarded great whales on the high seas—entire strangers to

—J here h sat at a

But as for Queequeg—why Queequeg sat there among us in—
h need cool as an icicle. To be sure I
rer could not have
breakfast with him,
and using it there without ceremony reaching over the table with it,
to the imminent jeopardy of many heads and grappling the beefsteaks
towards him. But that was certainly very coolly done by him and every
one knows that in most people's estimation to do anything coolly is to do
it genteelly.

f o — a l — or h — h e a r h e s p e a k e d

OUT FOR A STROLL.

Chapter 6

The Street

If I HAD been astonished at first catching a glimpse of so outlandish an individual as Queequeg circulating among the polite society of a civilised town that astonishment soon departed upon taking my first daylight stroll through the streets of New Bedford.

“

”

“

“

and Wapping. In these last mentioned haunts you see only sailors, but in

the rest of his toilet was soon achieved and he proudly marched out of the room wrapped in his great pilot monkey jacket and sporting his harpoon like a marshal's baton

Chapter 5

Breakfast

I QUICKLY followed suit and descending into the bar room accosted the grinning landlord very pleasantly

However a good laugh is a mighty good thing and rather too scarce a good thing the more s the pity So if any one man in his own proper person afford stuff for a good joke to anybody let him not be backward but let him cheerfully allow himself to spend and be spent in that way And the man that has anything bountifully laughable about him be sure there is more in that man than you perhaps think for

The bar room was now full of the boarders who had been dropping in the night previous and whom I had not

a
a
unshorn shaggy set

You could pretty well see at a sun toasted pear in hue and would seem to smell almost as musky he cannot have been three days landed from his Indian voyage That man next him looks a few still lingers a tropic tawny tanned whole weeks ashore but who could show a cheek like Quaker which barred with various tints seemed like the Andes show for

Gr
to bea
They say that men who have seen the world thereby become quite at ease in manner quite self possessed in company Not always though Ledyard the great New England traveller and Mungo Park the Scotch one of all men they possessed the least assurance in the parlour But perhaps the mere crossing of Siberia in a sled drawn by dogs as Ledyard did or the taking a long solitary walk on an empty stomach in the negro heart of Africa which was the sum of poor Mungo's performances—this

The Street

Kind of travel I say may not be the very best mode of attaining a high
is to be had anywhere
the circumstance that after
aring to hear some good
we were all seated at a
stories about whaling to my no small surprise nearly every man main
And not only that but they looked embarrassed
highest bash
rangers to
they sat at a
all of kindred tastes—looking
h they had never been out of
sight of some sheepfold among the Green Mountains A curious sight
these beautiful bears these timid warrior whalers!

But as for Queequeg—why Queequeg sat there among them—at the
as an icicle To be sure I
test admirer could not have
in to breakfast with him
hing over the table with it
to the imminent jeopardy of many necks and grappling the beefsteaks
towards him But that was certainly very coolly done by him and every
one knows that in most people's estimation to do anything coolly is to do
it genteelly

We will not speak of all Queequeg's peculiarities here how he eschewed
coffee and hot rolls and applied his undivided attention to beefsteaks,
done rare Enough that when breakfast was over he withdrew like the rest
into the public room lighted his tomahawk pipe and was sitting there
quietly digesting and smoking with his inseparable hat on when I sallied
out for a stroll

Chapter 6

The Street

IF I HAD been astonished at first catching a glimpse of so outlandish an
individual as Queequeg circulating among the polite society of a civilised
town that astonishment soon departed upon taking my first daylight stroll

sometimes jostle the affrighted ladies Regent Street is not unknown to
Lascars and Malays and at Bombay in the Apollo Green live Yankees
have often scared the natives But New Bedford beats all Water Street
and Wapping In these last mentioned haunts you see only sailors but in

New Bedford actual cannibals stand chatting at street corners savages outright many of whom yet carry on their bones unholy flesh It makes a stranger stare

But besides the Feejeeans Tongatabooans Erromangoans Pinnangians and Brighggians and besides the wild specimens of the whaling-craft which unheeded reel about the streets you will see other sights still more curious certainly more comical There weekly arrive in this town scores of green Vermonters and New Hampshire men all athirst for gain and glory in the fishery They are mostly young of stalwart frames fellows who have felled forests and now seek to drop the axe and snatch the whale-lance Many are as green as the Green Mountains whence they came In some things you would think them but a few hours old Look there! that chap strutting round the corner He wears a beaver hat and swallow tailed coat girdled with a sailor belt and sheath knife Here comes another with a sou'wester and a bombazine cloak

No town bred dandy will compare with a country bred one—I mean a downright bumpkin dandy—a fellow that in the dog-days will mow his two acres in buckskin gloves for fear of tanning his hands Now when a country dandy like this takes it into his head to make a distinguished reputation and joins the great whale-fishery you should see the comical things he does upon reaching the seaport In bespeaking his sea-outfit he orders bell buttons to his waistcoats strips to his canvas trousers Ah poor Hay Seed! how bitterly will burst those straps in the first howling gale when thou art driven straps buttons and all down the throat of the tempest

But think not that this famous town has only harpooneers cannibals and bumpkins to show her visitors Not at all Still New Bedford is a queer place I had it not been for us whalcmen that tract of land would this day perhaps have been in as howling condition as the coast of Labrador As it is parts of her back country are enough to frighten one they look so bony

scoria of a country?

Go and gaze upon the iron emblematical harpoons round yonder lofty mansion and your question will be answered Yes all these brave houses and flowery gardens came from the Atlantic Pacific and Indian Oceans One and all they were harpooned and dragged up hither from the bottom of the sea Can Herr Alexander perform a feat like that?

In New Bedford fathers they say give whales for dowers to their

The Chapel

daughters, and portion off their meecs with a few porpoises apiece You must go to New Bedford to see a brilliant wedding for they say they have reservoirs of oil in every house and every night recklessly burn their lengths in spermaceti candles.

In summer time the town is sweet to see—full of fine maples—long avenues of green and gold And in August high in air the beautiful and bountiful horse-chestnuts candelabra-wise proffer the passer by their tapering upri hi cones of congregated blossoms So omnipotent is art—high in rian a district of New Bedford has superinduced bright terraces of flowers upon the barren refuse rocks thrown aside at creation's final day

— 11 —
their own red roses.
nation of their cheeks
less here match that

bloom of theirs ye cannot, save in Salem & here they tell me the young girls breathe such muh, their sailor sweethearts smell them miles off shore, as though they were drawing nigh the odorous Moluccas instead of the Puntanic sands.

Chapter 7

The Chapel

In this same New Bedford there stands a Whaleman's Chapel and few are the moody fishermen homily bound for the Indian Ocean or Pacific, who fail to make a Sunday visit to the spot I am sure that I did not

Returning from my first morning stroll I again saluted out upon this special strand The sky had changed from clear sunny cold to driving sleet and rain Wrapping myself in my shaggy jacket of the cloth called bearskin I fought my way against the stubborn storm Entering I found a small scattered congregation of sailors and sailors wives and widows A ruffled silence reigned only broken at times by the shrieks of the storm

— 12 —

I do not pretend to quote —

SACRED
To the Memory
OF
JOHN TALBOT

New Bedford actual cannibals stand chatting at street corners savages outright many of whom yet carry on their bones unholy flesh It makes a stranger stare

But besides the Feejecans Tongataboos Erromangoins Pinnangians and Brighgerins and besides the wild specimens of the whaling-craft which unheeded reel about the streets you will see other sights still more curious certainly more comical There weekly arrive in this town scores of green Vermonters and New Hampshire men all athirst for gain and glory in the fishery They are mostly young of stalwart frames fellows who have felled forests and now seek to drop the axe and snatch the whale-lance Many are as green as the Green Mountains whence they came In some things you would think them but a few hours old Look there! that chap strutting round the corner He wears a beaver hat and swallow tailed coat girdled with a sailor belt and sheath knife Here comes another with a sou wester and a bombazine cloak

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But think not that this famous town has only harpooners cannibals and bumpkins to show her visitors Not at all Still New Bedford is a queer place Had it not been for us whitemen that tract of land would this day

It is a land or one true enough but not like Canaan a land also of corn and wine The streets do not run with milk nor in the spring time do they pave them with fresh eggs Yet in spite of this nowhere in all America will you find more patrician like houses parks and gardens more opulent than in New Bedford Whence came they? how planted upon this once scraggy scoria of a country?

Go and gaze upon the iron emblematical harpoons round yonder lofty mansion and your question will be answered Yes all these brave houses and flowery gardens came from the Atlantic Pacific and Indian Oceans One and all they were harpooned and dragged up hither from the bottom of the sea Can Herr Alexander perform a feat like that?

In New Bedford fathers they say give whales for dowers to their

The Chapel

Shaking off the sleet from my ice-glazed hat and jacket I seated myself
— — — — — as was surprised to see Queequeg near
— — — — — gaze of
— — — — — person

who could not read and
on the wall Whether any of the relatives of the seamen who
appeared there were now among the congregation I knew not but so many
are the unrecorded accidents in the fishery and so plainly did several
women present wear the countenance if not the trappings of some unceas-
ing grief that I feel sure that here before me were assembled those in
whose unhealing hearts the sight of those bleak tablets sympathetically
caused the old wound to bleed afresh

Oh! ye whose dead lie buried beneath the green grass who standing
among flowers can say—here here lies my beloved ye know not the desola-
— — — — — these What bitter blanks in those black
What despair in those immovable
hidden infidelities in the lines that
— — — — — now upon all faith and refuse resurrections to the beings who
— — — — — stand

included
why it is that a universal proverb says of them that they are though
containing more secrets than the Goodwin Sands how it is that to his name
who yesterday departed for the other world we prefix so significant and
infidel a word and yet do not thus entitle him if he but embarks for the
remotest Indies of this living earth why the Life Insurance Companies pay
death forfeitures upon immortals in what eternal unshaking paralysis and
deadly hopeless trance yet lies antique Adam who died sixty round cen-
— — — — —

tomb will terrify a whole city All these things are not without their mean-
ings

But Faith like a jackal feeds among the tombs and even from these
dead doubts she gathers her most vital hope

It needs scarcely to be told with what feelings on the eve of a Nantucket
voyage I regarded those marble tablets and by the murky light of that dark-
ened doleful day read the fate of the whalemén who had gone before
me Yes Ishmael the same fate may be thine But somehow I grew merry
again Delightful inducements to embark fine chance for promotion it
seems—aye a store boat will make me an immortal by brevet Yes there
is death in this business of whaling—a speechlessly quick chaotic bundling

Moby Dick

Who at the age of eighteen was lost overboard
Near the Isle of Desolation off Patagonia
November 1st 1836

THIS TABLET
Is erected to his Memory
BY HIS SISTER

SACRED
To the Memory
OF
The late
CAPTAIN EZEKIEL HARDY
Who in the bows of his boat was killed by a
Sperm Whale on the coast of Japan
August 3d 1833

THIS TABLET
Is erected to his Memory
BY
HIS WIDOW

SACRED
To the Memory
OF
ROBERT LONG WILLIS ELLERY
NATHAN COLEMAN WALTER CANNY SETH MACI
AND SAMUEL GLEIG

Forming one of the boats crews
OF
THE SHIP ELIZA
Who were towed out of sight by a Whale
On the Off shore Ground in the
PACIFIC
December 31st 1839

THIS MARBLE
Is here placed by their surviving
Shipmates

The Pulpit

no means in bad taste Halting for an instant at the foot of the ladder and with both hands grasping the ornamental knobs of the manropes Father Mapple cast a look upwards and then with a truly sailor like but still reverential dexterity hand over hand mounted the steps as if ascending the maintop of his vessel

The perpendicular parts of this side ladder as is usually the case with swinging ones were of cloth covered rope, only the rounds were of wood so that at every step there was a joint At my first glimpse of the pulpit it had not escaped me that however convenient for a ship these joints in the pulpit since seemed unnecessary For I was not prepared to see Father

I pondered some time without fully comprehending Father Mapple enjoyed such a wide reputation for sincerity and sanctity that I could not suspect him of courting notoriety by any mere tricks of the

But the side ladder was removed from the chaplain's former seatings Between the marble cen-

Ah noble ship the angel seemed to say beat on beat on thou noble

What could be more full of meaning—for the pulpit is ever this earth's foremost part all things rest come to in its rear the pulpit leads the world From thence it is that the storm of God's quick truth is first descried and the bow must bear the earliest brunt From thence it is that the God of breezes fair

of a man into Eternity. But what then? Methinks we have hugely mistaken this matter of Life and Death. Methinks that what they call my shadow here on earth is my true substance. Methinks that in looking at things spiritual we are too much like oysters observing the sun through the water and thinking that thick water the thinnest of air. Methinks my body is but the lees of my better being. In fact take my body who will take it I say it is not myself. And therefore three cheers for Nantucket and come a stove boat and stove body when they will for stove my soul who can do this?

Chapter II

The Pulpit

I HAD not been seated very long ere a man of a certain venerable robustness entered immediately as the storm pelted door flew back upon admitting him a quick regardful eyeing of him by all the congregation sufficiently attested that this fine old man was the chaplain. Yes it was the famous Father Mapple so called by the whitemen among whom he was a very great favourite. He had been a sailor and a harpooneer in his youth but for many years past had dedicated his life to the ministry. At the time I now write of Father Mapple was in the hardy winter of a healthy old age that sort of old age which seems merging into a second flowering youth for among all the fissures of his wrinkles there shone certain mild gleams of a newly developing bloom—the spring verdure peeping forth even beneath February's snow. No one having previously heard his history could for the first time behold Father Mapple without the utmost interest because there were certain engrafted clerical peculiarities about him imputable to that adventurous maritime life he had led. When he entered I observed that he carried no umbrella and certainly had not come in his carriage for his topknot hat ran down with melting sleet and his great pilot cloth jacket seemed almost to drag him to the floor with the weight of the water it had absorbed. However hat and coat and overshoes were one by one removed and hung up in a little space in an adjacent corner when arrayed in a decent suit he quietly approached the pulpit.

Like most old fashioned pulpits it was a very lofty one and since a regular stairs to such a height would by its long angle with the floor seriously contract the already small area of the chapel the architect it seemed had acted upon the hint of Father Mapple and finished the pulpit without stairs substituting a perpendicular side ladder like those used in mounting a ship from a boat at sea. The wife of a whaling captain had provided the chapel with a handsome pair of red worsted manropes for this ladder which being itself nicely bedded and stained with a mahogany colour the whole contrivance considering what manner of chapel it was seemed by

The Sermon

the leaves of the Bible and at last, folding his hand down upon the proper page said Beloved shipmates clench the last verse of the first chapter of Jonah—And God had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah

Shipmates this book containing only four chapters—four yarns—is one of the smallest brand in the mighty cable of the Scriptures Yet what depths of the soul does Jonah's deep sea line sound! what a pregnant lesson to us in this prophet! What a noble thing is that canticle in the fish's belly! How billow like and boisterously grand! We feel the floods surging over us we sound with him to the helpr bottom of the waters, seaweed and all the slime of the sea is about us! But what is this lesson that the book of Jonah teaches Shipmates it is a two-stranded lesson a lesson to us all as sinful men and a lesson to me as a pilot of the living God As sinful men it is a lesson to us all because it is a story of the sin hard heartedness sudden and fierce the swift punishment repentance prayers and

— — — — — And if we see

ourselves, wherein the hard-

With this in of disobedience in him Jonah still further flouts at God he seeks to flee from Him He thinks that a ship made by men will carry

That's the opinion of learned men And here! Cadiz shipmates Cadiz in Spain as far by water from Joppa as Jonah could possibly have sailed in those ancient days when the Atlantic was an almost unknown sea Be-

— — — — — from God

orn with

mong the

hurry I know but I am hastening to cross the seas. So disordered self condemning his look that had there been policemen in those days Jonah on the mere suspicion of something wrong had been arrested ere he touched a deck How plainly he's a fugitive no baggage not a hat box alive or carpet bag—no friends accompany him to the wharf with their adieux. At last after much dodging search he finds the Tarshish ship re-

or foul is first invoked for favourable winds Yes the world's a ship on its passage out and not a voyage complete and the pulpit is its prow

Chapter 9

The Sermon

FATHER MAPPLE ROSE and in a mild voice of unassuming authority ordered the scattered people to condense Star board gangway there! side away to larboard—larboard gangway to starboard! Midships! midships!

There was a low rumbling of heavy sea boots among the benches and a still slighter shuffling of women's shoes and all was quiet again and every eye on the preacher

He paused a little then—his brown hands across his deeply devout that he seemed to be praying at the bottom of the sea

Thus ended in prolonged solemn tones like the continual tolling of a bell in a stately

in a peering exultation and joy—

*The ribs and terrors in the whale
Arched over me a dismal gloom
While all God's sunlit waves rolled by
And left me deepening down to doom*

*I saw the opening maw of hell
With endless pains and sorrows there
Which none but they that feel can tell—
Oh I was plunging to despair*

*In black distress I called my God
When I could scarce believe Him nigh,
He bowed His ear to my complaints—
No more the whale did me confine*

*With speed He flew to my relief
As on a radiant dolphin borne
Austere yet bright as lightning shone
The face of my Deliverer God*

*My songs for ever shall record
That terrible that joyful hour
I gave the glory to my God
His all the mercy and the power*

Nearly all joined in singing this hymn which swelled high above the howling of the storm A brief pause ensued the preacher slowly turned over

The Sermon

Thou look'st like it says the Captain there's
 never allowed to be alone
 If on his berth and finds the little state-room ceiling most
 Then in that
 Jonah feels the
 hale shall hold
 heralding presentiment of that still
 him in the smallest of his box-els wards

Screwed at its axis against the side a swinging lamp slightly oscillates
 in Jonah's room and the ship heeling over towards the wharf with the
 sight of the last bales received the lamp flame and all though in slight
 motion still maintains a permanent obliquity with reference to the room
 though in truth infallibly straight itself it but made obvious the false
 which it hung The lamp alarms and frightens Jonah

tradition in the lamp more and more appears
 and the side are all awry Oh! so my conscience hangs in me! he groans
 straight upward so it burns but the chambers of my soul are all in crooked
 ness!

Like one who after a night of drunken revelry hies to his bed still reel

he feels a deep stupor steals over him as over the man who wears wounds
 for conscience is the wound and there's naught to staunch it so after sore
 wrastlings in his berth Jonah's prodigy of ponderous misery drags him
 downing down to sleep

And now the time of tid has come the ship casts off her cables and
 from the deserted wharf the uncheered ship for Tarshish all careening

and raging sea feels not the reeling timbers and little heeds he or heeds he
 the far rush of the mighty hale which even now with open mouth is
 cleaving the seas after him Ave slipmates Jonah was gone down into the

ceiving the last items of her cargo and as he steps on board to see its Captain in the cabin all the sailors for the moment desist from hoisting in the goods to mark the stranger's evil eye. Jonah sees this but in vain he tries to look all ease and confidence in vain essays his wretched smile. Strong intuitions of the man assure the mariners he can be no innocent. In their game some but still serious way one whispers to the other—Jack he's robbed a widow or Joe do you mark him he's a bigamist or Harry lad I guess he's the adulterer that broke jail in old Gomorrah or belike one of the missing murderers from Sodom. Another runs to read the bill that's stuck against the spile upon the wharf to which the ship is moored offering five hundred gold coins for the apprehension of a murderer and containing a description of his person. He reads and looks from Jonah to the bill while all his sympathetic shipmates now crowd round Jonah prepared to lay their

self suspected but that itself is strong suspicion. So he makes the best of it and when the sailors find him not to be the man that is advertised they let him pass and he descends into the cabin.

Who's therer cries the Captain at his busy desk hurriedly making out his papers for the Customs—Who's there? Oh! how that harmless question mangles Jonah! For the instant he almost turns to flee again. But he rallies. I seek a passage in the ship to Tarrush how soon sail ye sir? Thus far the busy Captain had not looked up to Jonah though the man now stands before him but no sooner does he hear that hollow voice than he darts a scrutinising glance. We sail with the next coming tide at last he slowly answered still intently eyeing him. No sooner sir—Soon enough for any honest man that goes a passenger. H! Jonah! that's another story. But he swiftly calls away the Captain from that scent. I'll sail with ye—he says—the passage money how much is that—I'll pay now. For it is particularly written shipmates as if it were a thing not to be overlooked in this history that he paid the fare thereof ere the craft did sail. And taken with the count this is full of merriment.

Now Jonah's Captain shipmates was one whose discernment detects crime in any but whose cupidity exposes it only in the penniless. In this world shipmates sin that pays its way can travel freely and without a passport whereas Virtue if a proper stopped at all frontiers. So Jonah's Captain prepares to test the length of Jonah's purse ere he judge him openly. He charges him thrice the usual sum and it's assented to. Then the Captain knows that Jonah is a fugitive but at the same time resolves to help a flight that paves its rear with gold. Yet when Jonah fairly takes out his purse prudent suspicions still molest the Captain. He rings every coin to find a counterfeit. Not a forger any way he mutters and Jonah is put down for his passage. Point out my state room sir says Jonah now. I'm

The Sermon

since to God contenting
 ngs he will still look
 ue and faithful repen-

towards His holy temple
 tance not clamorous for pardon but grateful for punishment And how
 pleasing to God was this conduct in Jonah is shown in the eventual deliver-
 ance of him from the sea and the whale Shipmates I do not place Jonah
 before you as a model but I do place him before you as a model

ing storm without seemed to add new power
 describing Jonah's sea-storm seemed tossed by a storm himself His deep
 how he had as it were a ground-swell his tossed arms seemed the warning
 of a stormy sea
 is look

eaves of
 rope for

with an aspect of the deepest yet manliest wisdom
 Shipmates God has laid but one hand upon you both his hands press
 upon me I have read ye by what murky light may be mine the lesson that
 Jonah teaches to all sinners and therefore to ye and still more to me for I
 am a greater sinner than ye And now how gladly would I come down from
 this masthead and sit on the hatches there where you sit, and listen as you
 listen while some one of you reads me that other and more awful lesson
 which Jonah teaches me as a pilot of the living God How being an
 anointed pilot prophet or speaker of true things and bidden by the Lord

slant ngs tore him along into the midst of the seas where the eddying
 depths sucked him ten thousand fathoms down and the weeds were
 tugged about his head and all the watery world of ice bowled over him
 Yet even then beyond the reach of any plummet—out of the belly of hell—

sides of the ship—a berth in the cabin as I have taken it and was fast asleep. But the frightened master comes to him and shrieks in his dead ear: 'What meanest thou, O sleeper! arise!' Startled from his lethargy by that direful cry, Jonah staggers to his feet and stumbling to the deck grasps a shroud to look out upon the sea. But at that moment he is sprung upon by a prancing billow leaping over the bulwarks. Wave after wave thus leaps into the ship and finding no speedy vent runs roaring fore and aft till the mariners come nigh to drowning while yet afloat. And ever as the white moon shows her affrighted face from the steep gullies in the blackness overhead, ghastly Jonah sees the rearing bowsprit pointing high upward but soon beat downward again towards the tormented deep.

Terrors upon terrors run shouting through his soul. In all his cringing attitudes the God fugitive is now too plainly known. The sailors mark him more and more certain grow their suspicions of him and at last fully to test the truth by referring the whole matter to high Heaven they fall to casting lots to see for whose cause this great tempest was upon them. The lot is Jonah's; that discovered then how furiously they mob him with their questions: 'What is thine occupation? Whence comest thou? Thy country? What people?' But mark now my shipmates the behaviour of poor Jonah. The eager mariners but ask him who he is and where from whereas they not only receive an answer to those questions but likewise another answer to a question not put by them but the unsolicited answer is forced from Jonah by the hard hand of God that is upon him.

I am a Hebrew, he cries—and then—I fear the Lord, the God of Heaven who hath made the sea and the dry land! Fear him, O Jonah? Aye well mightest thou fear the Lord God *then!* Straightway he now goes on to make a full confession whereupon the mariners became more and more appalled but still are pitiful. For when Jonah not yet supplicating God for mercy since he but too well knew the darkness of his deserts—when wretched Jonah cries out to them to take him and cast him forth into the sea for he knew that for *his* sake this great tempest was upon them they mercifully turn from him and seek by other means to save the ship. But all in vain the indignant gale howls louder then with one hand raised

as Jonah carries down the gale with him leaving smooth water behind. He goes down in the whirling heart of such a masterless commotion that he scarce heeds the moment when he drops seething into the yawning jaws awaiting him and the whale shoots to all his ivory teeth like so many white bolts upon his prison. Then Jonah prayed unto the Lord out of the fish's belly. But observe his prayer and learn a weighty lesson. For sinful as he is, Jonah does not weep and wail for direct deliverance. He feels that his dread

as his nose meant but humming to himself in his head in his way

But being now in earnest, he put up the image and pretty soon going to the table, took up a large book there and placing it on his lap began counting the pages with deliberate regularity every fiftieth page—as I fancied—stopping for a moment, looking vacantly around him, and giving utterance to a long-drawn gurgling whistle of astonishment. He would then begin again at the next fifty seeming to commence at number one each time as though he could not count more than fifty and it was only by such a large number of fifties being found together that his astonishment at the multitude of pages was excited.

With much interest I sat watching him. Savary though he was, and had doubtless marred about the face—at least to my taste—his countenance yet had a something in it which was by no means disagreeable. You cannot hide the soul. Through all his unearthly tattooings I thought I saw the traces of a simple honest heart—and in his large, deep eyes, fiery black and bold, there seemed tokens of a spirit that would dare a thousand devils. And besides all this there was a certain lofty bearing about the Pagan which even his uncomeliness could not altogether mar. He looked like a man who had never cringed and never had had a creditor. Whether I was, too, that his head being shaved, his forehead was drawn out in freer and brighter relief and looked more expansive than it otherwise would this I will not venture to decide but certain I was his head was phrenologically an excellent one. It may seem ridiculous, but it reminded me of General Washington's head as seen in the popular busts of him. It had the same long regularly graduated retreating slope from above the brows, which were likewise very projecting. Like no other prominent ones thickly wooded on top. Queequeg was George Washington exuberantly developed.

While I was thus closely scanning him, half pretending meanwhile to be looking out at the storm from the casement he never heeded my presence never troubled himself with so much as a single glance but appeared wholly occupied with counting the pages of the marvellous book. Consider in how sociable we had been sleeping together the night previous, and

take them all first they are over their calm self-collectedness of simplicity seems a Socratic wisdom. I had noticed also that Queequeg never conversed at all, or but very little with the other seamen in the inn. He made no advances but never appeared to have no desire to enlarge the circle of his acquaintances. All this struck me as much more singular upon second thoughts, there was something almost sublime in it. Here was a man come from ten thousand miles from home by the way of Cape Horn this is such was the only way he could get there—through among people

his ears like two sea shells still multitudinously murmuring of the ocean—Jonah did the Almighty's bidding And what was that shipmates? To preach the truth to the face of Falsehood! That was it!

This shipmates this is that other lesson and woe to that pilot of the living God who slights it Woe to him whom this world charms from Gospel duty! Woe to him who seeks to pour oil upon the waters when God has brewed them into a gale! Woe to him who seeks to please rather than to appal! Woe to him whose good name is more to him than goodness! Woe to him who in this world courts not dishonour! Woe to him who would not be true even though to be false were salvation! Yea woe to him who as the great Pilot Paul has it while preaching to others is himself a castaway!

He dropped and fell away from himself for a moment then lifting his face to them again showed a deep joy in his eyes as he cried out with a heavenly enthusiasm — but oh! shipmates! on the starboard hand of every woe there is a sure delight and higher the top of that delight than the bottom of the woe is deep Is not the maintruck higher than the keelson is low? Delight is to him—a far far upward and inward delight—who against the proud gods and commodores of this earth ever stands forth his own

! to him who gives no quarter in the truth and who burns and destroys all sin though he pluck it out from under the robes of Senators and Judges Delight—top gallant delight is to him who acknowledges no law or lord but the Lord his God and is only a patriot to heaven Delight is to him whom all the waves of the billows of the seas of the boisterous mob can never shake from this sure keel of the Ages And eternal delight and deliciousness will be his who coming to lay him down can say with his final breath—O Father!—chiefly known to me by Thy rod—mortal or immortal here I die I have striven to be Thine more than to be this world's or mine own Yet this is nothing I leave eternity to Thee for what is man that he should live out the lifetime of his God?

He said no more but slowly waving a benediction covered his face with his hands and so remained kneeling till all the people had departed and he was left alone in the place

Chapter 10

A Bosom Friend

RETURNING to the Spouter Inn from the Chapel I found Queequeg there quite alone he having left the Chapel before the benediction some time He was sitting on a bench before the fire with his feet on the stove hearth and in one hand was holding close up to his face that little negro idol of his peering hard into its face and with a jack knife gently whittling away

After supper and another social chat and smoke we went to our room together. He made me a present of his embalmed head took out his enormous tobacco wallet and groping under the tobacco drew out some thirty dollars in silver then spreading them on the table and mechanically dividing them into two equal portions, pushed one of them towards me and said it was mine. I was going to remonstrate; but he silenced me by pouring them into my trousers pockets. I let them stay. He then went about his evening prayers, took out his idol and removed the paper fireboard. By certain signs and symptoms, I thought he seemed anxious for me to join him but well knowing what was to follow I deliberated a moment whether in

nfalible Pres
lo later in wor

shipping his piece of wood? But what is worship? Do you suppose now Ishmael that the magnanimous God of heaven and earth—pagan and all included—can possibly be jealous of an insignificant bit of wood? Immovable! But what is worship—to do the will of God—that

could do to me
of worship. Consequently I must then unite with him in his ergo I must
be hanged upon the innocent little

peace with our own consciences and all the world. But we did not go to sleep without some little chat.

Ho ! it is I know not but there is no place like a bed for confidential disclosures between friends Man and wife they say there open the very bottom of their souls to each o'her and some old couples often lie and chat over old times till nearly morning Thus then lay I and Queequeg—a cosy loving pair

Chapter 11

Nishigouta

WE HAD lain thus in bed chatting and napping at short intervals, and Queequeg now and then affectionately throwing his brown tattooed legs over mine and then drawing them back so entirely sociable and free and

as strange to him as though he were in the planet Jupiter and yet he seemed entirely at his ease preserving the utmost serenity content with his own companionship always equal to himself Surely this was a touch of fine philosophy though no doubt he had never heard there was such a thing as that But perhaps to be true philosophers we mortals should not be conscious of so living or so striving So soon as I hear that such or such a man gives himself out for a philosopher I conclude that like the dyspeptic old woman he must have broken his digester

As I sat there in that now lonely room the fire burning low in that mild stage when after its first intensity has warmed the air it then only glows to be looked at the evening shades and phantoms gathering round the

As I sat there in that now lonely room the fire burning low in that mild stage when after its first intensity has warmed the air it then only glows to be looked at the evening shades and phantoms gathering round the

him meanwhile At first he little noticed these advances but presently upon my referring to his last night's hospitalities he made out to ask me whether we were again to be bedfellows I told him yes whereat I thought he looked pleased perhaps a little complimented

We then turned over the book together and I endeavoured to explain to him the purpose of the printing and the meaning of the few pictures that were in it Thus I soon engaged his interest and from that we went to jabbering the best we could about the various outer sights to be seen in this famous town Soon I proposed a social smoke and producing his pouch and tomahawk he quietly offered me a puff And there we sat exchanging puffs from that wild pipe of his and keeping it regularly passing between us

If there yet lurked any ice of indifference towards me in the Pagan's breast this pleasant genial smoke we had soon thawed it out and left us cronies He seemed to take to me quite as naturally and unbiddenly as I to him and when our smoke was over he pressed his forehead against mine clasped me round the wrist and said that henceforth we were married meaning in his country's phrase that we were bosom friends he would gladly die for me if need should be In a countryman this sudden flame of friendship would have seemed far too premature a thing to be much dis-trusted but in this simple savage those old rules would not apply

Nightgown

As inner and another social chat and smoke we went to our room
 and took out his cigar
 drew out some thirty
 and mechanically divided
 them towards me and
 ing them into two equal portions
 said it was mine I was going to remonstrate but he silenced me by pouring
 them into my trousers' pockets I let them stay He then went about his
 work at his idol and removed the paper fireboard By cer

Infallible Pres
 olater in wor

shipping his piece of wood? But what is God of heaven and earth—

is worship And what is the will of God—to do to
 would have my fellowman to do to me—that is the will of God Now
 Queequeg is my fellowman And what do I wish that this Queequeg

or thrice kissed his nose I was at peace with our own consciences and all the world But we did not go to
 sleep without some little chat

chat over old times till nearly midnight was a cosy loving pair

Chapter 11

Nightgown

WE HAD lain thus in bed chatting and napping at short intervals and Queequeg now and then affectionately throwing his brown tattooed legs over mine and then drawing them back so entirely sociable and free and easy were we when at last by reason of our confabulations what little nappishness remained in us altogether departed and we felt like getting up again though daybreak was yet some way down the future

Yes we became very wakeful so much so that our recumbent position

as strange to him as though he were in the planet Jupiter and yet he seemed entirely at his ease preserving the utmost serenity content with his own companionship always equal to himself Surely this was a touch of fine philosophy though no doubt he had never heard there was such a thing as that But perhaps to be true philosophers we mortals should not be conscious of so living or so striving So soon as I hear that such or such a man gives himself out for a philosopher I conclude that like the dyspeptic old woman he must have broken his digester

As I sat there in that now lonely room the fire burning low in that mild stage when after its first intensity has warmed the air it then only glows to be looked at the evening shades and phantoms gathering round the

turned against the wolfish world This soothing savage had redeemed it There he sat his very indifference speaking a nature in which there lurked no civilised hypocrisies and bland deceptions Wild he was a very sight of sights to see yet I began to feel myself mysteriously drawn towards him And those same things that would have repelled most others they were the very magnets that thus drew me I'll try a pagan friend thought I since Christian kindness has proved but hollow courtesy I drew my bench near him and made some friendly signs and hints doing my best to talk with him meanwhile At first he little noticed these advances but presently upon my referring to his last night's hospitalities he made out to ask me whether we were again to be bedfellows I told him yes whereat I thought he looked pleased perhaps a little complimented

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yet subsequent disclosures when I had a broken phraseology now enable me to present the whole story such as it may prove in the mere skeleton I give

Chapter 12

Biographical

QUEEQUEG was a native of Kokovoko an island far away to the West and so It is not down in any map true places never are

21 —

a High Chief a King his will

5

There was
I I fear by

leg sought a
— — — — —

self at full length upon the deck grappled a rope bolt there and swore not to let it go though hacked in pieces

In vain the captain threatened to throw him overboard suspended a cutlass over his naked wrists Queequeg was the son of a King and Queequeg

never saw the captain's cabin They put him down among the sailors and made a whaleman of him But like the Czar Peter content to toil in the

desire to learn among the Christians the arts whereby to make his people

begin to grow wearisome and by little and little we found ourselves sitting up the clothes well tucked around us leaning against the headboard with our four knees drawn up close together and our two noses bending over them as if our knee-pans were warming pans We felt very nice and snug the more so since seeing that there to enjoy bodily

quality in this world that is not what it is merely by contrast Nothing exists in itself If you flatter yourself that you are all over comfortable and have been so a long time then you cannot be said to be comfortable any more your nose or the crown in the general conscious

ness you feel most delightfully and unmistakably warm For this reason a sleeping apartment should never be furnished with a fire which is one of the luxurious discomforts of the rich For the height of this sort of deliciousness is to have nothing but the blanket between you and your snugness and the cold of the outer air Then there you lie like the one warm spark in the heart of an arctic crystal

We had been sitting in this crouching manner for some time when all at once I thought I would open my eyes for when between sheets whether by day or by night and whether asleep or awake I have a way of always keeping my eyes shut in order the more to concentrate the snugness of being in bed because no man can ever feel his own identity aright except his eyes be closed as if darkness were indeed the proper element of our

object to the hint from Queequeg that perhaps it were best to strike a light seeing that we were so wide awake and besides he felt a strong desire to have a few quiet puffs from his Tomahawk Be it said that though I had felt such a strong repugnance to his smoking in the bed the night before yet see how elastic our stiff prejudices grow when once love comes to bend them For now I liked nothing better than to have Queequeg smoking by me even in bed because he seemed to be full of such serene household joy then I no more felt unduly concerned for the landlord's policy of insurance I was only alive to the condensed confidential comfortableness of sharing a pipe and a blanket with a real friend With our shaggy jackets drawn about our shoulders we now passed the Tomahawk from one to the other till slowly there grew over us a blue hanging tester of smoke illumined by the flame of the new lit lamp

Whether it was that this undulating tester rolled the savage away to far distant scenes I know not but he now spoke of his native island and

yet subsequent disclosures
broken phraseology now enable me to present the whole story such as it
may prove in the mere skeleton I give

Chapter 12

Bio raphical

QUEQUEG was a native of Kokoroko an island far away in the West and South It is not down in any map true places never are

When a new hatched savage running wild about his native woodlands
as if he were a green sapling
re to see some
his father was
a High Chief a King his uncles
eternal side he
boasted aunts who were the wives of unconquerable warriors There was
excellent blood in his veins—royal stuff though sadly vitiated I fear by
the cannibal propensity he nourished in his untutored youth

a distant strait which he knew the ship must pass through when she
quitted the island On one side was a coral reef on the other a low tongue of
land covered with mangrove thickets that grew out into the water Hiding
his canoe still afloat, among these thickets with its prow seaward he sat

self at full length upon the deck grappled a ring-bolt there and swore not
to let it go though hacked in pieces

In vain the captain threatened to throw him overboard suspended a cut

never saw the captain's cabin they put him down among the sailors and
made a whaleman of him But like the Czar Peter content to toil in the

desire to learn among the Christians the arts whereby to make his people

still happier than they were and more than that still better than they were But alas! the practices of whalemén soon convinced him that even Christians could be both miserable and wicked infinitely more so than all his father's heathens Arrived at last in old Sag Harbour and seeing what the sailors did there and then going on to Nantucket and seeing how they spent their wages in *that* place also poor Queequeg gave it up for lost Thought he it's a wicked world in all meridians I'll die a pagan

And thus an old idolater at heart he yet lived among these Christians wore their clothes and tried to talk their gibberish Hence the queer ways about him though now some time from home

By hints I asked him whether he did not propose going back and having a coronation since he might now consider his father dead and gone he being very old and feeble at the last accounts He answered no not yet and

self baptized again For the nonce however he proposed to sail about and sow his wild oats in all four oceans They had made a harpooneer of him and that barbed iron was in lieu of a sceptre now

I asked him what might be his immediate purpose touching his future movements He answered to go to sea again in his old vocation Upon this I told him that whaling was my own design and informed him of my intention to sail out of Nantucket as being the most promising port for an adventurous whaléman to embark from He at once resolved to accompany me to that island ship aboard the same vessel get into the same watch the same boat the same mess with me in short to share my every hap with both my hands in his boldly dip into the potluck of both worlds To all this I joyously assented for besides the affection I now felt for Queequeg he was an experienced harpooneer and as such could not fail to be of great usefulness to one who like me was wholly ignorant of the mysteries of whaling though well acquainted with the sea as known to merchant seamen

His story being ended with his pipe's last dying puff Queequeg embraced me pressed his forehead against mine and blowing out the light we rolled over from each other this way and that and very soon were sleeping

Chapter 13

Wheelbarrow

Never was a man so fond of a wheelbarrow as I was

ingly tickled at the sudden friendship which had sprung up between me

Wheelbarrow

and Queequeg—especially as Peter Coffin's cock-and-bull stories had previously so much alarmed me concerning the very person whom I now com-

... along the ...
... ke him in their streets —
... ial terms But we heeded
them not going along wheeling the ... urns and Queequeg now
... to adjust the sheath on his harpoon barbs I asked him

replied that though what I hinted was an affection for his own harpoon because it was of assured stuff well tried in many a mortal combat and deeply intimate with the hearts of whales In short like many inland reapers and mowers who go into the farmers meadows armed with their own scythes—though in no wise obliged to furnish them—even so Queequeg for his own private reasons preferred his own harpoon

Shifting the barrow from my hand to his he told me a funny story about

the barrow and marches up the wharf Why said I Queequeg, you might have known better than that one would think Didn't the people laugh?

... Th ... of h ... nd of Roko-

bowl always forms the great central ornament on the braided mat where the feast is held Now a certain grand merchant ship once touched at Roko-oko and its commander—from all accounts a very stately punctilious

like us who at such times look downwards to our platters they on the con-

trary copying the ducks glance upwards to the great Giver of all feasts—grace I say being said the High Priest opens the banquet by the immemorial ceremony of the island—that is dipping his consecrated and consecrating fingers into the bowl before the blessed beverage circulates. Seeing himself placed next the Priest and noting the ceremony and thinking himself—being Captain of a ship—as having plain precedence over a mere island king especially in the king's own house—the Captain coolly proceeds to wash his hands in the punchbowl—taking it I suppose for a huge finger glass. Now said Queequeg what you think now?—Didn't our people laugh?

At last passage paid and luggage safe we stood on board the schooner. Hoisting sail it glided down the Acushnet river. On one side New Bedford rose in terraces of streets their ice-covered trees all glittering in the clear cold air. Huge hills and mountains of casks on casks were piled upon her wharves and side by side the world wandering whale ships lay silent and safely moored at last while from others came a sound of carpenters and coopers with blended noises of fires and forges to melt the pitch all betokening that new cruises were on the start that one most perilous and long voyage ended only begins a second and a second ended only begins a third and so on for ever and for aye. Such is the endlessness yea the intolerableness of all earthly effort.

Gaining the more open water the bracing breeze waxed fresh the little *Moss* tossed the quick form from her bows as a young colt his snortings. How I snuffed that Tartar air!—how I spurned that turnpike earth!—that common highway all over dented with the marks of slavish heels and hoofs and turned me to admire the magnanimity of the sea which will permit no records.

At the same foam fountain Queequeg seemed to drink and reel with me. His dusky nostrils swelled apart he showed his filed and pointed teeth

we sideways darted every rope yarn tingling like a wire the two timbrels buckling like Indian canes in hind tornados. So full of this reeling scene were we as we stood by the plunging bowsprit that for some time we did not notice the jeering glances of the passengers a lubber like assembly who marvelled that two fellow beings should be so companionable as though a white man were anything more dignified than a whitewashed negro. But there were some boobies and bumpkins there who by their intense greenness must have come from the heart and centre of all verdure. One of them caught one of these young sailings mimicking him behind his

lous dexterity and strength sent him up and

in in mid-somerset the fellow landed with bursting

Hallo you sit at the bar
Queequeg what in thunder do you mean by that? Don't you know you
might have killed that chap

What him say? said Queequeg as he mildly turned to me
He say said I that you came near kill-e that man there pointing to

ce into an unearthly
Queequeg no kill-e so

small-e fish-e Queequeg kill-e big whale

Look you roared the Captain I'll kill-e you you cannibal if you

the Captain to
I had parted the

weather-sheet and the tremendous boom was now flying from side to side
completely sweeping the entire after part of the deck The poor fellow
whom Queequeg had handled so roughly was swept overboard all hands
were in a panic and to attempt snatching at the boom to stay it seemed
madness It flew from right to left and back again almost in one tick of
a watch and every instant seemed on the point of snapping into splinters
Nothing was done and nothing seemed capable of being done those on
deck rushed towards the bows and stood eyeing the boom as if it were the
lower jaw of an exasperated whale In the midst of this consternation
Queequeg dropped deftly to his knees and crawling under the path of the
boom whipped hold of a rope secured one end to the bulwarks and then
flinging the other like a lasso caught it round the boom as it swept over
his head and at the next jerk the spar was that way trapped and all was
safe The schooner was run into the wind and while the hands were clear-
ing away the stern boat Queequeg stripped to the waist darted from the

begged his pardon From that hour I clove to Queequeg like a barnacle
yea till poor Queequeg took his last long dive

Was there ever such unconsciousness? He did not seem to think that he
at all deserved a medal from the Humane and Magnanimous Societies
He only asked for water—fresh water—something to wipe the brine off
that done he put on dry clothes lighted his pipe and leaning against the
bulwarks and mildly eyeing those around him seemed to be saying to
himself— It's a mutual joint stock world in all meridians We cannibals
must help these Christians

Chapter 14

Nantucket

N--

a
Nantucket! Take out your map and look at it See what a little piece of
the world it occupies how
the world
all the
use
lights will tell you that they have a goodly paper Some gamesome

as in it pieces of wood in Nan
tucket are carried about like bits of the true cross in Rome that people
there plant toadstools before their houses to get under the shade in sum
mer time that one blade of grass makes an oasis three blades in a day's
walk a prairie that they wear quicksand shoes something like Laplander
snowshoes that they are so shut up about every way enclosed
the ocean that to their very
found adhering as to the

but these extravaganzas only show that Nantucket is
no Illinois

Look now at the wondrous traditional story of how this island was
settled by the red men Thus goes the legend In olden times an eagle
swooped down upon the New England coast and carried off an infant
Indian in his talons With loud lament the parents saw their child borne
out of sight over the wide waters They resolved to follow in the same di
rection Setting out in their canoes after a perilous passage they discovered
the island and there they found an empty ivory casket—the poor little
Indian skeleton

What wonder then that these Nantucketers born on a beach should
take to the sea for a livelihood? They first caught crabs and quahogs in the
sands grown bolder they waded out with nets for mackerel more ex

Chowder

when need they pushed off in boats and captured cod and at last launch-
 in at Behring's Straits
 war with the mightiest
 animated mass that has survived the moon t monstrous and most
 mountainous! That Hummalehan salt-sea Mastodon clothed with such
 portentousness of unconscious power that his very panics are more to be
 dreaded than his most fearless and malicious assaults!
 tery world like
 c Pacific and
 A — — — — —

this terraqueous globe are the Nantucketer s for the sea is u
 c — — — — —

The Nantucketer he alone resides and rots on the sea he alone in wide
 language goes down to it in ships to and fro ploughing it as his own special
 plantation There is his home there bes his business which a Noah's flood
 would not interrupt though it overwhelmed all the millions in China He
 lives on the sea as prairie cocks in the prairie he hides among the waves
 he climbs them as chamois hunters climb the Alps For years he knows not
 the land so that when he comes to it at last, it smells like another world
 more strangely than the moon would to an Earthsman With the landless
 gull that at sunset folds her wings and is rocked to sleep between billows
 so at nightfall the Nantucketer out of sight of land fu is his sails and lays
 him to his rest, while under his very pillow rush herds of walruses and
 v hales.

Chapter 15

Chowder

It was quite late in the evening when the little Moss came snugly to
 anchor and Queequeg and I went ashore so we could attend to no busi-
 ness that day at least none but a supper and a bed The landlord of the
 Spouter Inn had recommended us to his cousin Hosea Hussey of the Try
 D — — — — —

we could not possibly do better than try potluck at the Try Pots. But the directions he had given us about keeping a yellow warehouse on our starboard hand till we opened a white church to the larboard and then keeping that on the larboard hand till we made a corner three points to the larboard and that done then ask the first man we met where the place was—these crooked directions of his very much puzzled us at first especially as at the outset Queequeg insisted that the yellow warehouse—our first point of departure—must be left on the larboard hand whereas I had understood Peter Coffin to say it was on the starboard. However by dint of beating about a little in the dark and now and then knocking up a perceivable inhabitant to inquire the way we at last came to something which there was no mistaking.

Two enormous wooden pots painted black and suspended by asses ears swung from the cross trees of an old topmast planted in front of an old doorway. The horns of the cross trees were sawed off on the other side so that this old topmast looked not a little like a gallows. Perhaps I was oversensitive to such impressions at the time but I could not help staring at this gallows with a vague misgiving. A sort of crick was in my neck as I gazed up to the two remaining horns yes two of them one for Queequeg and one for me. Its ominous thinks I. A Coffin my Innkeeper upon land

dull red lamp swinging there that looked much like an injured eye and carrying on a brisk scolding with a man in a purple woollen shirt.

Get along with ye said she to the man or I'll be combing ye!

Come on Queequeg said I all right. There's Mrs Hussey.

And so it turned out Mr Hosea Hussey being from home but leaving Mrs Hussey entirely competent to attend to all his affairs. Upon making

table spread with the relics of a recently concluded repast turned round to us and said—Clam or Cod?

What's that about Cods ma'am? said I with much politeness.

Clam or Cod? she repeated.

A clam for supper? a cold clam is that what you mean Mrs Hussey? says I but that's a rather cold and clammy reception in the winter time ain't it Mrs Hussey?

But being in a great hurry to resume scolding the man in the purple shirt who was waiting for it in the entry and seeming to hear nothing but the word clam Mrs Hussey hurried towards an open door leading to

I will just take this here iron and keep it for you till morning But the chowder clam or cod to-morrow for breakfast men?

Both says I and let's have a couple of smoked herring by way of variety

Chapter 16

The Ship

IN BED we concocted our plans for the morrow But to my surprise and no small concern Queequeg no

in concert select

that the selection

proposed befriending us and in order to do so had already pitched upon a vessel which if left to myself I Ishmael should infallibly light upon for all the world as though it had turned out by chance and in that vessel I must immediately ship myself for the present irrespective of Queequeg

I have forgotten to mention that in many things Queequeg placed great confidence in the excellence of Yojo's judgment and surprising forecast of things and cherished Yojo with considerable esteem as a rather good sort of god who perhaps meant well enough upon the whole but in all cases did not succeed in his benevolent designs

Now this plan of Queequeg's or rather Yojo's touching the selection of our craft I did not like that plan

about this business with a determined rushing sort of energy and vigour that should quickly settle that trifling little affair

Next morning early leaving Queequeg shut up with Yojo in our little bedroom—for it seemed that it was some

I to my pipe and Yojo warming himself at his sacrificial fire of shavings I sallied out among the shipping After much prolonged sauntering and many random inquiries I learnt that there were three ships up for three-years voyages—The *Devil-dam* the *Tu bit* and the *Pequod* *Devil-dam* I do not know the origin of *Tu bit* is obvious *Pequod* you will no doubt remember was the name of a celebrated tribe of Massachusetts Indians now extinct as the ancient Medes I peered and pried about the

this was the very ship for us

You may have seen many a quaint craft in your day for aught I know —
square-toed luggers mountainous Japanese junks butter-box galliots and

— I never saw such a rare old craft as this
hool rather small if any

bout her Long seasoned

and weather-stained in the typhoons and calm of all four oceans her old
hull's complexion was darkened like a French grenadier's who has alike
fought in Egypt and Siberia Her venerable bows looked bearded Her
masts—cut somewhere on the coast of Japan where her original ones were
lost overboard in a gale—her masts stood stiffly up like the spines of the
three old kings of Cologne Her ancient decks were worn and wrinkled
like the pilgrim worshipped flagstone in Canterbury Cathedral where
Becket bled But to all these her old antiquities were added new and
marvellous features pertaining to the wild business that for more than
half a century she had followed Old Captain Peleg many years her chief
mate before he commanded another vessel of his own and now a retired

— I never saw such a rare old Peleg — this old Peleg
que-
vice

unmatched by anything except it be Thoralf-Hake's carved buckler or
bedstead She was apparelled like any barbaric Ethiopian emperor his

— I never saw such a rare old Peleg — this old Peleg

uous jaw with the long sharp teeth of the Sperm Whale inserted there for

— I never saw such a rare old Peleg — this old Peleg

that tiller in a tempest felt like the Tartar when he holds back his fiery
steed by clutching its jaw A noble craft but somehow a most melancholy!

— I never saw such a rare old Peleg — this old Peleg

nobody but I could not well overlook a strange sort of tent or rather wig-
wam pitched a little behind the mainmast It seemed only a temporary

on the deck a circle of these slabs laced together mutually sloped towards each other and at the apex united in a tufted point where the loose hair fibres waved to and fro like the top-knot on some old Pottowattamie Sachem's head. A triangular opening faced towards the bows of the ship so that the insider commanded a complete view forward.

And half concealed in this queer tencement I at length found one who by his aspect seemed to have authority and who it being noon and the ship's work suspended was now enjoying respite from the burden of command. He was seated on an old-fashioned oaken chair wriggling all over with curious carving and the bottom of which was formed of a stout interlacing of the same elastic stuff of which the wigwam was constructed.

There was nothing so very particular perhaps about the appearance of the elderly man I saw. He was brown and brawny like most old seamen and heavily rolled up in pilot-cloth cut in the Quaker style only there was a fine and almost microscopic network of the minutest wrinkles interlacing round his eyes which must have arisen from his continual sailings in many hard gales and always looking to windward—for this causes the muscles about the eyes to become pursed together. Such eye wrinkles are very effectual in a scowl.

Is this the Captain of the *Pequod*? said I advancing to the door of the tent.

Supposing it be the Captain of the *Pequod* what dost thou want of him? he demanded.

I was thinking of shipping.

Thou wast wast thou? I see thou art no Nantucketer—ever been in a store boat?

No sir I never have.

Dost know nothing at all about whaling I dare say—eh?

Nothing sir but I have no doubt I shall soon learn. I've been several voyages in the merchant service and I think that—

Merchant service be damned. Talk not that lingo to me. Dost see that leg—I'll take that leg away from thy stern if ever thou talkest of the merchant service to me again. Merchant service indeed! I suppose now ye feel considerable proud of having served in those merchant ships. But flukes! man what makes thee want to go a whaling eh?—it looks a little suspicious don't it eh?—I hast not been a pirate hast thou?—Didst not rob thy last Captain didst thou?—Dost not think of murdering the officers when thou gettest to sea.

I protested my innocence of these things. I saw that under the mask of these half humorous innuendoes this old seaman as an insulated Quakerish Nantucketer was full of his insular prejudices and rather distrustful of all aliens unless they hailed from Cape Cod or the Vineyard.

"But what takes thee a whaling? I want to know that before I think of
shunning thee."

"I would"

Captain

Ahab

"What, Captain Ahab, sir?"

"I have been thinking of thee."

himself

into to

the end

"I have been thinking of thee, but as I was going to sea, I have been thinking of thee."

What do you mean, sir? Was the other one lost by a

"Lost by a whale! Young man, come nearer to me: it was devoured, chewed up, crunched by the monstrousest parmacetty that ever chipped a boat—ah, ah!"

I was a little alarmed about his energy, perhaps also a little touched at the hearty grief in his concluding exclamation; but said as calmly as I could: "What you say is no doubt true enough, sir; but how could I know there was any peculiar ferocity in that particular whale, though indeed I might have inferred as much from the simple fact of the accident."

Look ye now, young man, thy lungs are a sort of soft dye; see thou dost not talk hark a bit. Sure ye've been to sea before now, sure of that."

Sir, said I, I thought I told you that I had been four voyages in the merchant—

Hard down out of that! Mind what I said about the merchant service—

Very good

Now art thou the man to pitch a harpoon down a live whale's throat, and then jump after it? Answer quick!

I am, sir, if it should be positively indispensable to do so, not to be got rid of—that is, which I don't take to be the fact.

For and there, and take a peep over the weather bow, and then back to me, and tell me what ye see there.

For a moment I stood a little puzzled by this curious request, not knowing exactly how to take it, whether humorously or in earnest. But concen-

trating all his crows feet into one scowl Captain Peleg started me on the errand

Going forward and glancing over the weather bow I perceived that the ship swinging to her anchor with the flood tide was now obliquely pointing towards the open ocean The prospect was unlimited but exceedingly monotonous and forbidding not the slightest variety that I could see

Well what's the report? said Peleg when I came back what did ye see?

Not much I replied— nothing but water considerable horizon though and there ■ a squall coming up I think

Well what dost thou think then of seeing the world? Do ye wish to go round Cape Horn to see any more of it eh? Can't ye see the world where you stand?

I was ■ little staggered but go a whaling I must and I would and the *Pequod* was as good a ship as any—I thought the best—and all this I now repeated to Peleg Seeing me so determined he expressed his willingness to ship me

And thou mayest as well sign the papers right off he added— come along with ye And so saying he led the way below deck into the cabin

Seated on the transom was what seemed to me a most uncommon and surprising figure It turned out to be Captain Bildad who along with Captain Peleg was one of the largest owners of the vessel the other shares ■ is sometimes the case in these ports being held by a crowd of old innuitants widows fatherless children and chancery wards each owning about the value of a timber head or a foot of plank or a nail or two in the ship People in Nantucket invest their money in whaling vessels the same way that you do yours in approved state stocks bringing in good interest

Now Bildad like Peleg and indeed many other Nantucketers was a Quaker the island having been originally settled by that sect and to this day its inhabitants in general retain in an uncommon measure the peculiarities of the Quaker only variously and anomalously modified by things altogether alien and heterogeneous For some of these same Quakers are the most sanguinary of all sailors and whale-hunters They are fighting Quakers they are Quakers with a vengeance

So that there are instances among them of men who named with Scripture names—a singularly common fashion on the island—and in childhood naturally imbibing the stately dramatic *thee* and *thou* of the Quaker idiom still from the audacious daring and boundless adventure of their subsequent lives stringently blend with these unoutgrown peculiarities a thousand bold dashes of character not unworthy a Scandinavian sea king or ■ poetical Pagan Roman And when these things unite in a man of greatly superior natural force with a globular brain and a ponder

ous heart who has also by the stillness and seclusion of many long night watches in the remotest waters, and beneath constellations never seen here at the north been led to think untraditionally and independently receiving all nature's sweet or savage impressions fresh from her own
 ———— heret and thereby chiefly but with some
 and nervous lofty lan-
 sus—a mighty pageant
 ———— from him
 ie have
 ———— of his
 o through a certain morbid-
 ———— to disease
 ier
 her

phase of the Quaker modified by individual circumstances

Like Captain Peleg Captain Bildad was a well-to-do retired whalerman. But unlike Captain Peleg—who cared not to rush for what was called serious things and indeed deemed those self-same serious things the veriest of all trifles—Captain Bildad had not only been originally educated according to the strictest sect of Nantucket Quakerism but all his subsequent ocean life and the sight of many unclad lovely island creatures, round the Horn—all that had no moved this native born Quaker one single jot had no so much as altered one angle of his vest Still for all this immutableness was there some lack of common consistency about worthy
 ————

things in the remembrance I do not know but it did not seem to concern him much and very probably he had long since come to the sage and
 ————

belly'd waistcoat from that becoming boathearer chief mate and captain and finally a ship owner Bildad as I hinted before had concluded his adventurous career by wholly retiring from active life at the goodly age of sixty and dedicating his remaining days to the quiet receiving of his well-earned income

Now Bildad I am sorry to say had the reputation of being an incorrigible old hunk, and in his sea-going days a bitter hard task master They told me in Nantucket, though it certainly seems a curious story that when he sailed the old *Catgut* whaler—his crew upon arriving home,

were mostly all carried ashore to the hospital sore exhausted and worn out For a pious man especially for a Quaker he was certainly rather hard hearted to say the least He never used to swear though at his men they said but somehow he got an inordinate quantity of cruel unmitigated hard work out of them When Bildad was a chief mate to have his drab-coloured eye intently looking at you made you feel completely nervous till you could clutch something—a hammer or a marling-spike and go to work like mad at something or other never mind what Indolence and idleness perished from before him His own person was the exact embodiment of his utilitarian character On his long gaunt body he carried no spare flesh no superfluous beard his chin having a soft economical nap to it like the worn nap of his broad brimmed hat

Such then was the person that I saw seated on the transom when I followed Captain Peleg down into the cabin The space between the decks was small and there bolt upright sat old Bildad who always sat so and never leaned and this to save his coat tails His broad brim was placed beside him his legs were stiffly crossed his drab vesture was but toned up to his chin and spectacles on nose he seemed absorbed in reading from a ponderous volume

Bildad cried Captain Peleg at it again Bildad eh Ye have been studying those Scriptures now for the last thirty years to my certain knowledge How far ye got Bildad "

As if long habituated to such profane talk from his old shipmate Bildad without noticing his present irreverence quietly looked up and seeing me, glanced again inquiringly towards Peleg

He says he's our man Bildad said Peleg he wants to ship "

Dost thee? said Bildad in a hollow tone and turning round to me.

I dost said I unconsciously he was so intense a Quaker

"What do ye think of him Bildad said Peleg

He'll do ' said Bildad eyeing me and then went on spelling away at

I saw especially as Peleg

sterer But I said nothing

only looking round me sharply Peleg now threw open a chest and drawing

self

f a

what terms I would be willing to engage for the voyage I was already aware that in the whaling business they paid no wages but all hands including the captain received certain shares of the profits called *lays* and that these lays were proportioned to the degree of importance pertaining to the respective duties of the ship's company I was also aware that being a green hand at whaling my own lay would not be very large but considering that I was used to the sea could steer a ship splice a rope and all that I made

no doubt that from all I had heard I should be offered at least the -75th lay—that is the -75th part of the clear nett proceeds of the voyage which ever that might eventually amount to. And though the -75th lay was what they call a rather *low* lay yet it was better than nothing and if we had a lucky voyage might pretty nearly pay for the clothing I would wear out on it, not to speak of my three years' beef and board for which I would not have to pay one stiver.

It might be thought that this was a poor way to accumulate a princely fortune, but it was not so indeed. But I am one of those that

the -75th considering I was of a broad-soul.

But one thing nevertheless, that made me a little distrustful about receiving a generous share of the profits was this. A fore I had heard something of both Captain Peleg and his unaccountable old crony Bildad how that they being the principal proprietors of the *Pegaud* therefore the other and more considerable and scarcer owners left nearly the whole management of the ship's affairs to these two. And I did not know but what the

old men had been busy about shipping hands and quite at home there in fireside. Now while

Peleg was vainly trying to mend a pen with his jack-knife old Bildad to the interested party in a mumbling to himself upon earth where

moth—

Well Captain Bildad interrupted Peleg what d'ye say what lay shall I give this young man

Thou knowest best was the sepulchral reply the seven hundred and seventy-seven. It wouldn't be too much would it—where moth and rust do corrupt, but lay—

Lay indeed thought I and such a lay! the seven hundred and seventy-seven. Well old Bildad you are determined that I for one, shall not lay

show that though seven hundred and seventy-seven is a pretty large number yet when you come to make a twentieth of it you will then see, I say that the seven hundred and seventy-seventh part of a farthing is a good deal less than seven hundred and seventy-seven gold doubloons and so I thought at the time.

were mostly all carried ashore to the hospital sore exhausted and worn out For a pious man especially for a Quaker he was certainly rather hard hearted to say the least He never used to swear though it his men they said but somehow he got an inordinate quantity of cruel unmitigated hard work out of them When Bildad was a chief mate to have his drab-coloured eye intently looking at you made you feel completely nervous till you could clutch something—a hammer or a marling spike and go to work like mad at something or other never mind what Indolence and idleness perished from before him His own person was the exact embodiment of his utilitarian character On his long gaunt body he carried no spare flesh no superfluous beard his chin having a soft economical nap to it like the worn nap of his broad brimmed hat

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What do ye think of him Bildad?

He'll do, said Bildad eyeing me and then went on spelling away at

his book in a mumbling tone quite audible

I thought him the queerest old Quaker I ever saw especially as Peleg his friend and old shipmate seemed such a blusterer But I said nothing only looking round me sharply Peleg now threw open a chest and drawing forth the ship's articles placed pen and ink before him and seated himself at a little table I began to think it was high time to settle with myself at what terms I would be willing to engage for the voyage I was already aware that in the whaling business they paid no wages but all hands including the captain received certain shares of the profits called *lays* and that these lays were proportioned to the degree of importance pertaining to the respective duties of the ship's company I was also aware that being a green hand at whaling my own lay would not be very large but considering that I was used to the sea could steer a ship splice a rope and all that I made

The Ship

man Ishmael's thy name didn't ye say? Well then down ye go here, Ishmael for the three hundredth lay

Captain Peleg said I I have a friend with me who wants in ship too— shall I bring him down to-morrow?

To be sure said Peleg Fetch him along and we'll look at him

What lay does he want groaned Bildad glancing up from the book in which he had again been burying himself

Oh! never thee mind about that Bildad said Peleg Has he ever wh— led it in? turning to me

ubting but that I
is the identical
the Cape
the captain
indeed in

many cases a whale ship will be completely unoccupied all her crew on board ere the captain makes himself visible by arriving to take command For sometimes these voyages are so prolonged and the short intervals at home so exceedingly brief that if the captain have a family or

he is a concernment of that sort, he does not trouble himself much

ll is ready for sea
irrevocably com-
d Captain Peleg,

putting yourself into his habits as he was
inquiring where Captain Ahab was to be found

And what dost thou want of Captain Ahab? It's all right enough thou art shipped

"Yes but I should like to see him

But I don't think thou wilt be able to at present. I don't know exactly what's the matter with him but he keeps close inside the house a sort of sick and yet he don't look so In fact he ain't sick but no he isn't well

they not lick his blood?

Why blast your eyes Bildad cried Peleg thou dost not want to swindle this young man! he must have more than that

Seven hundred and seventy seven again said Bildad without lifting his eyes and then went on mumbling— for where your treasure is there will your heart be also

I am going to put him down for the three hundredth said Peleg do ye hear that Bildad! The three hundredth lay I say

Bildad laid down his book and turning solemnly towards him said Captain Peleg thou hast a generous heart but thou must consider the duty thou owest to the other owners of this ship—widows and orphans many of them—and that if we too abundantly reward the labours of this young man we may be taking the bread from those widows and those orphans The seven hundred and seventy seventh lay Captain Peleg

Thou Bildad! roared Peleg starting up and clattering about the cabin Blast ye Captain Bildad if I had followed thy advice in these matters I would afore now had a conscience to lug about that would be heavy enough to founder

Captain Peleg
ten inches of water
impenitent man Captain Peleg I greatly fear lest thy conscience be but a leaky one and will in the end sink thee foundering down to the fiery pit
Captain Peleg

1 1 1

on Out of the cabin ye canting drab-coloured son of a wooden gun—a straight wake with ye!

As he thundered out this he made a rush at Bildad but with a marvel

aside from the door to give egress to Bildad who I made no doubt was all eagerness to vanish from before the awakened wrath of Peleg But to my astonishment he sat down again on the transom very quietly and seemed

be good at sharpening a lance mend that pen will ye My jack knife here needs the grndstone. That's he thank ye Bildad Now then my young

The Ramadan

in other planets bow down before the torso of a deceased landed proprietor merely on account of the inordinate possessions yet owned and rented in his name

and Presbyterian Christians should be charitable in these

was Queequeg now certainly entertained by
Yojo and his Ramadan—but what of that? Queequeg thought he knew
what he was about I suppose he seemed to be content and there let him
rest All our arguing with him would not avail let him be I say and
Heaven have mercy on us all—Presbyterians and Pagans alike—for we are
all in him and sadly need mending

of the wall but nothing more I was surprised to behold resting against
the wall the wooden shaft of Queequeg's harpoon which the landlady the
evening previous had taken from him before our mounting to the chamber
That's strange thought I but at any rate since the harpoon stands yonder
and he seldom or never goes abroad without it therefore he must be inside

vine
of a

something to pry open the door—the axe!—the axe!—he's had a stroke
depend upon it!—and so saying I was unmethodically rushing upstairs
again empty handed when Mrs Hussey interposed the mustard pot and

Come hither to me—hither hither said Peleg with a significance in his eye that almost startled me. Look ye, I'd never say that on board the *Pequod*. Never say it anywhere. Captain Ahab did not name himself. 'Twas a foolish, ignorant whim of his crazy, widowed mother, who died when he was only a twelvemonth old. And yet the old squaw Taji, at Gry Herd, said that the name would somehow prove prophetic. And perhaps other fools like her may tell thee the same. I wish to warn thee. It's a lie. I know Captain Ahab well. I've sailed with him as mate ye its ago. I know

ye. I know that he was never very jolly, and I know that on the passage home he was a little out of his mind for a spell, but it was the sharp shooting pains in his bleeding stump that brought that about, as any one might

young man, it's better to sail with a moody, good captain than a laughing bad one. So good bye to thee—and wrong not Captain Ahab, because he happens to have a wicked name. Besides, my boy, he has a wife—not three voyages wedded—a sweet, resigned girl. Think of that, by that sweet girl that old man has a child. hold ye then, there can be any utter, hopeless harm in Ahab? No, no, my I'd stricken, blasted, if he be Ahab, has his human ties!

As I walked away, I was full of thoughtfulness. What had been incidentally revealed to me of Captain Ahab, filled me with a certain wild vagueness of painfulness concerning him. And somehow, at the time, I felt a sympathy and a sorrow for him, but for I don't know what, unless it was the cruel loss of his leg. And yet I also felt a strange awe of him, but that sort of awe, which I cannot at all describe, was not exactly awe. I do not know what it was. But I felt it, and it did not discline me towards him, though I felt impatience at what seemed like mystery in him, so imperfectly as he was known to me then. However, my thoughts were at length carried in other directions, so that for the present dark Ahab slipped my mind.

Chapter 17

The Ramadan

AS QUEEQUEG'S Ramadan, or Fasting and Humiliation, was to continue all day, I did not choose to disturb him till towards nightfall, for I cherish the greatest respect towards everybody's religious obligations, never mind how comical, and could not find it in my heart to undervalue even a congregation of ants worshipping a toadstool, or those other creatures in certain parts of our earth, who with a degree of footmanism quite unprecedented

The Ramada

probability he had been sitting so for upwards of eight or ten hours going too without his regular meals

Mrs Hussey said I shall be at all events so leave us if you please and I will see to this strange affair myself

Closing the door upon the landlady I endeavoured to prevail upon Queequeg to take a chair but in vain. There he sat and all he could do—for all my polite arts and blandishments—he would not move a peg nor say a single word nor even look at me nor notice my presence in any the slightest way.

I wonder thou^ght I if this can possibly be a part of his Ramadan do they fast on their hams that way in his native island? It must be so yes it's part of his creed I suppose well then let him rest he'll get up sooner or later no doubt. It can't last for ever thank God and his Ramadan only comes once and I don't believe it's very punctual then

upstairs to
ainly have
ist where I
l with him

had left him he had not seen it as
it seemed so downy, light senseless and insane to be sitting there all day and
half the night on his hands in a cold room holding a piece of wood on his
head

1 2 1 - 16 get up and
But not a

word did he reply

Despairing of him therefore I determined to go to bed and to sleep and no doubt before a great while he would follow me But previous to turning in I took my heavy bearskin jacket and threw it over him as it promised to be a very cold night and he had nothing but his ordinary round

in the same room with a wide awake pagan on his hams in this dreary unaccountable Ramadan!

entered the window up he got with stiff and grating joints but with a cheerful look limped towards me where I lay pressed his forehead again

vinegar-cruet and the entire castor of her countenance

'What's the matter with you young man?

Get the axe! For God's sake run for the doctor some one while I pry it open!

Look here said the landlady quickly putting down the vinegar-cruet so as to have one hand free look here are you talking about prying open any of my doors?—and with that she seized my arm What's the matter with you? What's the matter with you shipmate?

In as calm but rapid a manner as possible I gave her to understand the whole case Unconsciously chipping the vinegar-cruet to one side of her nose she ruminated for an instant then exclaimed— No! I haven't seen it since I put it there Running to a little closet under the landing of the stairs she glanced in and returning told me that Queequeg's harpoon was missing He's killed himself she cried It's unfortunate Stiggs done over again—there goes another counterpane—God pity his poor mother!—it will be the ruin of my house Has the poor lad a sister? Where's that girl?—there Betty go to Snarles the Painter and tell him to paint me a sign with— no suicides permitted here and no smoking in the parlour — might as well kill both birds at once kill? The Lord be merciful to his ghost! What's that noise there? You young man avast there!

And running up after me she caught me as I was again trying to force open the door

I don't allow it I won't have my premises spoiled Go for the locksmith there's one about a mile from here But avast! putting her hand in her side-pocket here's a key that'll fit I guess let's see And with that she turned it in the lock but alas! Queequeg's supplemental bolt remained unwithdrawn within

Have to burst it open said I and was running down the entry a little for a good start when the landlady caught at me again vowing I should not break down her premises but I tore from her and with a sudden bodily rush dashed myself full against the mark

With a prodigious noise the door flew open and the knob slamming against the wall sent the plaster to the ceiling and there good heavens! there sat Queequeg altogether cool and self collected right in the middle of the room squatting on his hams and holding Yoyo on the top of his head He looked neither one way nor the other way but sat like a carved image with scarce a sign of active life

Queequeg said I going up to him Queequeg what's the matter with you?

He hain't been a-sittin' so all day has her said the landlady

But all we said not a word could we drag out of him I almost felt like pushing him over so as to change his position for it was almost intolerable it seemed so painfully and unnaturally constrained especially as in all

II Mark

doubt thou hit he knew a good deal more about the true religion than I did
 looked me with a sort of condescending concern and compassion as
 a young man should

and addressed us in a prodigiously hearty
 manner make
 equod

sauntering along and picking out their

Chapter 18

His Mark

As we were walking down the end of the wharf towards the ship Quee-
 queg carrying his harpoon Captain Peleg in his gruff voice loudly hailed
 us from his wigwam saying he had not suspected my friend was a cannibal
 and furthermore announcing that he let no cannibals on board that craft
 unless they previously produced their papers.

Captain Peleg said I now jumping on
 into the wharf
 steps

"Yes said Captain Bildad in his hollow voice sticking his head from
 behind Peleg's out of the wigwam He must know how that he's converted
 art thou at present in

ingregational Church"
 Here be it said that many tattooed savages sailing in Nantucket ships at
 last come to be converted into the churches

First Congregational Church cried Bildad what that worships in
 a name no longer

learn

Do tell now cried Bildad is this Philistine a regular member of
 Deacon Deuteronomy's meeting I never saw him going there and I pass
 it every Lord's day

Deacon Deuteronomy's meeting

against mine and said his Ramadan was over

Now as I before hinted I have no objection to any person's religion be it what it may so long as that person does not kill or insult any other person because that other person don't believe it also But when a man's religion becomes really frantic when it is a positive torment to him and in line makes this earth of ours an uncomfortable inn to lodge in then I think it

with him

I get into bed

10 I then went on beginning with the rise and progress of the primitive religions and coming down to the various religions of the present time during which time I laboured to show Queequeg that all these Lent's Ramadans and prolonged hram squattings in cold cheerless rooms were stark nonsense bad for the health useless for the soul opposed in short to the obvious laws of Hygiene and common sense I told him too that he being in other things such an extremely sensible and sagacious savage it pained me very badly pained me to see him now so deplorably foolish about this ridiculous Ramadan of his Besides argued I fasting makes the body cave in hence the spirit caves in and all thoughts born of a fast must necessarily be half starved This is the reason why most dyspeptic religionists cherish such melancholy notions about their hereafters In one word Queequeg said I rather digressively hell is an idea first born on an undigested apple-dumpling and since then perpetuated through the hereditary dyspepsias nurtured by Ramadans

I then asked Queequeg whether he himself was ever troubled with dyspepsia expressing the idea very plainly so that he could take it in He said no only upon one memorable occasion It was after a great feast given by his father the king on the gaining of a great battle wherein fifty of the enemy had been killed by about two o'clock in the afternoon and all cooked and eaten that very evening

No more Queequeg said I shuddering that will do for I knew the inferences without his further hinting them I had seen a sailor who had visited that very island and he told me that it was the custom when a great battle had been gained there to barbecue all the slain in the yard or garden of the victor and then one by one they were placed in great wooden trenchers and garnished round like a pilau with breadfruit and cocoanuts and with some parsley in their mouths were sent round with the victor's compliments to all his friends just as though these presents were so many Christmas turkeys

After all I do not think that my remarks about religion made much impression upon Queequeg Because in the first place he somehow seemed dull of hearing on that important subject unless considered from his own point of view and in the second place he did not more than one third understand me couch my ideas simply as I would and finally he no

His Mark

Captain Peleg's obstinate mistake touching his appellative stood something like this—

Quoth
his X mark

U A A h n grasping them and U

U ~
S
I
~
d
J ~ L

its crew it thou su U
beseech thee remain not for aye a Belial bondsman Spurn the idol Bel
and the hideous dragon turn from the wrath to come mind thine eye I

ids language hetero-
es

ling our harpooneer
cried Peleg Pious harpooneers never make good voyagers—it takes the
shark out of em no harpooneer worth a straw who ain't pretty sharkish
There was young Nat Swaine once the bravest boat header out of all
Nantucket and the Vineyard he joined the meeting and never came to
good He got so frightened about his plaguy soul that he shrinked and
sheered away from whales for fear of afterclaps in case he got stove and
went to Davy Jones

Peleg! Peleg! said Bildad liftin^g his eyes and hands thou thyself as
n i ~ h

here had her three masts overboard in that typhoon on Japan that same
r

how to save all hands—how to rig jury masts—how to get into the nearest
U

plain thyself thou young Hittite What church dost thee mean? answer me

Finding myself thus hard pushed I replied I mean sir the same ancient Catholic Church to which you and I and Captain Peleg there and Queequeg here and all of us and every mother's son and soul of us belong the great and everlasting First Congregation of this whole worshipping world we all belong to that only some of us cherish some wotchets noways touching the grand belief in that we all join hands

Splice thou mean st splice him! - man you'd better ship for a mission heard a better sermon Deacon Duttonomy—why I rather Mapple him self couldn't bear it and he's reckoned something Come aboard come aboard never mind about the papers I say tell Quohog there—what's that you call him? tell Quohog to step along By the great anchor what a harpoon he's got there! looks like good stuff that and he handles it about right I say Quohog or whatever your name is did you ever stand in the head of a whale boat? did you ever strike a fish?

Without saying a word Queequeg in his wild sort of way jumped upon the bulwarks from thence into the bows of one of the whale boats hanging to the side and then bracing his left knee and posing his harpoon cried out in some such way as this—

Crip un you see him small drop t'r on water dere? You see him? well spose him one whale eye well den! and taking sharp um at it he darted the iron right over old Bildad's broad brim clean across the ship's decks and struck the glistening t'r spot out of sight

Now said Queequeg quietly hauling in the line spos-ee him whale-eye why dad whale derd

Quick Bildad said Peleg his partner who aglist at the close vicinity of the flying harpoon had retreated towards the cabin gangway Quick I say you Bildad and get the ship's papers We must have Hledgehog there I mean Quohog in one of our boats Look ye Quohog we'll give ye the ninetyeth lay and that's more than ever was given a harpooner yet out of Nantucket

So down we went into the cabin and to my great joy Queequeg was soon enrolled among the same ship's company to which I myself belonged

When all preliminaries were over and Peleg had got everything ready for signing he turned to me and said I guess Quohog there don't know how to write does he I say Quohog blast ye! dost thou sign thy name or make thy mark

But at this question Queequeg who had twice or thrice before taken part in similar ceremonies looked noways abashed but taking the offered pen copied upon the paper in the proper place an exact counterpart of a queer round figure which was tattooed upon his arm so that through

The Prophet

right again before long

All right again before long! laughed the stranger with a solemnly
dense sort of laugh. Look ye when Captain Ahab is all right then this
left arm of mine will be all right not before

What do you know about him?

I know nothing about him? Say that!

I've heard that he is

But you must jump
when he gives an order. Step and growl. I go—that's the word
with Captain Ahab. But nothing about that thing that happened to him off
Cape Horn long ago when he lay like dead for three days and nights
nothing about that deadly scrimmage with the Spaniard afore the altar in
Santa Fe—heard nothing about that eh? Nothing about the silver calabash
he spat into? And nothing about his losing his leg last voyage according
to the reports? Don't you hear a word about them matters and something

and how he lost it aye ye have heard of that I dare say you
one knows a most—I mean they know he's only one leg and that a parma
cetti took the other off

My friend said I what all this gibberish of yours is about I don't
know and I don't much care for it seems to me that you must be a little
damaged in the head. But if you are speaking of Captain Ahab of that
ship there the *Pequod* then let me tell you that I know all about the loss
of his leg

All about it eh—sure you do?—all?

Pretty sure

With finger pointed and eye levelled at the *Pequod* the beggar like
stranger stood a moment as if in a troubled reverie then starting a little
turned and said—Ye'vehipped have ye? Names down on the papers?
Well well what's signed is signed and what's to be will be and then
again perhaps it won't be after all Anyhow it's all fixed and arranged
a ready and some sailors or other must go with him I suppose as well

makers who were mending a topsail in the waist. Now and then he stooped to pick up a patch or save an end of the tarred twine which otherwise might have been wasted.

Chapter 19

The Prophet

SHIPMATES have ye shipped in that ship?

Queequeg and I had just left the *Pequod* and were sauntering away from the water for the moment each occupied with his own thoughts when the above words were put to us by a stranger who pausing before us levelled his massive forefinger at the vessel in question. He was but shabbily apparelled in faded jacket and pitched trousers a rag of a black handkerchief investing his neck. A confluent small pox had in all directions flowed over his face and left it like the complicated ribbed bed of a torrent when the rushing waters have been dried up.

I have ye shipped in her? he repeated.

You mean the ship *Pequod*? I suppose I said I trying to gain a little more time for an uninterrupted look at him.

Aye the *Pequod*—that ship there he said drawing back his whole arm and then rapidly shoving it straight out from him with the fixed bony point of his pointed finger darted full at the object.

Yes said I we have just signed the articles.

Anything down there about your souls?

About what?

Oh perhaps you haven't got any he said quickly. No matter though — and they are all

He's got enough though to make up for all deficiencies of that sort in other chaps abruptly said the stranger placing a nervous emphasis upon the word *he*.

Queequeg said I let's go this fellow has broken loose from some body we don't know haven't seen Old Thunder yet has he?

Who's Old Thunder? said I again riveted with the insane earnestness of his manner.

Captain Ahab.

What! the captain of our ship the *Pequod*?

Aye among some of us old sailor chaps he goes by that name. Ye haven't seen him yet have yer?

No we haven't. He's sick they say but is getting better and will be all

sel might be sailing So Queequeg and I got down our traps resolving however to sleep ashore till the last But it seems they always give very long notice in these cases and the ship did not sail for several days But no wonder there was a good deal to be done and there is no telling how many things to be thought of before the *Pequod* was fully equipped

Every one knows what a multitude of things—beds saucepans knives and forks shovels and tongs napkins nut-crackers and what not are indispensable to the business of housekeeping Just so with whaling which necessitates a three-years housekeeping upon the wide ocean far from all grocers costermongers doctors bakers and bankers And though this also holds true of merchant vessels yet not by any means to the same extent as with whalemén For besides the great length of the whaling voyage the numerous articles peculiar to the prosecution of the fishery and the impossibility of replacing them at the remote harbours usually frequented it must be remembered that of all ships whaling vessels are the most exposed to accidents of all kinds and especially to the destruction and loss of the very things upon which the success of the voyage most depends Hence the spare boats spare spars and spare lines and harpoons and spare everything almost but a spare captain and duplicate ship

At the period of our arrival at the island the heaviest stowage of the

nothing should be found wanting in the *Pequod* after once fairly getting to sea At one time she would come on board with a jar of pickles for the

name which was Charity—Aunt Charity as everybody called her And like a sister of charity—did this charitable Aunt Charity bustle about hither and thither ready to turn her hand and heart to anything that promised to yield safety comfort and consolation to all on board a ship in which her beloved brother Bildad was concerned and in which she herself owned a score or two of well-saved dollars

B
boa
still

the easiest thing in the world for a man to look as if he had a great secret in him

Morning to ye shipmates morning

Morning it is said I Come along Queequeg let s leave this crazy man But stop tell me your name will you?

Elijah

Elijah! thought I and we walked away both commenting after each other s fashion upon this ragged old sailor and agreed that he was nothing but a humbug trying to be a bugbear But we had not gone perhaps above a hundred yards when chancing to turn a corner and looking back I did so who should be seen but Elijah following us though at a distance Some-
 Some-
 Some-
 Some-

seemed to me that he was dogging us but with what intent I could not for the life of me imagine This circumstance coupled with his ambiguous half hinting half revealing shrouded sort of talk now begot in me all kinds of vague wonderments and half apprehensions and all connected

Tistig and the voyage we had bound ourselves to sail and a hundred other shadowy things

I was resolved to satisfy myself whether this rigged Elijah was really dogging us or not and with that intent crossed the way with Queequeg and on that side of it retraced our steps But Elijah passed on without seeming to notice us This relieved me and once more—and finally as it seemed to me—I pronounced him in my heart a humbug

Chapter 20

All Astir

A DAY or two passed and there was great activity aboard the *Pequod* Not only were the old sails being mended but new sails were coming on board and bolts of canvas and coils of rigging in short everything betokened that the ship s preparations were hurrying to a close Captain Peleg seldom or never went ashore but sat in his wigwam keeping a sharp lookout upon the hands Bildad did all the purchasing and providing at the stores and the men employed in the hold and on the rigging were working till long after nightfall

On the day following Queequeg s signing the articles word was given at all the inns where the ship s company were stopping that their chests must be on board before night for there was no telling how soon the ves-

Go on board

going to the Indian and Pacific Oceans, and would prefer not to be detained.

"Ye be, be ye Coming back afore breakfast?"

He cracked Queequeg, said I come on

Holloa' cried stationary Elijah hailing us when we had removed a few paces.

"Never mind him" said I "Queequeg come on"

clapping his hand on my
like men going towards that

I answered saying, "Yes,
too dim to be sure.

ig to ye.

Once more he quitted him but once more he came softly after us and touching my shoulder gain said See if you can find em now will ye

"Find who

"Morning to ye! morning, to ye!" he rejoined again moving off Oh! I was going to warn ye against—but never mind never mind—it's all one,

found quiet, not a soul moving The cabin entrance was locked within

wards and enclosed in his folded arms. The I wounded himself upon him

"Those sailors we saw Queequeg where can they have gone to said

er-

him face

won't hurt

Face! said I call that his face? very benevolent countenance then

Peleg at all backward As for Bildad he carried about with him a long list of the articles needed and at every fresh arrival down went his mark opposite that article upon the paper Every once and a while Peleg came running out of his whalebone den roaring at the men down the hatchways roaring up to the riggers at the masthead and then concluded by roaring back into his wigwam

During these days of preparation Queequeg and I often visited the craft and as often I asked about Captain Ahab and how he was and when he was going to come on board his ship To these questions they would answer that he was getting better and better and was expected aboard every day meantime the two captains Peleg and Bildad could attend to everything necessary to fit the vessel for the voyage If I had been downright honest with myself I would have seen very plainly in my heart that I did but half fancy being committed this way to so long a voyage without once laying my eyes on the man who was to be the absolute dictator of it so soon as the ship sailed out upon the open sea But when a man suspects any wrong it sometimes happens that if he be already involved in the matter he insensibly strives to cover up his suspicions even from himself And much this way it was with me I said nothing and tried to think nothing

At last it was given out that some time next day the ship would certainly sail So next morning Queequeg and I took a very early start

Chapter 21

Going Aboard

It was nearly six o'clock but only grey imperfect misty dawn when we drew nigh the wharf

There are some sailors running ahead there if I see right said I to Queequeg it can't be shadows she's off by sunrise I guess come on!

Avast!	e behind
us laid a l	himself
between n	twilight

was Elijah

Lookee here said Queequeg shaking himself go way!"

Ain't going aboard then

Yes we are said I but what business is that of yours? Do you know

Mr Elijah that I consider you a little impertinent?

No no no I wasn't aware of

looking from me to Queequeg

Elijah said I you oblige my friend and me by withdrawing We are

Chapter 22

Merry Christmas

AT LENGTH towards noon upon the final dismissal of the ship's riggers and after the *Pequod* had been hauled out from the wharf and after the
 with her last gift—a
 and a spare Bible
 and Bildad issued

from the cabin and turning to the chief mate

Now Mr Starbuck are you sure everything is right? Captain Ahab is all ready—just spoke to him—nothing more to be got from shore eh? Well call all hands then Muster 'em aft here—blast 'em!

No need of profane words however great the hurry Peleg said Bildad but away with thee friend Starbuck and do our bidding

At the moment of starting for the voyage Captain
 in the quarter
 well as to all

appearances in port And as for Captain Ahab no sign of him was yet to be seen only they said he was in the cabin But then the idea was that
 under weigh

show themselves on deck for a considerable time after heaving up the

Peleg was now all alive He seemed to do most of the talking and commanding and not Bildad

Aft here ye sons of bachelors he cried as the sailors lingered at the mainmast Mr Starbuck drive 'em aft

Strike the tent there! —was the next order As I hunted before this whalebone marquee was never pitched except in port and on board the *Pequod* for thirty years the order to strike the tent was well known to be the next thing to heaving up the anchor

Man the capstan! Blood and thunder—jump! —was the next command

known in addition to his other offices was one of the licensed pilots of the port—he being suspected to have got himself made a pilot in order to save the Nantucket pilot fee to all the ships he was concerned in for he never

Moby Dick

but how hard he breathes he's heaving himself get off Queequeg you are heavy it's grinding the face of the poor Get off Queequeg! Look he'll twitch you off soon I wonder he don't wake

Queequeg removed himself to the head of the sleeper and We kept the pipe passing over his side upon questioning him in

the usual fashion Queequeg gave me to understand that in his land owing to the absence of settees and sofas of all sorts the king chiefs and great people generally were in the custom of fattening some of the lower orders for ottomans and to furnish a house comfortably in that respect you had only to buy up eight or ten lazy fellows and lay them round in the piers and alcoves Besides it was very better than those garden-chairs which

upon occasion a chief calling his attendants and desiring him to make a settee of himself under a spreading tree perhaps in some damp marshy place

While narrating these things every time Queequeg received the tomahawk from me he floured the hatchet side of it over the sleeper's head

'What's that for Queequeg?

Perry easy kill-e oh perry easy!

He was going on with some wild reminiscences about his tomahawk pipe which it seemed had in its two uses both brained his foes and soothed his soul when we were directly attracted to the sleeping rigger The strong vapour now completely filling the contracted hole it began to tell upon him He breathed with a sort of muffledness then seemed troubled in the nose then revolved over once or twice then sat up and rubbed his eyes

Holloa! he breathed at last who be ye smokers?

Shipped men answered I when does she sail?

Aye aye ye are going in her be ye? She sails to-day The Captain came aboard last night

'What Captain?—Aliab?

Who but him indeed?

I was going to ask him some further questions concerning Aliab when we heard a noise on deck

Holloa! Starbuck's stir said the rigger He's a lively chief mate that good man and a pious but all alive now I must turn to And so saying he went on deck and we followed

It was now clear sunrise Soon the crew came on the deck

Chapter 22

Merry Christmas

1

... of the ship's riggers
... wharf and after the
... with her last gift—a
... law and a spare Bible
... leg and Bildad issued

from the cabin and turning to the chief mate he said

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appearances in port And as for Captain Ahab no sign of him was yet to
be seen only they said he was in the cabin But then the idea was, that
... under a eph

show themselves on deck for a considerable time at ... g up
anchor but remain over the cabin table having a farewell merry making
with their shore friends before they quit the ship for good with the pilot

But there was not much chance to think over the matter for Captain
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mainmast Mr Starbuck, drive 'em aft.

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port—he being suspected to have got himself made a pilot in order to save
the Nantucket pilot fee to all the ships he was concerned in for he never

piloted any other craft—Bildad I say might now be seen actively engaged in looking over the bows for the approaching anchor and at intervals singing what seemed a dismal stave of psalmody to cheer the hands at the windlass

Alley

had told them that no profane songs would be allowed on board the *Pequod* particularly in getting under weigh and Charity his sister had placed a small choice copy of Watts in each seaman's berth

Meantime overseeing the other part of the ship Captain Peleg tipped

we both ran in starting on the voyage with such a devil for a pilot I was comforting myself however with the thought that in pious Bildad might be found some salvation spite of his seven hundred and seventy seventh lay! when I felt a sudden sharp poke in my rear and turning round was Captain Peleg in the act of withdrawing his
That was my first kick

Is that the way they behave in the marchant service? he roared Spring thou sheephead spring and break thy backbone! Why don't ye spring I say all of ye—spring! Quohog! spring thou chirp with the red whiskers spring there Scotch cap spring thou green prints Spring I say all of ye and spring your eyes out! And so saying he moved along the windlass here and there using his leg very freely while imperturbable Bildad kept leading off with his psalmody Thanks I Captain Peleg must have been drinking something to-day

At last the anchor was up the sails were set and off we glided It was a sharp cold Christmas and as the short northern day merged into night we found ourselves almost broad upon the wintry ocean whose freezing spray cased us in ice as in polished armour The long rows of teeth on the bulwarks glistened in the moonlight and like the white ivory tusks of some huge elephant vast curving icicles depended from the bows

Lank Bildad as pilot headed the first watch and ever and anon as the old craft deep-dived into the green seas and sent the shivering frost all over her and the winds howled and the cordage rang his steady notes were heard—

*Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green
So to the Jews old Canaan stood
While Jordan roll'd between*

Never did those sweet words sound more sweetly to me than then They were full of hope and fruition Spite of this frigid winter night in the boisterous Atlantic spite of my wet feet and wetter jacket there was yet it then seemed to me many a pleasant haven in store and meads and glades

My Christmas

so eternally vernal that the grass shot up by the spring untrodden unwilted remains at midsummer

At last we gained such an offing that the two pilots were needed no longer The stout sail boat that had accompanied us began ranging along side

It was curious and not displeasing how Peleg and Bildad were affected at this juncture especially Captain Bildad For loath to depart yet, very loath to leave for good a ship bound on so long and perilous a voyage—beyond both stormy Capes a ship in which some thousands of his hard earned dollars were invested a ship in which an old shipmate sailed as captain a man almost as old as he once more starting to encounter all the terrors of the pitiless jaw loath to say good bye to a thing so every way brimful of every interest to him—poor old Bildad lingered long paced the deck with anxious strides ran down into the cabin to speak another farewell word there again came on deck and looked to windward looked towards the wide and endless waters only bounded by the far-off unseen Eastern Continents looked towards the land looked aloft looked right and left

come Bildad boy—say your last Luck to ye Starbuck—luck to ye Mr

God bless ye and have ye in His holy keeping men murmured old Bildad almost incoherently I hope ye'll have fine weather now so that Captain Ahab may soon be moving among ye—a pleasant sun is all he

fornication Good bye good bye! Don't keep that cheese too long down in the hold Mr Starbuck it'll spoil Be careful with the butter—twenty cents the pound it was and mind ye if——

Come come Captain Bildad stop palavering—away! and with that Peleg hurried him over the

Ship and boat diverged between a screaming gull flew overhead the two hulls wildly rolled we gave three heavy hearted cheers and blindly plunged like fate into the lone Atlantic

Chapter 23

The Lee Shore

SOME chapters back one Bulkington was spoken of a tall new landed mariner encountered in New Bedford at the inn

When on that shivering winter's night the *Pequod* thrust her vindictive bows into the cold malicious waves who should I see standing at her helm but Bulkington! I looked with sympathetic awe and fearfulness upon the man who in midwinter just landed from a four years dangerous voyage could so unrestingly push off again for still another tempestuous term The land seemed scorching to his feet Wonderfulest things are ever the unmentionable deep memories yield no epitaphs this six inch chapter is the stoneless grave of Bulkington Let me only say that it fired with him as

would make her shudder through and through With all her might she crowds all sail off shore in so doing fights against the very winds that fain would blow her homeward seeks all the lashed sea's landlessness again for refuge's sake forlornly rushing into peril her only friend her bitterest foe!

Know ye now Bulkington? Glimpses do ye seem to see of that mortally intolerable truth that all deep earnest thinking is but the intrepid effort of the soul to keep the open independence of her sea while the wildest winds of heaven and earth conspire to cast her on the treacherous slavish shore?

But as in landlessness alone resides the highest truth shoreless indefinite as God—so better is it to perish in that howling infinite than be ingloriously dashed upon the lee even if that were safety! For worm like then oh! who would crawl to land! Terrors of the terrible! is all this agony so vain? Take heart take heart O Bulkington! Bear thee grimly demigod! Up from the spray of thy ocean perishing—straight up leaps thy apotheosis!

Chapter 24

The Advocate

As QUEEQUEG and I are now fairly embarked in this business of whaling and as this business of whaling has somehow come to be regarded among landmen as a rather unpoetical and disreputable pursuit, therefore, I am all anxiety to convince ye ye landmen of the injustice hereby done to us hunters of whales.

In the first place it may be deemed almost superfluous to establish the fact, that among people at large the business of whaling is not accounted on a level with what are called the liberal professions. If a stranger were introduced into any miscellaneous metropolitan society it would but slightly advance the general opinion of his merits, were he presented to the company as a harpooneer say and if in emulation of the naval officers he should append the initials S W F (Sperm Whale Fishery) to his visiting card such a procedure would be deemed pre-eminently presuming and ridiculous.

Doubtless one leading reason why the world declines honouring us whalers is this they think that at best, our vocation amounts to a butchering sort of business and that when actively engaged therein we are surrounded by all manner of defilements. Butchers we are that is true.

initiated in a certain facts hitherto pretty generally unknown and which upon the whole will triumph. It plant the sperm whaleship at least

assure ye that many a veteran who has freely marched up to a battery
of God
just tail
prehens
worders

pa
als
l

Why did the Dutch in De Witt's time have admirals of their whaling

fleets? Why did Louis XVI of France at his own personal expense fit out whaling ships from Dunkirk and politely invite to that town some score or two of families from our own island of Nantucket? Why did Britain between the years 1750 and 1788 pay to her whitemen in bounties upwards of £1 000 000? And lastly how comes it that we whitemen of

the United States yearly consuming 4 000 000 of dollars the ships worth at the time of sailing \$20 000 000 and every year importing into our harbours a well reaped harvest of \$7 000 000? How comes all this if there be not something puissant in whaling?

But this is not the half look again

I freely assert that the cosmopolite philosopher cannot for his life point out one single peaceful influence which within the last sixty years has operated more potentially upon the whole broad world taken in one aggregate than the high and mighty business of whaling. One way and another it has begotten events so remarkable in themselves and so continuously momentous in their sequential issues that whaling may well be regarded as that Egyptian mother who bore offspring themselves pregnant from her womb. It would be a hopeless endless task to catalogue all these things. Let a handful suffice. For many years past the whale ship has been the pioneer in ferreting out the remotest and least known parts of the earth. She has explored seas and archipelagoes which had no chart where no Cook or Vancouver had ever sailed. If American and European men-of-war now peacefully ride in once savage harbours let them fire salutes to the honour and the glory of the whale ship which originally showed them the way and first interpreted between them and the savages. They may celebrate as they will the heroes of Exploring Expeditions your Cooks your Krusensterns but I say that scores of anonymous Captains have sailed out of Nantucket that were as great and greater than your Cook and your Krusenstern. For in their succourless empty handedness they in the heathenish sharked waters and by the beaches of unrecorded javelin islands battled with virgin wonders and terrors that Cook with all his marines and muskets would not willingly have dared. All that is made such a flourish of in the old South Sea Voyages those things were but the lifetime commonplaces of our heroic Nantucketers. Often adventures which Vancouver dedicates three chapters to these men accounted unworthy of being set down in the ship's common log. Ah the world! Oh the world!

Until the whale fishery rounded Cape Horn no commerce but colonial scarcely any intercourse but colonial was carried on between Europe and the long line of the opulent Spanish provinces on the Pacific coast. It was the whaleman who first broke through the jealous policy of the Spanish

The Advocate

— and if space permitted it might be dis-

covery by a Dutchman all which the whale ship touched there The whale ship is

starvation by the benevolent vessels of all Polynesia confess the same truth and do commercial homage to the whale ship that cleared the way for the missionary and the merchant and in many cases carried the primitive missionaries to their first destinations If that double-bolted land Japan is ever to become hospitable, it is the whale ship alone to whom the credit will be due for already she is on the threshold

But if in the face of all this you still declare that whaling has no æsthetically noble associations connected with it then am I ready to shiver fifty lances with you there and unhorse you with a split helmet every time

"The whale has no famous author and whaling no famous chronicler you will say

The whale no famous author and whaling no famous chronicler? Who wrote the first account of our Leviathan? Who but mighty Job? And who composed the first narrative of a whaling voyage? Who but no less a prince than Alfred the Great who wrote the word from Othello the Norwegian? And who pronounced our glowing Edmund Burke?

True enough but then whalers themselves are poor devils they have no good blood in their veins

No good blood in their veins? They have something better than royal blood there The grandmother of Benjamin Franklin was Mary Morrel

the world to the other

Good again but then all confess that somehow whaling is not respectable

Whaling not respectable? Whaling is imperial! By old English statutory law the whale is declared a royal fish

Oh that's only nominal! The whale himself has never figured in any See subsequent chapters for something more on this head.

grand imposing way

The whale never figured in any grand imposing way? In one of the mighty triumphs given to a Roman general upon his entering the world's capital the bones of a whale were laid out on the Syrian coast

... say what you will there is no real dignity

in whaling

No dignity in whaling? The dignity of our calling the very heavens attest Cetus is a constellation in the South! No more! Drive down your hat in presence of the Czar and take it off to Queequeg! no more! I know a man that in his lifetime has taken three hundred and fifty whales I recount that man more honourable than that great Captain of antiquity who boasted of taking as many walled towns

And as for me if by any possibility there be any as yet undiscovered prime thing in me if I shall ever deserve my real reputation in that small but high hushed world which I might not be unreasonably ambitious of if hereafter I shall do anything that upon the whole a man might rather have done than to have left undone if it my death my executors or more properly my creditors find it so

... here I
... a whale

Chapter 25

Postscript

IN REGARD of the dignity of whaling I would run advance naught but substantiated facts But after embrittling his facts an advocate who should wholly suppress a not unreasonable surmise which might tell eloquently upon his cause—such an advocate would he not be blame worthy?

one
through
of state He

... knows? Captain I am how
ever that a king's head is solemnly oiled at his coronation even as a head of salad Can it be thought that they anoint it with a view of making its interior run well as they anoint machinery? Much might be ruminated here concerning the essential dignity of this regal process because in common life we esteem but meanly and contemptibly a fellow who anoints his hair and palpably smells of that anointing In truth ... who
uses hair-oil ...
in him some
totality

Knights and Squires

— "And here is this—what kind of oil is used
the oil nor castor oil nor bear's oil
can possibly be but sperm oil in

its unmanufactured unpolluted state the sweetest of all oils?

Think of that ye loyal Britons! ye whalers supply your kings and queens with coronation stuff!

Chapter 26

Knights and Squires

The chief mate of the *Pegquod* was Starbuck, a native of Nantucket, and
— "— earnest man and though born on an
flesh being hard
blood would not
spoil like bottled ale. He must have been born in the time of general
— "— none of those fast days for which his state is
those summers had
unhappiness so to speak
seemed no more the token of wasting anxieties and cares than it seemed
— "— the condition of the

be it Polar snow or torrid sun like a patent chronometer his interior vitality
was warranted to do well in all climates. Looking into his eyes you seemed
to see there the yet lingering images of those thousand fold perils he had
— "— of his life. A steadfast man whose life for the
t a tame chapter of
there were certain
qualities in him which at times affected and in some cases seem well nigh
to overbalance all the rest. Uncommonly conscientious for a seaman and
endued with a deep natural reverence the wild watery loneliness of his life
did therefore strongly incline him to superstition but to that sort of super

in some honest hearted men restrain the gush of dare-devil daring so often
evinced by others in the more perilous vicissitudes of the fishery. I will
have no man in my boat said Starbuck who is not afraid of a whale

By this he seemed to mean not only that the most reliable and useful courage was that which arises from the fair estimation of the encountered peril but that an utterly fearless man is a far more dangerous comrade than a coward.

Aye aye said Stubb the second mate Starbuck there is as careful a man as you'll find anywhere in this fishery. But we shall ere long see what that word careful precisely means when used by a man like Stubb or almost any other whale hunter.

Starbuck was no crusader after perils in him courage was not a sentiment but a thing simply useful to him and always at hand upon all morally practical occasions. Besides he thought perhaps that in this business of whaling courage was one of the great staple outfits of the ship like her beef and her bread and not to be foolishly wasted. Wherefore he had no fancy for lowering for whales after sundown nor for persisting in fighting a fish that too much persisted in fighting him. For thought Starbuck I am here in this critical ocean to kill whales for my living and not to be killed by them for theirs and that hundreds of men had been so killed Starbuck well knew. What doom was his own father's? Where in the bottomless deeps could he find the torn limbs of his brother?

With memories like these in him and moreover given to a certain superstitiousness as has been said the courage of this Starbuck which could nevertheless still flourish must indeed have been extreme. But it was not in reasonable nature that a man so organised and with such terrible experiences and remembrances as he had it was not in nature that these things should fail in silently engendering an element in him which under suitable circumstances would break out from its confinement and burn all his courage up. And brave as he might be it was that sort of bravery chiefly visible in some intrepid men which while generally abiding firm in the conflict with seas or winds or whales or any of the ordinary irrational horrors of the world yet cannot withstand those more terrific because more spiritual terrors which sometimes menace you from the concentrating brow of an enraged and mighty man.

But were the coming narrative to reveal in any instance the complete abasement of poor Starbuck's fortitude scarce might I have the heart to write it for it is a thing most sorrowful nay shocking to expose the fall of valour in the soul. Men may seem detestable as joint-stock companies and nations knaves fools and murderers there may be men may have mean and meagre faces but man in the ideal is so noble and so sparkling such a grand and glowing creature that over any ignominious blemish in him all his fellows should run to throw their costliest robes. That immaculate manliness we feel within ourselves—so far within us that it remains intact though all the outer character seem gone—bleeds with keenest anguish

Knights and Squires

at the undraped spectacle of a valour ruined man Nor can piety itself
at such a shameful sight completely stifle her upbraidings against the
permitting stars But this august dignity I treat of is not the dignity of
kings and robes but that abounding dignity which has no robed investiture
Thou shalt see it shining in the arm that wields a pick or drives a
spike that democratic dignity which on all hands radiates without
end from God Himself The great God absolute The centre and circum-
ference of all democracy His omnipresence our divine equality

If then to meanest mariners, and renegades and castaways I shall here-
round them tragic graces
among them all
I touch that work
rainbow over his
me out in it thou

er
not

refuse to the stark convict human the pick up the ho
did I clothe with doublet and hose of finest gold the stumped and
paupered arm of old Cervantes Thou who did I pick up Andrew Jack on
from the pebbles who did I hurl him upon a war horse who dost thunder
him higher than a throne Thou who in all Thy mighty earthly march-
ings ever cullest Thy selectest champions from the lowly commons bear
me out in it O God

Chapter 27

Knights and Squires

STRUBB was the second mate He was a native of Cape Cod and hence
according to local usage was called a Cape-Cod man A happy-go-lucky
neither craven nor valiant taking peril as they came with an indifferent
air and while engaged in the most imminent crises of the chase toiling
away calm and collected as a journeyman joiner engaged for the year
Good humoured easy and careless he presided over his whale boat as if
the most deadly encounter were but a dinner and his crew all invited

By this he seemed to mean not only that the most reliable and useful courage was that which arises from the fair estimation of the encountered peril but that an utterly fearless man is a far more dangerous comrade than a coward

Aye aye said Stubb the second mate : Starbuck there is a careful a man as you'll find anywhere in this fishery But we shall ere long see what that word careful precisely means when used by a man like Stubb or almost any other whale hunter

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Knights and Squires

Now these three mates—Starbuck, Stubb, and Flask—were momentous
by a universal prescription commanded three of the

knights of old is at day's
nature provides him with a fresh lance when the

ness it is therefore but meet that it should
Pequod's harpooners were and to what headsmen each of them belonged
First of all was Queequeg, whom Starbuck, the chief mate, had selected
for his squire. But Queequeg is already known.
Next was Tashtego, an unmixed Indian from Gay Head, the most west
of a promontory of Martha's Vineyard, where there still exists the last

expression—all this sufficiently proclaimed him an inheritor of the unmiti-
ated blood of those proud warrior hunters who, in quest of the great New
England moose, had scoured bow in hand the aboriginal forest of the
main. But no longer snuffing in the trail of the wild beasts of the woodland,
Tashtego now hunted in the wake of the great whales of the sea, the
unerring harpoon of the son filly replacing the infallible arrow of the sires.
To look at the tawny brawn of his lithe snaky limbs, you would almost have
credited the superstitions of some of the earlier Puritans, and half believed
this wild Indian to be a son of the Prince of the Powers of the Air. Tashtego
as Stubb, the second mate's squire.

Daggo retained all his barbaric virtues, and erect as a giraffe, moved about

doubt like a good sailor he took it to be a sort of call of the watch to tumble aloft and bestir themselves there about something which he would find out when he obeyed the order and not sooner

What perhaps with other things made Stubb such an easy-going, unferring man so cheerily trudging off with the burden of life in a world full of grave pedlars all bowed to the ground with their packs what helped to bring about that almost impious good humour of his—that thing must have been his pipe. For like his nose, his short black little pipe was one of the regular features of his face. You would almost as soon have expected him to turn out of his bunk without his nose as without his pipe. He kept a whole row of pipes there ready loaded stuck in a rack within easy reach of his hand and whenever he turned in he smoked them all out in succession lighting one from the other to the end of the chapter then loading them again to be in readiness anew. For when Stubb dressed instead of first putting his legs into his trousers he put his pipe into his mouth.

I say this continual smoking must have been one cause at least of his peculiar disposition for every one knows that this earthly air whether ashore or afloat is terribly infected with the nameless miseries of the numberless mortals who have died exhaling it and is in time of the cholera some people go about with a camphorated handkerchief to their mouths so likewise against all mortal tribulations Stubb's tobacco smoke might have operated as a sort of disinfecting agent.

The third mate was Flask a native of Fisbury in Martha's Vineyard a short stout ruddy young fellow very pugnacious concerning whales who somehow seemed to think that the great Leviathans had personally and hereditarily affronted him and therefore it was a sort of point of honour with him to destroy them whenever encountered. So utterly lost was he to all sense of reverence for the many marvels of their majestic bulk and mystic ways and so dead to anything like an apprehension of any possible danger from encountering them that in his poor opinion the won-

ter rat re
time and
ness of

his made him a little waggish in the matter of whales he followed these fish for the fun of it and a three years voyage round Cape Horn was only a jolly joke that lasted that length of time. As a carpenter's nails are divided into wrought nails and cut nails so mankind may be similarly

form he could be well matched to the ship which by the means of many radiating and timbers inserted into it serves to brace the ship against the icy concussions of those battering seas

Every time I ascended to the deck from my watches below I instantly gazed aft to mark if any strange force were visible for my first vague dis-
 covered the unknown captain now in the seclusion of the sea

whatever it was of apprehensiveness or uneasiness
 felt yet whenever I came to look about me in the ship it seemed again to all
 vanity to cherish such emotions For though the harpooneers with the
 great body of the crew were a far more barbaric heathenish and motley
 set than any of the tame merchant ship companies which my previous
 experiences had made me acquainted with till I ascribed this—and

could not readily be seen in the
 cans a Nantucketer a Vineyarder a Cape man. Now it being Christmas
 when the ship got from out her harbour for a space we had biting polar

There seemed no sign of common bodily illness about him nor of the
 recovery from any He looked like a man cut away from the stake when the

made in the straight lofty trunk of a great tree when the upper lightning
 tearingly darts down it and without wrenching a single twig peels and

the decks in all the pomp of six feet five in his socks. There was a corporeal humility in looking up at him, and a white man standing before him seemed a white flag come to beg truce of a fortress. Curious to tell this imperial negro Ahasuerus Daggoon was the squire of little Flask, who looked like a chess man beside him. As for the residue of the *Pequod's* company, be it said that at the present day not one in two of the many thousand men before the mast employed in the American whale fishery are Americans born, though pretty nearly all the officers are. Herein it is the same with the American whale-fishery as with the American army and military and merchant navies, and the engineering forces employed in the construction of the American Canals and Railroads—the same I say, because in all these cases the native American liberally provides the brains, the rest of the world as generously supplying the muscles. No small number of these whaling seamen belong to the Azores, where the outward bound Nantucket whalers frequently touch to augment their crews from the hardy peasants of those rocky shores. In like manner the Greenland whalers sailing out of Hull or London put in at the Shetland Islands to receive the full complement of their crew. Upon the passage homeward they drop them there again. How it is, there is no telling, but Islanders seem to make the best whalers. They were nearly all Islanders in the *Pequod*. *Isolatoos* too. I call such, not acknowledging the common continent of men, but each *Isolato* living on a separate continent of his own. Yet now, federated along one keel, what a set these *Isolatoos* were! An Anchises Clootz deputation from all the isles of the sea, and all the ends of the earth, recommending Old Ahab in the *Pequod* to lay the world's grievances before that bar from which not very many of them ever come back. Black little Pip—he never did—oh, no! he went before. Poor Abraham boy! On the grim *Pequod's* fore-castle ye shall ere long see him beating his tambourine, prelude of the eternal time, when sent for to the great quarter-deck on high he was bid strike in with angels, and beat his tambourine in glory, called a coward here, hailed a hero there!

Chapter 28

Ahab

THE *Pequod's* watches was set at the watches and to be the only commanders of the ship, only they sometimes issued from the cabin with orders so sudden and peremptory, that after all it was plain they but commanded vicariously. Yes, their supreme lord and dictator was there, though hitherto unseen by any eyes not permitted to penetrate into the now sacred retreat of the cabin.

Enter Ahab to Him Stubb

1 1 1 dead wintry bleakness of the sea had then kept him
usually
it last
it the
1 1 1 seemed as usual 1

to so that there was little of him
Ahab now and thus chase away for that one interval the clouds that layer
upon layer were piled upon his brow as ever all clouds choose the loftiest
peaks to pile themselves upon

Nevertheless ere long the warm warbling persuasiveness of the pres-
ent holiday weather we came to seemed gradually to charm him from his
mood For as when the red-cheeked dancing girls April and May trip
- - - - -

Chapter 29

Enter Ahab to Him Stubb

SOME days elapsed and ice and icebergs all astern the *Pequod* now
went rolling through the bright Quito spring which at sea almost perpet-
ually reigns on the threshold of the eternal August of the Tropic The
warmly cool clear ringing perfumed overflowing redundant days were
- - - - -

choose between such winsome days and such seducing nights But all
the witcheries of that unwaning weather did not merely lend new spells
and potencies to the outward world Inward they turned upon the soul
especially when the still mild hours of eve came on then memory shot her
crystals as the clear ice most forms of noiseless twilights And all these

live in the open air that truly speaking his visits were more to the cabin
than from the cabin to the planks It feels like going down into one's

grooves out the bark from top to bottom ere running off into the soil leaving the tree still greenly alive but branded. Whether that mark was born with him or whether it was the scar left by some desperate wound no one could certainly say. By some tacit consent throughout the voyage little or no allusion was made to it especially by the mates. But once Tashtego's senior, an old Gay Head Indian among the crew, superstitiously asserted that not till he was full forty years old did Ahab become thus way branded, and then it came upon him not in the fury of any mortal fray but in an elemental strife at sea. Yet this wild hint seemed inferentially negatived by what a grey Manxman insinuated, an old sepulchral man who having never before sailed out of Nantucket had never ere this laid eye upon wild Ahab. Nevertheless the old sea traditions, the immemorial credulities popularly invested this old Manxman with preternatural powers of discernment. So that no white sailor seriously contradicted him when he said that if ever Captain Ahab should be tranquilly laid out—which might hardly come to pass, so he muttered—then whoever should do that last office for the dead would find a birthmark on him from crown to sole.

So powerfully did the whole grim aspect of Ahab affect me, and the wild brand which streaked it, that for the first few moments I hardly noted that not a little of this overbearing grimness was owing to the barbaric white leg upon which he partly stood. It had previously come to me that this ivory leg had at sea been fashioned from the polished bone of the sperm whale's jaw. Aye, he was dismasted off Japan, said the old Gay Head Indian once, but like his dismasted craft he shipped another mast without coming home for it. He has a quiver of 'em.

I was struck with the singular posture he maintained. Upon each side of the *Pequod's* quarter deck, and pretty close to the mizzen shrouds, there was an auger hole bored about half an inch or so into the plank. His bone leg staidied in that hole, one arm elevated and holding by a shroud. Captain Ahab stood erect, looking straight out beyond the ship's ever pitching prow. There was an infinity of firmest fortitude, a determinate, unsurrenderable wilfulness, in the fixed and fearless forward dedication of that glance. Not a word he spoke, nor did his officers say aught to him, though by all their minutest gestures and expressions they plainly showed the uneasy, if not painful, consciousness of being under a troubled master eye. And not only that, but moody, stricken Ahab stood before them with an

The Pipe

I ever did pray It's queer very queer and he's queer too ay take him fore
and aft he's about the queerest old man Stubb ever sailed with How he
flashed at me!—his eyes like powder pans! is he mad? Anyway there's some-
thing on his mind as sure as there must be something on a deck when it
is twelve hours out of the
1

hold for every night as Dough boy tells me 4 p' I
should like to know Who's made appointments with him in the hold?
the old game—Here goes
while to be born into the
I think of it that's about
the first thing babies do and that's a sort of queer too Damn me but all
things are queer come to think of 'em But that's against my principles
Think not is my eleventh commandment and sleep when you can in my
element—So here goes again But how's that? didn't he call me a dog's blazes!
1 1 1

>
if
to

hammock again and in the morning I'll see how this plaguey jiggling
thinks over by daylight

Chapter 30

The Pipe

When Stubb had departed Ahab stood for a while leaning over the
bulwarks and then as had been usual with him of late calling a sailor of
the watch he sent him below for his nory stool and also his pipe Lighting
the pipe at the binnacle lamp and planting the stool on the weather side of
the deck he sat and smoked

In old Norse times the thrones of the sea-loving Danish kings were
fabricated saith tradition of the tusks of the narwhal How could one look
at Ahab then seated on it at tripod of bones without bethinking him of the
royalty it symbolised? For a Khan of the plank and a king of the sea and

tomb—he would mutter to himself—for an old captain like me to be descending this narrow scuttle to go to my grave-dug berth

So almost every twenty four hours when the watches of the night were set and the band on deck sentinelled the slumbers of the band below and when if a rope was to be hauled upon the forecstle the sailors flung it not rudely down as by day but with some cautiousness dropt it to its place for fear of disturbing their slumbering shipmates when this sort of steady quietude would begin to prevail habitually the silent steersman would watch the cabin scuttle and ere long the old man would emerge gripping at the iron banister to help his crippled way Some considering touch of humanity was in him for at times like these he usually abstained from patrolling the quarter-deck because to his wearied mates seeking repose within six inches of his ivory heel such would have been the reverberating crack and din of that bony step that their dreams would have been

up from below and with a certain unassured deprecating humorousness hinted that if Captain Ahab was pleased to walk the planks then no one way of muffling the noise hinting about a globe of tow and the insertion into it of the ivory heel Ah Stubb thou didst not know Ahab then

Am I a cannon ball Stubb said Ahab that thou wouldst wad me that fashion? But go thy ways I had forgot Below to thy nightly grave where such as ye sleep between shrouds to use ye to the filling one at last—Down dog and kennel!

Starting at the unforeseen concluding exclamation of the so suddenly scornful old man Stubb was speechless a moment then said excitedly I am not used to be spoken to that way sir I do but less than half like it sir

Ah! gritted Ahab between his set teeth and violently moving away as if to avoid some passionate temptation

No sir not yet said Stubb emboldened I will not tamely be called a dog sir

Then be called ten times a donkey and a mule and an ass and be gone or I'll clear the world of thee!

As he said this Ahab advanced upon him with such overbearing terrors in his aspect that Stubb involuntarily retreated

I was never served so before without giving a hard blow for it muttered Stubb as he found himself descending the cabin scuttle It's very queer Stop Stubb somehow now I don't well know whether to go back and strike him or—what's that?—down here on my knees and pray for him Yes that was the thought coming up in me but it would be the first time

Cetology

I at last And what business is that of yours I should like to know Mr
 I had no sooner said
 up a lot
 thunder
 alive man his stern was stuck full of
 ints out
 Says I on second thoughts I guess I won't kick you old fellow Wise
 Stubb said he wise Stubb and kept muttering it all the time a sort of
 eating of his own gums like a chimney ha Seeing he wasn't going to stop
 saying over his wise Stubb wise Stubb I thought I might as well fall to
 kicking the pyramid again But I had only just lifted my foot for it when
 he roared out Stop that kicking! Halloo says I what's the matter now
 old fellow Look ye here says he let's argue the insult Captain Ahab
 kicked ye didn't he? Yes he did says I—right here it was Very good
 says he—he used his ivory leg didn't he? Yes he did says I Well then
 says he wise Stubb what have you to complain of? Didn't he kick with
 right good will? it wasn't a common pitch pine leg he kicked with was it?
 No you were kicked by a great man and with a beautiful ivory leg Stubb

Ahab and made a wise man of him remember that on no account kick back for you can't help
 account his kicks honours and on no account kick back for you can't help
 yourself wise Stubb Don't you see that pyramid? With that he all of a
 sudden seemed somehow in some queer fashion to swim off into the air
 I snored rolled over and there I was in my hammock! Now what do you
 think of that dream Flask?

I don't know it seems a sort of foolish to me tho

Chapter 32

Cetology

ALREADY we are boldly launched upon the deep but soon we shall be
 lost in its unshoed harbourless immensities Ere that come to pass ere the

a great lord of Leviathans was Ahab

Some moments passed during which the thick vapour came from his mouth in quick and constant puffs which blew back again into his face

How now he soliloquised at last withdrawing the tube this smoking no longer soothes Oh my pipe! hard must it go with me if thy charm be gone! He . . .

and fullest of trouble What business have I with this pipe? This thing that is meant for serenity to send up mild white vapours among mild white

—
waves
With

slouched hat Ahab lurchingly paced the planks

Chapter 31

Queen Mab

NEXT morning Stubb accosted Flask

Such a queer dream King Post I never had You know the old man's ivory leg well I dreamed he kicked me with it and when I tried to kick back upon my soul my little man I kicked my leg right off! And then presto! Ahab seemed a pyramid and I like a blazing fool kept kicking at it But what was still more curious Flask—you know how curious all dreams are—through all this rage that I was in I somehow seemed to be thinking to myself that after all it was not much of an insult that kick from Ahab Why thinks I what's the row? It's not a real leg only a false leg And there's a mighty difference between a living thump and a dead thump That's what makes a blow from the hand I risk fifty times more savage to bear than a blow from a cane The living member—that makes the living insult my little man And thinks I to myself all the while mind while I was stubbing my silly toes against that cursed pyramid—so confoundedly contradictory was it all all the while I say I was thinking to myself what's his leg now but a cane—a whalebone cane Yes thinks I it was only a playful cudgelling—in fact only a whaleboning that he gave me—not a base kick Besides thinks I look at it once why the end of it—the foot part—what a small sort of end it is wherers if a broad footed farmer kicked me there's a devilish broad insult But this insult is whittled down to a point only But now comes the greatest joke of the dream Flask While I was battering away at the pyramid a sort of badger haired old merman with a hump on his back takes me by the shoulders and slews me round What are you bout? says he Slid! man but I was frightened Such a phiz! But somehow next moment I was over the fright What am I about? says

tion has been every way complete Reference to nearly all the leviathanic
visions in the great poets of past days will satisfy you that the Greenland

good people all—the
Whale now reigneth!

There are only two books in being which at all pretend to put the living
sperm Whale before you and at the same time in the remotest degree
succeed in the attempt Those books are Beales and Bennett's both in
their time surgeons to English South Sea whale ships and both exact and

above all other hunted whales his is an unwritten life

And the various species of whales need some sort of popular compre-
hensive classification if only an easy outline one for the present hereafter
filled in all its departments by subsequent labourers As no better man
needs to take this matter in hand I hereupon offer my own poor en-
deavour I promise nothing complete because any human thing supposed
complete must for that very reason infallibly be faulty I shall not
endeavour to give a minute anatomical description of the various species, or—in
place at least—to much of any systematisation of cetology I am the
critic, not the builder

it is a ponderous task no ordinary letter-sorter in the Post Office

him is vain! But I have swam through libraries and sailed through
have had to do with whales with these visible hands I am in
and I will try There are some preliminaries to settle

The uncertain unsettled condition of this science of Cetology is

very vestigially attested by the fact, that in some quarters it still re-
mains in point whether a whale be a fish In his System of Nature

Linnæus declares, I hereby separate the whales from the fish

own knowledge I know that down to the year 1830 sharks and

trout and herring against Linnæus's express edict, were still

claiming the possession of the same seas with the Leviathan

grounds upon which Linnæus would fain have banished the whales

waters he states as follows On account of their warm bilocular

in their lungs the removable eyelids their hollow ears penem intrans-

Cetology

ALREADY

known in its

Pequod's weedy hull rolls side by side with the barnacled hulls of the Leviathan at the outset it is but well to attend to a matter almost indispensable to a thorough appreciative understanding of the more special leviathanic revelations and allusions of all sorts which are to follow

It is some systematised exhibition of the whale in his broad genera that I would now fain put before you Yet is it no easy task The classification of the constituents of a chaos nothing less is here essayed I listen to what the best and latest authorities have laid down

No branch of Zoology is so much involved as that which is entitled Cetology says Captain Scoresby A D 1800

It is not my intention were it in my power to enter into the inquiry as to the true method of dividing the cetacea into groups and families * * * Utter confusion exists among the historians of this animal (Sperm Whale) says Surgeon Beale A D 1839

Unfitness to pursue our research in the unfathomable waters Impenetrable veil covering our knowledge of the cetacea A field strewn with thorns All these incomplete indications but serve to torture us naturalists

Thus speak of the whale the great Cuvier and John Hunter and Lesson those lights of zoology and anatomy Nevertheless though of real knowledge there be little yet of books there are plenty and so in some small degree with cetology or the science of whales Many are the men small and great old and new handsmen and seamen who have at large or in little written of the whale Run over a few — The Authors of the Bible Aristotle Pliny Aldrovandi Sir Thomas Browne Gesner Ray Linnæus Rondeletius Willoughby Green Artedi Sibbald Brisson Marten Lacépède Bonneterre Desmarest Baron Cuvier Frederic Cuvier John Hunter Owen Scoresby Beale Bennett J Ross Brown the Author of Miriam Coffin Olmstead and the Rev T Cheever But to what ultimate generalising purpose all these have written the above cited extracts will show

Of the names on this list of whale authors only those following Owen ever saw living whales and but one of them was a real professional harpooner and whaleman I mean Captain Scoresby On the separate subject of the Greenland or Right Whale he is the best existing authority But Scoresby knew nothing and knew nothing of the great Sperm Whale compared with a

And here I
throne of it
Yet owing
which till
unknown
reigns

Whale is almost unworthy mentioning
Whale is an usurper upon the
the largest of the whales
the profound ignorance
then fabulous or utterly
this present day still
ports this usurpa

tion has been every way complete Reference to nearly all the leviathanic allusions in the great poets of past days will satisfy you that the Greenland Whale without one rival was to them the monarch of the seas But the time has at last come for a new proclamation This is Charing Cross hear ye! good people all—the Greenland Whale is deposed—the great Sperm Whale now reigneth!

There are only two books in being which at all pretend to put the living Sperm Whale before you and at the same time in the remotest degree succeed in the attempt Those books are Beale's and Bennett's both in their time surgeons in English South Sea whale ships and both exact and reliable men The original matter touching the Sperm Whale to be found

c 11

the Sperm Whale scientific or popular

Far above all other hunted whales his is an unwritten life

Now the various species of whales need some sort of popular comprehensive classification if only an easy outline one for the present hereafter to be filled in all its departments by subsequent labourers As no better man advances to take this matter in hand I hereupon offer my own poor endeavours I promise nothing complete because any human thing supposed to be complete must for that very reason infallibly be faulty I shall not pretend to a minute anatomical description of the various species or—in this place at least—to much of any systematisation of cetology I am the architect not the builder

But it is a ponderous task no ordinary letter sorter in the Post Office

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hope of him is vain! But I have swam through libraries and sailed through oceans I have had to do with whales with these visible hands I am in earnest and I will try There are some preliminaries to settle.

First The uncertain unsettled condition of this science of Cetology is in the very vestibule attested by the fact that in some quarters it still remains a moot point whether a whale be a fish In his System of Nature A.D. 1766 Linnæus declares I hereby separate the whales from the fish But of my own knowledge I know that down to the year 1830 sharks and hads alewives and herring against Linnæus's express edict were still found dividing the possession of the same seas with the Leviathan

The grounds upon which Linnæus would fain have banished the whales from the waters he states as follows On account of their warm bilocular heart their lungs their movable eyelids their hollow ears penem intran

tem feminam mammis hœrntem and finally ex lege nature jure mentoque I submitted all this to my friends Simeon Macey and Charley Coffin of Nantucket both messmates of mine in a certain voyage and they united in the opinion that the reasons set forth were altogether insufficient Charley profanely hinted they were humbug

Be it known that waving all argument I take the good old fashioned ground that the whale is a fish and call upon holy Jonah to back me This fundamental thing settled the next point is in what internal respect does the whale differ from other fish? Above Linnæus has given you those items But in brief they are these lungs and warm blood whereas all other fish are lungless and cold blooded

Next how shall we define the whale by his obvious externals so as conspicuously to label him for all time to come? To be short then a whale is a spouting fish with a horizontal tail There you have him However contracted that definition is the result of expanded meditation A walrus spouts much like a whale but the walrus is not a fish because he is amphibious But the last term of the definition is still more cogent as coupled with the first Almost any one must have noticed that all the fish familiar to landsmen have not a slit but a vertical or up and down tail Whereas among spouting fish the tail though it may be similarly shaped invariably assumes a horizontal position

By the above definition of what a whale is I do by no means exclude from the leviathinic brotherhood any sea creature hitherto identified with the whale by the best informed Nantucketers nor on the other hand link with it any fish hitherto authoritatively regarded as alien * Hence all the smaller spouting and horizontal tailed fish must be included in this ground plan of Cetology Now then come the grand divisions of the entire whale host

First According to magnitude I divide the whales into three primary BOOKS (subdivisible into CHAPTERS) and these shall comprehend them all both small and large

I The FOLIO WHALE II the OCTAVO WHALE III the DUODECIMO WHALE

As the type of the FOLIO I present the Sperm Whale of the OCTAVO the Grampus of the DUODECIMO the Porpoise

FOLIOS Among these I here include the following chapters —I The Sperm Whale II the Right Whale III the Fin Back Whale IV the

I am aware that down to the present time the fish styled Lamatians and Dugongs

Cetology

Humpbacked Whale V *the Razor Back Whale* VI *the Sulphur Bottom Whale*

BOOK I (Folio) CHAPTER I (*Sperm Whale*)—This whale among the English of old vaguely known as the *Trumpa Whale* and the *Physeter Whale* and the *Anvil Headed Whale* is the present *Cachalot* of the French and the *Pottsfich* of the Germans and the *Macrocephalus* of the Long Words. He is without doubt the largest inhabitant of the globe the most formidable of all whales to encounter the most majestic in aspect and lastly by far the most valuable in commerce he being the only creature from whose valuable substance *spermaceti* is obtained. All his pecu

larly supposed to be derived from a creature identical with the oil

spermaceti was exceedingly scarce not being used for light but only as an ointment and medicament. It was only to be had from druggists as you now always buy an ounce of rhubarb. When as I opine in the course of time the true nature of *spermaceti* became known its original name was still retained

the most venerable of the Leviathans being the one first regularly hunted by man. It yield the article commonly known as whalebone or baleen and the oil specially known as whale oil an inferior article in commerce. Among the fishermen he is indiscriminately designated by all the following titles. The Whale the Greenland Whale the Black Whale the Great Whale the True Whale the Right Whale. There is a deal of obscurity concerning the identity of the species thus multitudinously baptized. What then is the whale which I include in the second species of my *Folios*? It

10 centuries past has been hunted by the Dutch and English in the Arctic seas it is the whale which the American fishermen have long pursued in the Indian Ocean on the Brazil Banks on the Nor West Coast and various other parts of the world designated by them *Right Whale Cruising Grounds*.

Some pretend to see a difference between the Greenland Whale of the English and the Right Whale of the Americans. But they precisely agree in all their grand features: nor has there yet been presented a single determinate fact upon which to ground a radical distinction. It is by endless subdivisions based upon the most inconclusive differences that some departments of natural history become so repellingly intricate. The Right Whale will be elsewhere treated of at some length with reference to elucidating the Sperm Whale.

BOOK I (Folio) CHAPTER III (Fin Back) — Under this head I reckon a monster which by the various names of Fin Back, Tall Spout, and Long John, has been seen almost in every sea and is commonly the whale whose distant jet is so often described by passengers crossing the Atlantic in the New York packet tracks. In the length he attains and in his baleen the Fin Back resembles the Right Whale, but is of a less portly girth and a lighter colour, approaching to olive. His great lips present a cable-like aspect formed by the intertwisting slanting folds of large wrinkles. His grand distinguishing feature, the fin from which he derives his name, is often a conspicuous object. This fin is some three or four feet long, growing vertically from the hinder part of the back, of an angular shape and with a very sharp pointed end. Even if not the slightest other part of the creature be visible, this isolated fin will at times be seen plainly projecting from the surface. When the sea is moderately calm and slightly marked with spherical ripples, and this gnomon-like fin strinds up and casts shadows upon the wrinkled surface, it may well be supposed that the watery circle surrounding it somewhat resembles a dial with its style and wavy hour lines graven on it. On that Ahz-dial the shadow often goes back. The Fin Back is not gregarious. He seems a while-lifter, as some men are man-haters. Very shy, always going solitary, unexpectedly rising to the surface in the remotest and most sullen waters, his straight and single lofty jet rising like a tall misanthropic spear upon a barren plain, gifted with such wondrous power and velocity in swimming, is to defy all present pursuit from man, this Leviathan seems the banished and unconquerable Crin of his race, bearing for his mark that style upon his back. From having the baleen in his mouth, the Fin Back is sometimes included with the Right Whale among the theoretic species denominated *Whalebone whales*, that is, whales with baleen. Of these so-called *Whalebone whales*, there would seem to be several varieties, most of which however are little known. Broad-nosed whales and beaked whales, pike-headed whales, bunched whales, and jawed whales and rostrated whales are the fishermen's names for a few sorts.

In connection with this appellation of *Whalebone whales*, it is of great importance to mention that however such a nomenclature may be convenient in facilitating allusions to some kinds of whales, yet it is in vain to

Cetology

attempt a clear classification of the Leviathan founded upon either his baleen or hump or fin or teeth notwithstanding that those marked parts or features very obviously seem better adapted to afford the basis for a regular system of Cetology than any other detached bodily distinctions which the whale in his kinds presents. How then? The baleen hump back fin and teeth these are things whose peculiarities are indiscriminately dispersed among all sorts of whales without any regard to what may be the nature of their structure in other and more essential particulars. Thus the Sperm Whale and the Humpbacked Whale each has a hump but there the similitude ceases. Then this same Humpbacked Whale and the Greenland Whale each of these has baleen but there again the similitude ceases. And it is just the same with the other parts above-mentioned. In various sorts of whales they form such irregular combinations or in the case of any one of them detached such an irregular isolation as utterly to

ernal parts of the whale

in his anatomy—there at least we shall be able to hit the right classification

Whale's anatomy

by his baleen it is

impossible collectively to do so and if you descend

that can possibly succeed in it is a delusion

BOOK I (Folio) CHAPTER IV (Humpback) — This whale is often

known but his name I have seen him at a distance off Cape Horn. Of a retiring nature he eludes both hunters and philosophers. Though no coward he has never yet shown any part of him but his back which rises in a long sharp ridge. Let him go I know little more of him nor does any body else.

BOOK I (Folio) CHAPTER VI (Siphon & Bottom) — Another retiring gentleman with a brimstone belly doubtless got by scraping along the

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The *Hydrocætus* mistaken for a peaked nose. The creature is

all effect, giving us on her something analogous to the left handed man. What precise purpose this ivory horn or lance answers, it would be hard to say. It does not seem to be used like the blade of the sword fish and bill fish though some sailors tell me that the Narwhal employs it for a rake in turning over the bottom of the sea for food. Charley Coffin said it was used for an ice-piercer for the Narwhal rising to the surface of the Polar Sea and finding it sheeted with ice thrusts his horn — either of these surmises as one-sided horn may be—it would certainly be very convenient to him for a folder in reading pamphlets. The Narwhal I have heard called the Tusked Whale the Horned Whale, and the Uni-

ra lions of it brought immense prices. It was also distilled to a volatile salts for fainting ladies, the same way that the horns of the male deer are manu-

down the Thames when Sir Martin returned from the voyage said

knees did likewise present to her highness another horn pertaining to a kind beast of the unicorn nature

The Narwhal has a very picturesque leopard-like look being of a milk white ground colour dotted with round and oblong spots of black. His eyes are very superior clear and fine; but there is little of it, and he is seldom hurt. He is mostly found in the circumpolar seas.

BOOK II (Octavo) CHAPTER IV (Folio)—Of this whale little is

Tartarian tiles in some of his profounder divings. He is seldom seen at least I have never seen him except in the remoter southern seas and then always at too great a distance to study his countenance. He is never chased; he would run away with rope walks of line. Prodigies are told of him. Adieu Sulphur Bottom! I can say nothing more that is true of ye nor can the oldest Nantucketer.

Thus ends BOOK I (Folio)

OCTAVOES * These

among which at present in

Black Fish III the *Narwhal* IV the *Thrasher* V the *Killer*

BOOK II (Octavo) CHAPTER I (*Grampus*)—Though this fish whose loud sonorous breathing or rather blowing has furnished a proverb to landsmen is so well known a denizen of the deep yet is he not popularly classed among whales but possessing all the grand distinctive features of the Leviathan most naturalists have recognised him for one. He is of moderate octavo size varying from fifteen to twenty five feet in length and of corresponding dimensions round the waist. He swims in herds; he is never regularly hunted though his oil is considerable in quantity and pretty good for light. By some fishermen his approach is regarded as premonitory of the advance of the great Sperm Whale.

BOOK II (Octavo) CHAPTER II (*Black Fish*)—I give the popular fishermen's names for all these fish for generally they are the best. Where any name happens to be vague or inexpressive I shall say so and suggest

inner angles of his lips are curved upwards he carries an everlasting Mephistophelean grin on his face. This whale averages some sixteen or eighteen feet in length. He is found in almost all latitudes. He has a peculiar way of showing his dorsal hooked fin in swimming which looks something like a Roman nose. When not more profitably employed the Sperm Whale hunters sometimes capture the Hyena Whale to keep up the supply of cheap oil for domestic employment—as some frugal housekeepers in the absence of company and quite alone by themselves burn unsavoury tallow instead of odorous wax. Though their blubber is very thin some of these whales will yield you upwards of thirty gallons of oil.

BOOK II (Octavo) CHAPTER III (*Narwhal*) that is *Nostril whale*—Another instance of a curiously named whale so named I suppose from his

Cetology

known The only English name by which he has hitherto been designated
 is the *Right Whale Porpoise*, from the circumstance that

tinct as the mark in a ship's hull called the *Union Jack*—
 him from stern to stern with two separate colours black above and white
 below. The white comprises part of his head and the whole of his mouth,
 which makes him look as if he had just escaped from a felonious visit to a
 meal-bag. A most mean and mealy aspect! His oil is much like that of the
 common porpoise.

such as an American whalerman I know by reputation but not per-
 sonally.

Whale the Blue Whale etc. From Icelandic, Dutch and old English

but signifies nothing.

Final! It is stated at the outset that this system would not be here
 and in once perfected. You cannot but plainly see that I have kept my

by their first architects grand ones true ones ever leave the copestone to
 posterity. Heaven keep me from ever completing anything. This whole
 book is but a draught—nay but the draught of a draught. Oh Time,
 Strength Cash and Patience!

I never heard what sort of oil he has. Exceptions might be taken to the name bestowed upon this whale on the ground of its indistinctness. For we are all killers on land and on sea. Bonapartes and Sharks included.

BOOK II (*Octavo*) CHAPTER V (*Thrasher*)—This gentleman is famous for his tail which he uses for a ferule in thrashing his foes. He mounts the Folio Whale's back and as he swims he works his passage by flogging him as some schoolmasters get along in the world by a similar process. Still less is known of the Thrasher than of the Killer. Both are out laws even in the lawless seas.

Thus ends BOOK II (*Octavo*) and begins BOOK III (*Duodecimo*)

DUODECIMOES—These include the smaller whales. I. The *Huzza Porpoise*. II. the *Algerine Porpoise*. III. the *Mealy-mouthed Porpoise*.

To those who have not chanced specially to study the subject it may possibly seem strange that fishes not commonly exceeding four or five feet should be marshalled among WHALES—a word which in the popular sense always conveys an idea of hugeness. But the creatures set down above as Duodecimoes are infallibly whales by the terms of my definition of what a whale is—i.e. a spouting fish with a horizontal tail.

BOOK III (*Duodecimo*) CHAPTER I (*Huzza Porpoise*)—This is the common porpoise found almost all over the globe. The name is of my own bestowal for there are more than one sort of porpoises and something must be done to distinguish them. I call him thus because he always swims in hilarious shoals which upon the broad sea keep tossing themselves to heaven like caps in a Fourth-of July crowd. Their appearance is generally hailed with delight by the mariner. Full of fine spirits they invariably come from the breezy billows to windward. They are the lads that always live before the wind. They are accounted a lucky omen. If you yourself can withstand three cheers at beholding these vivacious fish then heaven help ye the spirit of godly gamesomeness is not in ye. A well fed plump

I I

I

meat is good eating you know. It may never have occurred to you that a porpoise spouts. Indeed his spout is so small that it is not very readily watch him and you will ature

Very savage. He is only found I think in the Pacific. He is somewhat larger than the *Huzza Porpoise* but much of the same general make. Provoke him and he will buckle to a shark. I have lowered for him many times but never yet saw him captured.

BOOK III (*Duodecimo*) CHAPTER III (*Mealy-mouthed Porpoise*)—The largest kind of Porpoise and only found in the Pacific so far as it is

passed in any military way as if he wore the imperial purple and not the shabbiest of pilot-cloth

And though of all men the moody captain of the *Pequod* was the least given to that sort of shallowest assumption and though the only homage he ever exacted was implicit, instantaneous obedience though he required no man to remove the shoes from his feet ere stepping upon the quarter deck, and though there were times when owing to peculiar circumstances connected with events hereafter to be detailed he addressed them in unusual terms whether of condescension or in *terrorem* or otherwise yet even Captain Ahab was by no means unobservant of the paramount forms and usages of the sea

Nor perhaps, will it fail to be eventually perceived that behind those forms and usages as it were he sometimes masked himself incidentally making use of them for other and more private ends than they were legitimately intended to subserve That certain sultanism of his brain which had otherwise in a good degree remained unmanifested through those forms that same sultanism became incarnate in an irresistible dictatorship For be a man's intellectual superiority what it will it can never assume the practical available supremacy over other men without the aid of some sort of external arts and entrenchments always in themselves more or less politic and base *This it is that for ever keeps God's true princes of the Empire from the world's hustings and leaves the highest honours that this*

imparted potency But when as in the case of Nicholas the Czar the ringed crown of geographical empire encircles an imperial brain then the plebeian herds crouch abased before the tremendous centralisation Nor will the tragic dramatist who would depict mortal indomitableness in its fullest sweep and direct swing ever forget a hint, incidentally so im-

him and therefore all outward majestical trappings and housings are denied me Oh Ahab what shall be grand in thee it must needs be plucked at from the skies, and dived for in the deep and featured in the unbodied air!

Chapter 33

The Specksynder

CONCERNING the officers of the whale craft this seems as good a place as any to set down a little domestic peculiarity on shipboard arising from the existence of the harpooneer class of officers—a class unknown of course in any other marine than the whale fleet.

The large importance attached to the harpooneer's vocation is evinced by the fact that originally in the old Dutch Fishery, two centuries and more ago, the command of a whale ship was not wholly lodged in the person now called the captain, but was divided between him and an officer called the Specksynder. Literally this word means Fat Cutter; usage, however, in time made it equivalent to Chief Harpooneer. In those days the captain's authority was restricted to the navigation and general management of the vessel, while over the whale hunting department and all its concerns the Specksynder or Chief Harpooneer reigned supreme. In the British Greenland Fishery, under the corrupted title of Specksioneer, this old Dutch official is still retained, but his former dignity is sadly abridged. At present he ranks simply as senior Harpooneer, and as such is one of the Captain's more inferior subalterns. Nevertheless, as upon the good conduct of the harpooneers the success of a whaling voyage largely depends, and since in the American Fishery he is not only an important officer in the boat, but under certain circumstances (night watches on a whaling ground) the command of the ship's deck is also his, therefore the grand political maxim of the sea demands that he should nominally live apart from the men, before the mast, and be in some way distinguished as their professional superior, though always by them familiarly regarded as their social equal.

Now the grand distinction drawn between officer and man at sea is this—the first lives aft, the last forward. Hence in whale ships and merchantmen alike the mates have their quarters with the captain, and so too in most of the American whalers the harpooneers are lodged in the after part of the ship. That is to say, they take their meals in the captain's

the community of interest prevailing among a company, all of whom high or low depend for their profits not upon fixed wages, but upon their common luck, together with their common vigilance, intrepidity, and hard work, though all these things do in some cases tend to beget a less rigorous discipline than in merchantmen generally, yet never mind how much like an old Mesopotamian family these whalers may in some primitive instances live together for all that, the punctilious externals at

The Cabin Table

challenged power and dominion of individual influence for the time, that man's royalty of state transcends Belshazzar's, for Belshazzar was not the greatest. Who has but once dined his friends, has tasted what it is to be Caesar. It is a wretchedness of social czarship which there is no withstanding. Now if to this consideration you superadd the official supremacy of a ship-master then by inference, you will derive the cause of that peculiarity of

presided like a mute, maned sea lion
led by his warlike but still deferential

cubs. In his own proper turn each officer waited to be served. They were as little children before Ahab and yet, in Ahab there seemed not to lurk the smallest social arrogance. With one mind their intent eyes all fastened upon the old man's knife, as he carved the chief dish before him. I do not suppose that for the world they would have profaned that moment with the slightest observation even upon so neutral a topic as the weather. No! And when reaching out his knife and fork, between which the slice of beef was locked, Ahab thereby motioned Starbuck's plate towards him, the man received his meat as though receiving alms and cut it tenderly and a little startled if perchance, the knife grazed against the plate and chewed it noiselessly and swallowed it, not without circumspection. For like the Coronation banquet at Frankfort, where the German Emperor profoundly dines with the seven Imperial Electors, so these cabin meals were somehow solemn meals, eaten in awful silence; and yet at table old Ahab forbade not conversation. Only he himself was dumb. What a relief it was to Choking Stubb when a rat made a sudden racket in the hold below. And poor little Flask, he was the youngest son and little boy of this weary family party. His were the hindbones of the saline beef; his would have been the drumsticks. For Flask to have presumed to help himself this must have seemed to him tantamount to larceny in the first degree. Had he helped himself at that table doubtless, never more would he have been able to hold his head up in this honest world; nevertheless, strange to say, Ahab never forbade him. And had Flask helped himself the chances were Ahab had never so much as noticed it. Least of all, did Flask presume to help himself to butter. Whether he thought the owners of the ship denied it to him on account of its clouding his clear sunny complexion or whether he deemed this or so long a voyage in such marketless waters, butter was at a premium, and therefore was not for him, a subaltern however it was Flask, alas! as a butlerless man!

Another thing Flask was the last person down at the dinner and Flask is the first man up. Consider! For hereby Flask's dinner was badly jammed in point of time. Starbuck and Stubb both had the start of him and yet they also have the privilege of lounging in the rear. If Stubb even who is but a peg higher than Flask, happens to have but a small appetite and soon

Chapter 34

The Cabin Table

It is noon and Dough Boy the steward thrusting his pale loaf-of-bread face from the cabin scuttle announces dinner to his lord and master who sitting in the lee quarter boat has just been taking in observation of the

muzzled shrouds he swings himself to the deck and in an even unexultant voice saying "Dinner Mr Starbuck" disappears into the cabin.

When the last echo of his sultan's step has died away and Starbuck the first Emir has every reason to suppose that he is seated then Starbuck rouses from his quietude takes a few turns along the planks and after a grave peep into the binnacle says with some touch of pleasantness Dinner Mr Stubbs and descends the scuttle The second Emir lounges about the rigging awhile and then slightly shaking the main brace to see whether it be all right with that important rope he likewise takes up the old burden and with a rapid Dinner Mr Flask follows after his predecessors

head and then by a dexterous sleight pitching his cap up into the mizzen top for a shelf he goes down rollicking so far at least as he remains visible from the deck reversing all other processions by bringing up the rear with music But ere stepping into the cabin doorway below he pauses ships a new face altogether and then independent hilarious little Flask enters King Ahab's presence in the character of Abjectus or the Slave

their commander yet ten to one let those very officers the next moment go down to their customary dinner in that same commander's cabin and straightway their inoffensive not to say deprecatory and humble air towards him as he sits at the head of the table this is marvellous sometimes most comical. Wherefore this difference? A problem? Perhaps not. To have been Belshazzar King of Babylon and to have been Belshazzar not haughtily but courteously therein certainly must have been some touch of mundane grandeur. But he who in the rightly regal and intelligent spirit presides over his own private dinner table of invited guests that man's un-

The Cabin Table

challenged power and dominion of individual influence for the time: that man's royalty of state transcends Belshazzar's for Belshazzar was not
Who has but once dined his friends, has tasted what it is to

master then by inference, you will derive the cause of the sea life just mentioned.

Over his ivory-inlaid table Ahab presided like a mated sea lion on the white coral beach surrounded by his warlike but still deferential cubs. In his own proper turn each officer waited to be served. They were as little children before Ahab and yet, in Ahab there seemed not to lurk the smallest social arrogance. With one mind their intent eyes all fastened upon the old man's knife, as he carved the chief dish before him. I do not suppose that for the world they would have profaned that moment with the slightest observation even upon so neutral a topic as the weather. No! And when reaching out his knife and fork, between which the slice of beef was locked Ahab thereby motioned Starbuck's plate towards him the mate received his meat as though receiving alms and cut it tenderly and a little startled if perchance, the knife grazed against the plate and chewed it noiselessly and swallowed it, not without circumspection. For like the Coronation banquet at Frankfort, where the German Emperor profoundly dines with the seven Imperial Electors so these cabin meals were somehow

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shows symptoms of concluding his repast then Flask must bestir himself he will not get more than three mouthfuls that day for it is against holy usage for Stubb to precede Flask to the deck Therefore it was that Flask once admitted in private that ever since he had arisen to the dignity of an officer from that moment he had never known what it was to be otherwise than hungry more or less For what he ate did not so much relieve his hunger as keep it immortal in him Peace and satisfaction thought Flask have for ever departed from my stomach I am an officer but how I wish I could fish a bit of old fashioned beef in the forecabin as I used to when I was before the mast There's the fruits of promotion now there's the vanity of glory there's the insanity of life! Besides if it were so that any mere sailor of the *Pequod* had a grudge against Flask in Flask's official capacity to go sitting

Now Ahab and his three mates formed what may be called the first table in the *Pequod's* cabin After their departure taking place in inverted order to their arrival the canvas cloth was cleared or rather was restored to some hurried order by the pallid steward And then the three harpooners were bidden to the feast they being its residuary legatees They made a sort of temporary servants hall of the high and mighty cabin

In strange contrast to the hardly tolerable constraint and nameless invisible domineerings of the captain's table was the entire care-free licence and ease the almost frantic democracy of those inferior fellows the harpooners While their masters the mates seemed afraid of the sound of the hinges of their own jaws the harpooners chewed their food with such a relish that there was a report to it They dined like lords they filled their bellies like Indian ships
tites had Queequeg and T

previous repast often the pale dough boy was laid to dining on a big baron of salt junk seemingly quarried out of the solid ox And if he were not lively about it if he did not go with a nimble hop-skip and jump then Tashtego had an ungentlemanly way of accelerating him by darting a fork at his back harpoon wise And once Daggoo seized with a sudden humour assisted Dough Boy's memory by snatching him up bodily and thrusting his head into a great empty wooden trencher while Tashtego knife in hand began laying out the circle preliminary to scalping him He was naturally a very nervous shuddering sort of little fellow this bread faced steward the progeny of a bankrupt baker and a hospital nurse And what with the standing spectacle of the black terrific Ahab and the periodical tumultuous visitations of these three savages Dough Boy's whole life was one continual lip-quiver Commonly after seeing the harpooners furnished with all things they demanded he would escape from their clutches

The Cabin Table

into his little pantry adjoining, and fearfully peep out at them through the blinds of its door till all was over

It was a sight to see Queequeg seated over against Tashtego opposing his filed teeth to the Indian's crosswise to them, Daggoo seated on the floor for a bench would have brought his hearse-plumed head to the low carlines at every motion of his colossal limbs making the low cabin framework to shake as when an African elephant goes passenger in a ship. But for all this, the great negro was wonderfully abstemious not so very dainty. It seemed hardly possible that by such comparatively small mouthfuls he could keep up the vitality diffused through so broad heronial, and superb a person. But, doubtless, this noble savage fed strong and drank deep of the abounding element of air and through his dilated nostrils snuffed in the sublime life of the world. Not by beef or by bread are giants made — nourished. But Queequeg, he had a mortal barbaric smack of the lip in eating — that the trembling Doubtful Boy
leeth lurked in his own lean
ing out for him to produce

their pockets for their lances and other weapons and with which whet stones at dinner they would ostentatiously sharpen their knives that grating sound did not at all tend to tranquillise poor Doubtful Boy. How

even step like Moorish scimitars in scabbards

captains who as a set rather incline to the opinion that by rights the ship's cabin belongs to them and that it is by courtesy alone that anybody else is, at any time permitted there. So that, in real truth, the mates and harpooners of the *Pequod* might more properly be said to have lived out of the cabin than in it. For when they did enter it it was something as a street-door enters a house — turning inwards for a moment, only to be turned out the next, and as a permanent thing, residing in the open air. Nor did they lose much hereby in the cabin was no companionship socially. Ahab was

inaccessible Though nominally included in the census of Christendom he was still an alien to it He lived in the world as the last of the Grisly Bears lived in settled Missouri And as when Spring and Summer had departed that wild Logan of the woods burying himself in the hollow of a tree lived out the winter there sucking his own paws so in his inclement howling old age Ahab's soul shut up in the caved trunk of his body there fed upon the sullen paws of its gloom!

Chapter 35

The Masthead

It was during the more pleasant weather that in due rotation with the other seamen my first masthead came round

In most American whalemens the mastheads are manned almost simultaneously with the vessels leaving her port even though she may have fifteen thousand miles and more to sail ere reaching her proper cruising ground And if after a three four or five years voyage she is drawing nigh home with anything empty in her—say an empty vial even—then her mastheads are kept manned to the last and not till her skysail poles sail in among the spires of the port does she altogether relinquish the hope of capturing one whale more

Now as the business of standing mastheads ashore or afloat is a very ancient and interesting one let us in some measure expatiate here I take it that the earliest standers of mastheads were the old Egyptians because in all my researches I find none prior to them For though their progenitors the builders of Babel must doubtless by their tower have intended to rear the loftiest masthead in all Asia or Africa either yet (ere the final truck was put to it) as that great stone mast of theirs may be said to have gone by the board in the dread gale of God's wrath therefore we cannot give these Babel builders priority over the Egyptians And that the Egyptians were a nation of masthead standers is an assertion based upon the general belief among archaeologists that the first pyramids were founded for astronomical purposes a theory singularly supported by the peculiar stair-like formation of all four sides of those edifices whereby with prodigious long upliftings of their legs those old astronomers were wont to mount to the apex and sing out for new stars even as the lookouts of a modern ship sing out for a sail or a whale just bearing in sight In Saint Stylites the famous Christian hermit of old times who built him a lofty stone pillar in the desert and spent the whole latter portion of his life on its summit hoisting his food from the ground with a tackle in him we have a remarkable instance of a dauntless stander-of mastheads who was not to be driven from his place by fogs or frosts rain hail or sleet but valiantly facing everything out to the last literally died at his post Of modern standers-of

The Masthead

1 1 1 1 1 lifeless set mere stone iron and bronze men
in
unge
me
are-
ne

1 1 1
 ing mainmast in the air
 marks that point of human grandeur beyond which few mortals will go

and descry what shoals and what rocks must be shunned
 It may seem unwarrantable to couple in any respect the masthead stand

whale fishery ere ships were regularly launched in pursuit of the game
 the people of that island erected lofty spars along the sea-coast to which
 the lookouts ascended by means of nailed cleats something as fowls go
 upstairs in a henhouse. A few years ago this same plan was adopted by the
 Bay whalers of New Zealand who upon descrying the game gave
 notice to the ready manned boats nigh the beach. But this custom has now
 become obsolete turn we then to the one proper masthead that of a whale
 ship at sea

The three masts are kept manned from sunrise to sunset the seamen tak-
 ing their regular turns as at the helm and relieving each other every two

1 1 1

sublime uneventfulness invests you you hear no news read no gazettes
 extras with startling accounts of commonplaces never delude you into un-
 necessary excitements you hear of no domestic afflictions bankrupt secur-

ties full of stocks are never troubled with the thought of what you shall have for dinner—for all your meals for three years and more are snugly stowed in casks and your bill of fare is immutable

In one of those Southern whalemén on a long three or four years voyage as often happens the sum of the various hours you spend at the masthead would amount to several entire months. And it is much to be deplored that the place to which you devote so considerable a portion of the whole term of your natural life should be so sadly destitute of anything approaching to a cosy inhabiteness or adapted to breed a comfortable localness of feeling such as pertains to a bed a hammock a hearse a sentry box a pulpit a porch or any other of those small and snug contrivances in which men temporarily isolate themselves. Your most usual point of perch is the head of the t

peculiar
the sea

horns. To be sure in cold weather you may carry your house aloft with you in the shape of a watch-coat but properly speaking the thickest watch-coat is no more of a house than the unclad body for as the soul is glued inside of its fleshly tabernacle and cannot freely move about in it nor even move out of it without running great risk of perishing (like an ignorant pilgrim crossing the snowy Alps in winter) so a watch-coat is not so much of a house as it is a mere envelope or additional skin encasing you. You cannot put a shelf or chest of drawers in your body and no more can you make a convenient closet of your watch-coat.

Concerning all this it is much to be deplored that the mastheads of a Southern whale ship are unprovided with those enviable little tents or pulpits called *crow's nests* in which the lookouts of a Greenland whaler are protected from the inclement weather of the frozen seas. In the fireside narrative of Captain Sleet entitled *A Voyage among the Icebergs in quest of the Greenland Whale and incidentally for the re-discovery of the Lost Icelandic Colonies of Old Greenland* in this admirable volume all strand-ers of mastheads are furnished with a charmingly circumstantial account of the then recently invented *crow's nest* of the *Clacier* which was the name of Captain Sleet's good craft. He called it the *Sleet's crow's nest* in honour of himself he being the original inventor and patentee and free from all ridiculous false delicacy and holding that if we call our own children after our own names (we fathers being the original inventors and patentees) so likewise should we denominate after ourselves any other apparatus we may begot. In shape the *Sleet's crow's nest* is something like a large tierce or pipe it is open above however where it is furnished with a movable side-screen to keep to windward of your head in a hard gale. Being fixed on the summit of the mast you ascend into it through a little trap-door in the bottom. On the after side or side next the stern of the ship is a com-

The Masthead

comfortable seat with a locker underneath for umbrellas comforters and coats In front is a leather rack in which to keep your speaking trumpet pipe telescope and other nautical conveniences When Captain Sleet in person stood his masthead in this crow's nest of his he tells us that he always had a rifle with him (also fixed in the rack) together with a powder flask and shot for the purpose of popping off the stray Narwhals or vagrant
 ... festing those waters for you cannot successfully shoot at

J
 ents in this
 of counter
 tion of all
 of the iron

in the ship's planks (and in the *Glacier's* case perhaps to there having been so many broken-down blacksmiths among her crew) I say that though the Captain is very d'screet and scientific here yet for all his learned 'binnacle deviations azimuth compass observations and approximate errors he knows very well Captain Sleet that he was not so

hand Though upon the whole I greatly admire and even love the brave

was studying the mathematics aloft there in that bird's nest within three or four perches of the pole

view of the watery pastures and so at last mount to my ultimate destination

And let me in this place movingly admonish you ye shipowners of Nantucket! Beware of enlisting in your vigilant fisheries any lad with lean brow and hollow eye given to unseasonable meditateness and who offers to ship with Phredon instead of Bowditch in his head Beware of such an one I say your whales must be seen before they can be killed and this sunken-eyed Platonist will tow you ten wakes round the world and never make you one pint of sperm the richer Nor are these monitions at all unneeded For nowadays the whale-fishery furnishes an asylum for many romantic melancholy and absent minded young men disgusted with the carking cares of earth and seeking sentiment in tar and blubber Childe Harold not unfrequently perches himself upon the masthead of some luckless disappointed whale-ship and in moody phrase ejaculates—

*Roll on thou deep and dark blue ocean roll!
Ten thousand blubber hunters sweep over thee in vain*

Very often do the captains of such ships take those absent minded young

otherwise But all in vain those young Platonists have a notion that their vision is imperfect they are short sighted what use then to strain the visual nerve? They have left their opera glasses at home

Why thou monkey said a harpooner to one of these lads we've been cruising now hard upon three years and thou hast not raised a whale yet Whales are scarce as hen's teeth whenever thou art up here Perhaps they were or perhaps there might have been shoals of them in the far horizon but lulled into such an opium like listlessness of vacant unconscious reverie is this absent minded youth by the blinding evidence of waves with thoughts that at last he loses his identity takes the mystic ocean at his feet for the visible image of mankind and nature and every that eludes him every dimly definable form seems to him the embodiment of those elusive thoughts that only people the soul by continually flitting through it In this enchanted mood thy spirit ebbs away to whence it came becomes diffused through time and space like Cranmer's sprinkled Pantheistic ashes forming at last a part of every shore the round globe over

There is no life in thee now except that rocking life imparted by a

horror Over Cartesian vortices you hover And perhaps at mid-day in the fairest weather with one half throttled shriek you drop through that

The Quarter Deck

transparent air into the summer sea no more to rise for ever Heed it well
ye Pantheists!

Chapter 36

The Quarter Deck

(Enter Ahab Then all)

It was not a great while after the affair of the pipe, that one morning
shortly after breakfast Ahab as was his wont, ascended the cabin-gang-
way to the deck There most sea-captains usually walk at that hour as
if they were to take a few turns in the garden
for he paced his old

thought

But on the occasion in question those dents looked deeper even as his
And so full of his thought

as he turned and pace in him as he paced so completely possessing him
indeed that it all but seemed the inward mould of every outer movement.

Dre mark him Flask^o whispered Stubb the chick that's in him pecks
the shell. 'Twill soon be out.

The hours wore on — Ahab now shut up within his cabin anon pacing
the deck with the same intense bigotry of purpose in his aspect.

It drew near the close of day Suddenly he came to a halt by the bulwarks

shipboard except in some extraordinary case

Send every body aft repeated Ahab Mastheads there! come down!

When the entire ship's company were assembled and with curious and

that he continued to pace unmindful of the wondering whispering among
the men till Stubb cautiously whispered to Flask, that Ahab must have
summoned them there for the purpose of witnessing a pedestrian feat
But this did not last long Vehemently pausing he cried—

'What do ye do when ye see a whale men?

Sing out for him! was the impulsive rejoinder from a score of clubbed voices

Good! cried Ahab with a wild approval in his tones observing the hearty animation into which his unexpected question had so magnetically thrown them

And what do ye next men?

Lower away and after him!

And what tune is it ye pull to men?

A dead whale or a stove boat!

More and more strangely and fiercely glad and approving grew the countenance of the old man at every shout while the mariners began to gaze curiously at each other as if marvelling how it was that they themselves became so excited at such seemingly purposeless questions

But they were all eagerness again as Ahab now half revolving in his pivot hole with one hand reaching high up a shroud and tightly almost convulsively grasping it addressed them thus—

All ye mastheaders have before now heard me give orders about a white whale Look ye! d ye see this Spanish ounce of gold?—holding up a broad bright coin to the sun—it is a sixteen dollar piece men D ye see it? Mr Starbuck hand me yon top-maul

While the mate was getting the hammer Ahab without speaking was slowly rubbing the gold piece against the skirts of his jacket as if to heighten its lustre and without using any words was meanwhile lowly humming to himself producing a sound so strangely muffled and inarticulate that it seemed the mechanical humming of the wheels of his vitality in him

Receiving the top-maul from Starbuck he advanced towards the main mast with the hammer uplifted in one hand exhibiting the gold with the other and with a high raised voice exclaiming 'Whosoever of ye raises me a white headed whale with a wrinkled brow and a crooked jaw whosoever of ye raises me that white headed whale with three holes punctured in his starboard fluke—look ye whosoever of ye raises me that same white whale he shall have this gold ounce my boys!

Huzza! huzza! cried the seamen as with swinging tar-paulins they hailed the act of nailing the gold to the mast

It's a white whale I say resumed Ahab as he threw down the top-maul a white whale Skin your eyes for him men look sharp for white water if ye see but a bubble sing out

All this while Tashtego Daggoo and Queequeg had looked on with even more intense interest and surprise than the rest and at the mention of the wrinkled brow and crooked jaw they had started as if each was separately touched by some specific recollection

The Quarter Deck

Captain Ahab said Tashtego that white whale must be the same that some call Moby Dick.

Moby Dick shouted Ahab Do ye know the white whale then Tash

Does he fan tail a littl' curious sir before he goes down? said the Gay Header deliberately

And has he a curious spout too said Daggo very bushy even for a parmacetty and mighty quick Captain Ahab?

And he have one two tree—oh! good many iron in him hide too Captain cried Queequeg disjointedly all twisketee be-twisk like him—him—faltering hard for a word and screwing his hand round and round like him—like him—like him—hum—hum—

Death and devils' men it is Moby Dick ye have a Dick!

Captain Ahab said Starbuck who with Stubb and Flask had thus far been eyeing his superior with increasing surprise but at last seemed struck with a thought which somehow explained all the wonder Captain Ahab I have heard of Moby Dick—but it was not Moby Dick that took off thy leg?

Who told thee that? cried Ahab then pausing Aye Starbuck aye my

it was that accursed white whale that razed me made a poor pegging lubber of me for ever and a day! Then tossing both arms with measureless imprecations he shouted out Aye aye! and I'll chase him round Good Hope and round the Horn and round the Norway Maelstrom and round perdition's flames before I give him up And this is what ye have shipped for men! to chase that white whale on both sides of land and over all sides of earth till he spouts black blood and rolls fin out What say ye men will ye splice hands on it now? I think ye do look brave

Aye aye! shouted the harpooners and seamen running closer to the excited old man a sharp eye for the White Whale a sharp lance for Moby Dick!

God bless ye he seemed to half sob and half shout God bless ye men Steward! go draw the great measure of grog But what's this long face about Mr Starbuck? wilt thou not chase the white whale? art not game for Moby Dick

I am game for his crooked jaw and for the jaws of Death too Captain

Ahab if it fairly comes in the way of the business we follow but I came here to hunt whales not my commander's vengeance How many barrels will thy vengeance yield thee even if thou guttest it Captain Ahab? it will not fetch thee much in our Nantucket market

Nantucket market! Hoot! But come closer Starbuck thou requir'st a little lower layer If money's to be the measurer man and the accountants have computed their great counting house the globe by girdling it with guineas one to every three parts of an inch then let me tell thee that my vengeance will fetch a great premium *here!*

He smites his chest whispered Stubb what's that for? methinks it rings most vast but hollow

Vengeance on a dumb brute! cried Starbuck that simply smote thee from blindest instinct! Madness! To be enraged with a dumb thing Captain Ahab seems blasphemous

Hark ye yet again—the little lower layer All visible objects man are but as pasteboard masks But in each event—in the living act the undoubted deed—there some unknown but still reasoning thing puts forth the mouldings of its features from behind the unreasoning mask If man will strike strike through the mask! How can the prisoner reach outside except by thrusting through the wall? To me the white whale is that wall shoved near to me Sometimes I think there's naught beyond But 'tis enough He tasks me he heaps me I see in him outrageous strength with an inscrutable malice sinewing it That inscrutable thing is chiefly what I hate and be the white whale agent or be the white whale principal I will wreak that hate upon him Talk not to me of blasphemy man I'd strike the sun if it insulted me For could the sun do that then could I do the other since there is ever a sort of fair play herein jealously presiding over all creations But not my master man is even that fair play Whos over me? Truth hath no confines Take off thine eye! more intolerable than fiends glarings is a doltish stare! So so thou reddenest and palest my heart has melted thee to anger glow But look ye Starbuck what is said in heat that thing unsays itself There are men from whom warm words are small indignity I meant not to incense thee Let it go Look! see yonder Turkish cheeks of spotted tawn—living breathing pictures painted by the sun The pagan leopards—the unrecking and unworshipping things that live and seek and give no reasons for the torrid life they feel! The crew man the crew! Are they not one and all with Ahab in this matter of the whale? See Stubb! he laughs! See yonder Chilm! he snorts to think of it Stand up amid the general hurricane thy one lost sapling cannot Starbuck! And what is it? Reckon it 'Tis but to help strike a fin no wondrous feat for Starbuck What is it more? From this one poor hunt then the best lance out of all Nantucket surely he will not hang back when every foremost hand has clutched a whetstone? Ah! constraining seize thee I see! the

The Quarter Deck

billow lifts thee! Speak but speak!—Aye, aye! thy silence that—that voices thee. (*Aside*) Something shot from my dilated nostrils, he has inhaled it in his lungs Starbuck now is mine cannot oppose me now without rebellion

God keep me!—keep us all! murmured Starbuck lowly

But in his joy at the enchanted tacit acquiescence of the mate Ahab

from the hold
or yet the hol-
earts sank in
abhorrence of
he sails filled

life the subterranean
out the ship heaved and rolled as before Ah ye admonitions and warnings!
why stay ye not when ye come? But rather are ye predictions than warn-
ings ye shadows! Let not so much predictions from without, as verifications
For with little external to constrain us the
all drive us on

Receiving the brimming pewter and turning to the harpooneers he ordered them to produce their weapons Then ranging them before him near the capstan with their harpoons in their hands while his three mates stood at his side with their lances and the rest of the ship's company formed a circle round the group he stood for an instant searchingly eyeing every man of his crew But those wild eyes met his as the bloodshot eyes of the prairie wolves meet the eye of their leader ere he rushes on at their head in the trail of the bison but alas! only to fall into the hidden snare of the Indian

Drink and pass! he cried handing the heavy charged flagon to the nearest seaman The crew alone now drink Round with it round! Short draughts—long swallows men tis hot as Satan's hoof So so it goes round excellently It spirals in ye forks out at the serpent snapping eye Well done almost drained That way it went this way it comes Hand it me—here's a hollow! Men ye seem the years so brimming life is gulped and gone Steward refill!

Attend now my braves I have mustered ye all round this capstan and ye mates flank me with your lances and ye harpooneers stand there with your irons and ye stout mariners ring me in that I may in some sort revive an old custom of my fishermen fathers before me O men you will yet see that—Ha! boy come back bad pennies come not sooner Hand it me. Why not this pewter had run brimming again wert not thou St. Vitus imp—as thou ague!

Advance ye mates! Cross your lances full before me Well done! Let me touch the axis So saying, with extended arm he grasped the three level radiating lances at their crossed centre while so doing, suddenly and

nervously twitched them meanwhile glancing intently from Starbuck to Stubb from Stubb to Flask. It seemed as though by some nameless interior volition he would fain have shocked into them the same fiery emotion accumulated within the Leyden jar of his own magnetic life. The three mates quailed before his strong sustained and mystic aspect. Stubb and Flask looked sideways from him; the honest eye of Starbuck fell down right.

In vain! cried Ahab but maybe tis well. For did ye three but once take the full forced shock then mine own electric thing *that* had perhaps expired from out me. Perchance too it would have dropped ye dead. Perchance ye need it not. Down lances! And now ye mates I do appoint ye three cupbearers to my three pagan kinsmen there—you three most honourable gentlemen and noblemen my valiant harpooneers. Disdain the task? What when the great pope washes the feet of beggars using his tiara for ewer? Oh my sweet cardinals! your own condescension *that* shall bend ye to it. I do not order ye ye will it. Cut your seizings and draw the poles ye harpooneers!

Silently obeying the order the three harpooneers now stood with the detached iron part of their harpoons some three feet long held barbs up before him.

Stab me not with that keen steel! Cant them cant them over! know ye not the goblet end? Turn up the socket! So so now ye cupbearers advance! The irons! take them hold them while I fill! Forthwith slowly going from one officer to the other he brimmed the harpoon socket with the fiery waters from the pewter.

Now three to three ye stand. Commend the murderous chalices! Bestow them ye who are now made parties to this indissoluble league. Ha! Starbuck! but the deed is done! Yon ratifying sun now waits to sit upon it. Drink! ye harpooneers! drink and swear ye men that man the deathful whaleboat's bow—Death to Moby Dick! Cod hunt us all if we do not hunt Moby Dick to his death!

The long barbed steel goblets were lifted and to cries and maledictions against the white whale the spirits were simultaneously quaffed down with a hiss. Starbuck paled and turned and shivered. Once more and finally the replenished pewter went the rounds among the frantic crew when waving his free hand to them they all dispersed and Ahab retired within his cabin.

Chapter 37

Sunset

(*The cabin by the stern windows Ahab sitting alone and ga ing out*)
I LEAVE a white and turbid wake pale waters paler cheeks where'er I sail. The envious billows sidelong swell to overwhelm my track let them but

Dusk

First I pass.

Yonder by the ever brimming goblets run the warm waves blush
like wine. The gold brow plumbs the blue. The diver sun—long dived from
noon—goes down my soul mounts up! she weaves with her endless hill
ashings; but
iron—that I
no so my

Dr. heat upon my brow Oh, time was, I used to rise nobly
on mad me so the sunset soothed No more. This lovely light it lights

good night! (wringing his hand he wrores from the sun)
Twas not so hard a task. I thought to find one stubborn at the least but
my one cogged circle fits in o all their various wheels and they revolve.

They think me mad—Starbuck does but I'm demonic, I am madness
maddened. That wild madness that's only calm to comprehend: self!
The prophecy was that I should be dismembered and—Ave! I lost this

serve me else serve yourself as man has ye there Swerve me? The
path to my fixed purpose is laid with iron rails, whereon my soul is grooved
to run Over unsounded gorges through the rifled hearts of mountains,
and torrents beds, unerringly I rush! Naught's an obstacle naught's an
angle to the iron way!

Chapter 38

Dusk

(By the mainmast Starbuck learning against it)

My soul is more than matched she's overmanned and by a madman!
In offerable sin, that sanity should ground arms on such a field! But

he drilled deep down and blisted all my reason out of me! I think I see his impious end but feel that I must help him to it Will I nill I the ineffable thing has tied me to him tows me with a cable I have no knife to cut I horrible old man! Who's over him he cries—aye he would be a democrat to all above look how he lords it over all below! Oh! I plainly see my miserable office—to obey rebelling and worse yet to hate with touch of pity! For in his eyes I read some lurid woe would shivel me up had I it Yet is there hope Time and tide flow wide The hated whale has the round watery world to swim in as the small gold fish has its glassy globe His heaven insulting purpose God may wedge aside I would up-heart were it not like lead But my whole clock's run down my heart the all controlling weight I have no key to lift again

(A burst of revelry from the fore-castle)

Oh God! to sail with such a heathen crew that have small touch of human mothers in them! Whelped somewhere by the sharkish sea The white whale is their demogorgon Hark! the infernal orgies! that revelry is forward! mark the unfaltering silence aft! Methinks it pictures life Foremost through the sparkling sea shoots on the gay embattled bantering bow but only to drag dark Ahab after it where he broods within his stern ward cabin builded over the dead water of the wake and further on hunted by its wolfish gurglings The long howl thrills me through! Peace! ye revellers and set the watch! Oh life! 'tis in an hour like this with soul beat down and held to knowledge—as wild untutored things are forced to feel—Oh life! 'tis now that I do feel the latent horror in thee! but tis
 — 11 12 1 1 human in me
 1 me hold me

Chapter 39

First Night Watch

FORETOP

(Stubb solus and mending a brace)

HA! HA! ha! ha! hem! clear my throat!—I've been thinking over it ever since and that ha has the final consequence Why so? Because ■ laughs the wisest easiest answer to all that's queer and come what will one comfort's always left—that unfailing comfort ■ it's all predestinated I heard not all his talk with Starbuck but to my poor eye Starbuck then looked something as I the other evening felt Be sure the old Mogul has fixed him too I twigged it knew it had had the gift might readily have prophesied it—for when I clapped my eye upon his skull I saw it Well Stubb use Stubb—that's my title—well Stubb what of it Stubb? Here's a carcass I know not

Midnight Forecastle

all that may be coming but be it what it will I'll go to it laughing Such a
waggish leering as lurks in all your hornbles! I feel funny Fa la lirra
skirra! What's my juicy little pear at home doing now? Crying its eyes
out—Givin' a party to the last arrived harpooners I dare say gay as a
frigate's pennant and so am I—fa la! lirra skirra! Oh!

— 1 1

A brave state that—who call ' Mr Starbuck Aye aye sir—(Aside)
he's my superior he has his too if I'm not mistaken—Aye aye sir just
through with this job—coming

Chapter 40

Midnight Forecastle

HARPOONEERS AND SAILORS

(Foresail rises and discovers the watch standing, lounging, leaning, and
lying in various attitudes all singing in chorus)

Farewell an' adieu to you Span sh lad s'
Farewell and adieu to you ladies of Spa n'
O'er captain's com m' d—

FIRST NANTUCKET SAILOR

Oh boys don't be sentimental it's bad for the digestion! Take a tonic,
follow me!

(Sings and all follow)

Our captain stood upon the deck,
A spy glass in his hand
A viewing of those gallant whales
That blew at every strand
O! you tubs n' your boats my boys
A'd by you braces stand
And e'll har o' of those fine whales
H! I boys over hand
So much ery my lads may you hearts never fail
While the bold harpoon er's strikes a'il l'le!

MATE'S VOICE FROM THE QUARTER DECK

Eight bells there forward!

Moby Dick

SECOND NANTUCKET SAILOR

Avast the chorus! Eight bells there! d'ye hear bell boy? Strike the bell eight thou Pip! thou blackling! and let me call the watch I've the sort of mouth for that—the hog'shead mouth So so (thrusts his head down the scuttle) Star-bo-lee-e-n-s a-h-o-y! Eight bells there below! Tumble up!

DUTCH SAILOR

Grand snoozing to-night maty fit night for that I mark this in our old Mogul's wine it's quite as deadening to some as filliping to others We
— — — — — ke ground tier butts At em again!
— — — — — em through it Tell them to avast
— — — — — e resurrection they must kiss their
last and come to Judgment That's the way—that's it thy throat ain't
spoiled with eating Amsterdam butter

FRENCH SAILOR

Hist boys! let's have a jig — — —
What say ye? There comes
Pip! hurrah with your tambourine

PIP

(Sulky and sleepy)

Don't know where it is

FRENCH SAILOR

Beat thy belly then and wag thy ears Jig it men I say merry's the word hurrah! Damn me won't you dance? I'm now Indian file and gallop into the double shuffle? Throw yourselves! Legs! legs!

ICELAND SAILOR

I don't like your floor maty it's too springy to my taste I'm used to ice-floors I'm sorry to throw cold water on the subject but excuse me

MALTESE SAILOR

Me too where's your girls? Who but a fool would take his left hand by his right and say to himself how d'ye do? Partners! I must have partners!

SICILIAN SAILOR

Aye girls and a green!—then I'll hop with ye ye a turn grasshopper!

LONG ISLAND SAILOR

Well well ye sulkies there's plenty more of us Hoe corn when you

Midnight Forecastle

may say I All legs go to harvest soon Ah! here comes the music, now for it!

AZORE SAILOR

(Ascending and pitching the tambourine up the scuttle)

Here you are Pip and there's the windlass bits up you mount! Now boys!
(The half of them dance to the tambourine some go below some sleep or lie a-rolling the coils of rigging Oaths a plenty)

AZORE SAILOR

(Dancing)

Go it Pip! Bang it bell boy! Rug it dig it stig it quig it bell-boy! Make fire-flies break the jugglers!

PIP

Jin! Is you say?—there goes another dropped off I pound it so

CHINA SAILOR

Rattle thy teeth then and pound away make a pagoda of thyself

FRENCH SAILOR

Merry mad! Hold up thy hoop Pip till I jump through it! Split yibs! tear yourselves!

TASITTEGO

(Quietly smoking)

That's a white man he calls that fun humph! I save my sweat

OLD MANT SAILOR

I wonder whether those jolly lads bethink them of what they are dancing over I'll dance over your grave I will—that's the bitterest threat of your nigh women that beat head winds round corners O Christ! to think of the green navies and the green-skulled crews! Well well belike the whole world a ball as you scholars have it and so 'tis right to make one ballroom of it Dance on lads you're young I was once

THIRD NANTUCKET SAILOR

Spell oh!—ah w! this is worse than pulling after whales in a calm—give us a huff Tash
(They cease dancing, and gather in clusters Meantime the sky darkens—the clouds rise)

Moby Dick

LASCAR SAILOR

By Brahma! boys it'll be douse sail soon The sky born high tide Ganges
turned to wind! Thou showest thy black brow Seeval

MALTESE SAILOR

(Reclining and shaking his cap)

It's the waves—the snows caps turn to jig it now They'll shake their
tassels soon Now would all the waves were women then I'd go drown
and chassée with them evermore! There's naught so sweet on earth—
heaven may not match it!—as those swift glances of warm wild bosoms in
the dance when the over-arching arms hide such ripe bursting grapes

SICILIAN SAILOR

(Reclining)

Tell me not of it! I hark ye lad—fleet interlacings of the limbs—lute sway-
ings—coyings—flutterings! hip! heart! hip! all graze unceasing touch and
go! not taste observe ye else come satiety Eh Pagan? *(Nudging)*

TAHITIAN SAILOR

(Reclining on a mat)

Hail holy nakedness of our dancing girls!—the Heeva I leeva! Ah! low
veiled high palmed Tahiti! I still rest me on thy mat but the soft soil has
slid! I saw thee woven in the wood my mat! green the first day I brought ye
thence now worn and wilted quite Ah me!—not thou nor I can bear the
change! How then if so be transplanted to yon sky? I hear I the roaring
streams from Pirohitee's peak of spears when they leap down the crags and
drown the villages!—The blast! the blast! Up spine and meet it! *(Leaps
to his feet)*

PORTUGUESE SAILOR

How the sea rolls swashing against the side! Strand by for reefing
hearties! the winds are just crossing swords pell mell they'll go lunging
presently

DANISH SAILOR

Crack crack old ship! so long as thou crackest thou holdest! Well done!
The mate there holds ye to it stiffly He's no more afraid than the isle fort
at Cattegat put there to fight the Baltic with storm lashed guns on which
the sea-salt cakes!

FOURTH NANTUCKET SAILOR

He has his orders mind ye that I heard old Ahab tell him he must

Moby Dick

SPANISH SAILOR

(*Meeting him*)

Knife thee heartily! big frame small spirit!

ALL

A row! a row! a row!

TASHITEGO

(*With a whiff*)

A row a low and a row aloft—gods and men—both brawlers! Humph!

BELFAST SAILOR

A row! arrah a row! The Virgin be blessed a row! Plunge in with ye!

ENGLISH SAILOR

Fair play! Snatch the Spaniard's knife! A ring a ring!

OLD MAN'S SAILOR

Ready formed There! the ringed horizon In that ring Cain struck Abel
Sweet work right work! No! Why then God mad st thou the ring

MATE'S VOICE FROM THE QUARTER DECK

Hands by the halyards! in top-gallant sails! Stand by to reef topsails!

ALL

The squall! the squall! jump my jollies! (*They scatter*)

PIP

(*Shrinking under the windlass*)

Jollies? Lord help such jollies! Crish crash! there goes the jib-stav!
Blang whang! God! Duck lower Pip here comes the royal yard! It's worse
than being in the whirled woods the last day of the year! Who'd go climb
ing after chestnuts now? But there they go all cursing and here I don't
Fine prospects to em they're on the road to heaven I hold on hard! Jimminy
what a squall! But those chaps there are worse yet—they are your white
squalls they White squalls? white whale shurr! shurr! Here have I heard
all their chat just now and the white whale—shurr! shurr!—but spoken of
once! and only this evening—it makes me jingle all over like my tambou-
rine—that anaconda of an old man swore em in to hunt him! Oh thou big
white God aloft there somewhere in yon darkness have mercy on this small

Moby Dick

black boy down here preserve him from all men that have no bowels to feel fear!

Chapter 41

Moby Dick

... had gone up with the rest
ger I shouted and more
fread in my soul A wild
quenchless feud seemed

mine With greedy ear I learned the history of that murderous monster against whom I and all the others had taken our oaths of violence and revenge

For some time past though at intervals only the unaccompanied secluded White Whale had haunted those uncivilised seas mostly frequented by the Sperm Whale fishermen But not all of them knew of his

the disorderly way they were sprinkled over the entire watery circumference many of them adventurously pushing their quest along solitary latitudes so as seldom or never for a whole twelvemonth or more on a stretch to encounter a single news telling sail of any sort the inordinate length of each separate voyage the irregularity of the times of sailing from home all these with other circumstances direct and indirect long obstructed the spread through the whole world wide whaling fleet of the special individualising tidings concerning Moby Dick It was hardly to be doubted that several vessels reported to have encountered at such or such a time or on such or such a meridian a sperm whale of uncommon magnitude and malignity which whale after doing great mischief to his assailants had completely escaped them to some minds it was not an unfair presumption I say that the whale in question must have been no other than Moby Dick Yet as of late the Sperm Whale fishery had been marked by various and not unfrequent instances of great ferocity cunning and malice in the monster attacked therefore it was that those who by accident

And as for those who previously hearing of the White Whale by chance caught sight of him in the beginning of the thing they had every

one of them almost as boldly and fearlessly lowered for him as for any other whale of that species. But at length such calamities did ensue in these assaults—not restricted to sprained wrists and ankles, broken limbs or devouring amputations—but fatal to the last degree of fatality, those repeated disastrous repulses all accumulating and piling their terrors upon Moby Dick, those things had gone far to shake the fortitude of many brave hunters to whom the story of the White Whale had eventually come.

Nor did wild rumours of all sorts fail to exaggerate and still the more horrify the true histories of these deadly encounters. For not only do fabulous rumours naturally grow out of the very body of all surprising terrible events—as the smitten tree gives birth to its fungi, but in maritime life far more than in that of *terra firma*, wild rumours abound wherever there is any adequate reality for them to cling to. And as the sea surpasses the land in this matter, so the whale fishery surpasses every other sort of maritime life in the wonderfulness and fearfulness of the rumours which sometimes circulate there. For not only are whalers as a body unexempt from that ignorance and superstitiousness hereditary to all sailors, but of all sailors they are by all odds the most directly brought into contact with whatever is appallingly astonishing in the sea, face to face they not only eye its greater marvels but hand to jaw give battle to them. Alone in such remotest waters, that though you sailed a thousand miles and passed a thousand shores, you would not come to any chiselled hearthstone or night hospitable beneath that part of the sun in such latitudes and longitudes, pursuing too such a calling as he does the whaler, is wrapped by influences all tending to make his fancy pregnant with many a mighty birth.

No wonder then, that ever gathering volume from the mere transit over the widest watery spaces, the outblown rumours of the White Whale did in the end incorporate with themselves all manner of morbid hints and half formed fœtal suggestions of supernatural agencies, which eventually invested Moby Dick with new terrors unborrowed from anything that visibly appears. So that in many cases such a panic did he finally strike that few who by those rumours at least had heard of the White Whale, few of those hunters were willing to encounter the perils of his jaw.

But there were still other and more vital practical influences at work. Not even at the present day has the original prestige of the Sperm Whale, as fearfully distinguished from all other species of the *Lepidoptera*, died out of the minds of the whalers as a body. There are those this day among them who though intelligent and courageous enough in offering battle to the Greenland or Right Whale, would perhaps—either from professional inexperience or incompetency or timidity decline a contest with the Sperm Whale. At any rate there are plenty of whalers especially among those whaling nations not sailing under the American flag who have never

Moby Dick

hostilely encountered the Sperm Whale but whose sole knowledge of the Leviathan is restricted to the ignoble monster primitively pursued in the North. Seated on their haunches these men will hearken with a childish fireside interest and awe to the wild strange tales of Southern whaling. Nor is the pre-eminent tremendousness of the great Sperm Whale any where more feelingly comprehended than on board of those prows which stem them

as Cuvier's were these or almost similar impressions etched for in his Natural History the Baron himself affirms that at sight of the Sperm Whale all fish (sharks included) are struck with the most lively terrors,

yet in their full terribleness, even to the doubts of their existence. Superstitious belief in them is in some vicissitudes of their vocation revived in the minds of the hunters.

So that overawed by the rumours and portents concerning him not a few of the fishermen recalled in reference to Moby Dick the earlier days

eventually to be torn into a quick eternity. On this head there are some remarkable documents that may be consulted.

Nevertheless some there were who even in the face of these things

were sufficiently hardy not to flee from the battle if offered.

One of the wild suggestions referred to as at last coming to be linked with the White Whale in the minds of the superstitiously inclined was the unearthly conceit that Moby Dick was ubiquitous that he had actually been encountered in opposite latitudes at one and the same instant of time.

Nor credulous as such minds must have been was this conceit altogether without some faint show of superstitious probability. For as the secrets of the currents in the seas have never yet been divulged even to the most erudite research so the hidden ways of the Sperm Whale when beneath

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the surface remain in great part unaccountable to his pursuers and from time to time have originated the most curious and contradictory speculations regarding them especially concerning the mystic modes whereby

while ships and a century placed upon authoritative record years ago by Scoresby that some whales have been captured far north in the Pacific in whose bodies have been found the barbs of harpoons darted in the Greenland seas. Nor is it to be gainsaid that in some of these instances it has been declared that the interval of time between the two assaults could not have exceeded very many days. Hence by inference it has been believed by some whalers that the Nor West Passage so long a problem to man was never a problem to the whale. So that here in the real living experience of living men the prodigies related in old times of the inland Strello mountain in Portugal (near whose top there was said to be a lake in which the wrecks of ships floated up to the surface) and that still more wonderful story of the Arethusa fountain near Syracuse (whose waters were believed to have come from the Holy Land by an underground passage) these fabulous narrations are almost fully equalled by the realities of the whaler.

Forced into familiarity then with such prodigies as these and knowing that after repeated intrepid assaults the White Whale had escaped alive it cannot be much matter of surprise that some whalermen should go still further in their superstitions declaring Moby Dick not only ubiquitous but immortal (for immortality is but ubiquity in time) that though groves of spears should be planted in his flanks he would still swim away unharmed or if indeed he should ever be made to spout thick blood such a sight would be but a ghastly deception for again in unensanguined billows hundred of leagues away his unsullied jet would once more be seen.

But even stripped of these supernatural surmising there was enough in the earthly make and incontestable character of the monster to strike the imagination with unwonted power. For it was not so much his uncommon bulk that so much distinguished him from other sperm whales, but as was elsewhere thrown out—a peculiar snow white wrinkled forehead and a high pyramidal white hump. These were his prominent features the tokens whereby even in the limitless uncharted seas he revealed his identity at a long distance to those who knew him.

The rest of his body was so streaked and spotted and marbled with the same shrouded hue that in the end he had gained his distinctive appellation of the White Whale a name indeed literally justified by his vivid aspect when seen gliding in the milky way wake of cream was it his unwonted magr

Moby Dick

here far beneath the fantastic towers of man's upper earth his root of
 a broken throne the
 d he patient sits up-
 ages Wind ye down
 d sad king! A family
 s and from your grim

namely all my means
 hout power to kill or
 are sane my motive and my object in
 change or shun the fact he likewise knew that to mankind he did long
 did still But that thing of his dissembling was

high
 dlarly
 h al
 ser bed to a kindred cause And so too all the adieu

symptoms the calculating people of that period

lenting fangs of some incurable

stencil ed the ship from such a mendacious man they were bent on pi
 cruises the profit to be counted down in dollars from the mint He was
 te tion an audacious immitigable and supernatural revenge

Here then was this grey headed ungodly old man chasing with curses
 a Job's whale round the world at the head of a crew too chiefly made up
 of mongrel renegades and castaways and cannibals—morally enfeebled
 also by the incompetence of mere unaided virtue or right mindedness in

the whale's white hump the sum of all the general rage and hate felt by his whole race from Adam down and then as if his chest had been a mortar he burst his hot heart's shell upon it

It is not probable that this monomania in him took its instant rise at the precise time of his bodily dismemberment Then in darting at the monster knife in hand he had but given loose to a sudden passionate corporal animosity and when he received the stroke that tore him he probably but felt the agonising bodily laceration but nothing more Yet when by this collision forced to turn towards home and for long months of days and weeks Ahab and anguish lay stretched together in one hammock rounding in mid winter that dreary howling Patagonian Cape then it was that his torn body and gashed soul bled into one another and so interfusing made him mad That it was only then on the homeward voyage after the encounter that the final monomania seized him seems all but certain from the fact that when he was first seen he was

forced to lace him fast even there as he sailed raving in his hammock In a strait jacket he swung to the mad rockings of the gales And when running into more sufferable latitudes the ship with mild stunsails spread floated across the tranquil tropics and to all appearances the old man's delirium seemed left behind him with the Cape Horn swells and he came forth from his dark den into the blessed light and air even then when he bore that firm collected front however pale and issued his calm orders once again and his mates thanked God the direful madness was now gone even then Ahab in his hidden self raved on Human madness is oftentimes a cunning and most feline thing When you think it fled it may have but become transfigured into still subtler form Ahab's full lunacy subsided not but deepeningly contracted like the untrabated Hudson when that noble Northman flows narrowly but unfathomably through the High land gorge But as in his narrow flowing monomania not one jot of Ahab's broad madness had been left behind so in that broad madness not one jot of his great natural intellect had perished That before living agent now became the living instrument If such a furious trope may strand his spectral lunacy stormed his general sanity and carried it and turned all its concentrated cannon upon its own mad mark so that far from having lost his strength Ahab to that one end did now possess a thousand fold more potency than ever he had sanely brought to bear upon any one reasonable object

This is much yet Ahab's larger darker deeper part remains unhunted But vain to popularise profundities and all truth is profound Winding far down from within the very heart of this spiked Hotel de Cluny where we here stand—however grand and wonderful now quit it—and take your way ye nobler and sadder souls to those vast Roman halls of Thermes

The Whiteness of The Whale

— 2 — on Grant of gladness for among the Romans a white stone
— 4 —

of America the giving of the white bear or walrus
in many climes whiteness typifies the majesty of Justice
and
eries
nine
orked

and in the Greek mythologies
in a snow white bull and though
in the noble Iroquois the mid winter sacrifice of the sacred White Dog
was by far the holiest festival of their theology that spotless faithful
creature being held the purest envoy they could send to the Great Spirit
with the annual tidings of their fidelity and though directly from the
Latin word for white all Christian priests derive the name of one part
of their sacred vesture the alb or tunic worn beneath the cassock and
though among the holy pomps of the Romish faith white is specially
employed in the celebration of the Passion of our Lord though in the
Vision of St. John white robes are given to the redeemed and the four
and twenty elders stand clothed in white before the great white throne
and the Holy One that sitteth there white like wool yet for all these
accumulated associations with whatever is sweet and honourable and
sublime there yet lurks an elusive something in the innermost idea of
this hue which strikes more of panic to the soul than that redness which
affrights in blood

This elusive quality it is which causes the thought of whiteness when
disjoined from more kindly associations and coupled with any object ter-
rible in itself to heighten that terror to the furthest bounds Witness the
white bear of the poles and the white shark of the tropics what but their

as the white-shrouded bear or shark

Starbuck the invulnerable jollity of indifference and recklessness in Stubb and the pervading mediocrity in Flask. Such a crew so officered seemed specially picked and packed by some infernal fatality to help him to his monomaniac revenge. How it was that they so abundantly responded to the old man's ire—by what evil magic their souls were possessed—that at times his hate seemed almost theirs—the White Whale as much their insufferable foe as his—how all this came to be—what the White Whale was to them or how to their unconscious understandings also in some dim unsuspected way he might have seemed the gliding great demon of the seas of life—all this to explain would be to dive deeper than Ishmael can go. The subterranean miner that works in us all—how can one tell whither leads his shaft by the ever shifting muffled sound of his pick? Who does not feel the irresistible arm drag? What skiff in tow of a seventy-four can stand still? For one I gave myself up to the abandonment of the time and the place—but while yet all a rush to encounter the whale—could see naught in that brute but the deadliest ill.

Chapter 42

The Whiteness of the Whale

WHAT the white whale was to Ahab has been hinted—what at times he was to me—as yet remains unsaid.

Aside from those more obvious considerations touching Moby Dick which could not but occasionally awaken in any man's soul some alarm—there was another thought—or rather vague nameless horror concerning him—which at times by its intensity completely overpowered all the rest—and yet so mystical and well nigh ineffable was it—that I almost despair of putting it in a comprehensible form. It was the whiteness of the whale that above all things appalled me. But how can I hope to explain myself here—and yet in some dim random way explain myself I must—else all these chapters might be naught.

Though in many natural objects whiteness refiningly enhances beauty—as if imparting some special virtue of its own—as in marbles japonicas and

the magniloquent ascriptions of dominion and the modern kings of Sumatra furling the same snow-white quadruped in the royal standard and the Hanoverian flag bearing the one figure of a snow-white charger and the having for the pre-eminence in ideal mastership whiteness has been over every dusky tribe and through deserts and seas

The Whiteness of The Whale

1 — f gladness for among the Romans a white stone

of America the giving of the white deer of honour though in many climes whiteness typifies the majesty of Justice in the ermine of the Judge and contributes to the daily state of kings and queens drawn by milk & white steeds though even in the higher mysteries the most august religions it has been made the symbol of the divine

Great Jove himself being made incarnate in a son
sacrifice of the sacred White Dog
eir theology that spotless faithful
they could send to the Great Spirit
lity and though directly from the

Latin word for white all Christian priests derive the name of one part of their sacred vesture the alb or tunic worn beneath the cassock and though among the holy pomps of the Romish faith white is specially employed in the celebration of the Passion of our Lord though in the Vision of St John white robes are given to the redeemed and the four and twenty elders stand clothed in white before the great white throne and the Holy One that sitteth there white like wool yet for all these accumulated associations with whatever is sweet and honourable and sublime there yet lurks an elusive something in the innermost idea of this hue which strikes more of panic to the soul than that redness which affrights in blood

This elusive quality it is which causes the thought of whiteness when divorced from more kindly associations and coupled with any object terrible in itself to heighten that terror to the furthest bounds. Witness the white bear of the poles and the white shark of the tropics what but their

So that not the fierce-ranged tiger in his belaric coat can so stride as the white-shrouded bear or shark.

Bethink thee of the albatross whence come those clouds of spiritual wonderment and pale dread in which that white phantom sails in all imaginations? Not Coleridge first threw that spell but God's great unflattering laureate Nature †

Most famous in our Western annals and Indian traditions is that of the

Mountains and the Alleghanies At their flaming head he westward all this to be true yet were it not for the whiteness you would not have that intensified terror

As for the white shark the white gliding ghostliness of repose in that creature which beheld in his ordinary moods strangely tallies with the same quality in the Polar quadruped This peculiarity is most vividly hit by the French in the name they bestow upon that fish *Requiem eternam* (eternal rest) whence and any other funeral music Now in death in this shark and the mild deadliness of his habits the French call him *Requin*

† I remember the first albatross I ever saw It was during a prolonged gale in waters hard upon the Antarctic seas From my forenoon watch below I ascended to the overclouded deck and there dashed upon the main hatches I saw a regal feathered thing of unspotted whiteness and with a hooked Roman bill sublime At inter

deck For neither had I then read the Rhyme nor knew the bird to be an albatross Yet in saying this I do but indirectly burnish a little brighter the noblement of the poem and the poet

human's name for albatross
have had ought to do
saw that bird upon our

the
here
with

and place and then letting it escape But I doubt not that leathern tally meant for man was taken off in Heaven when the white fowl flew to join the wing folding the invoking and adoring cherubim!

will tell with
Captain made
the ship's time

The Whiteness of The Whale

trooped it like that chosen star which every evening leads on the hosts of
 The white cascade of his mane the curving comet of his tail in
 that untainted light
 hunters revisited the glories of those primeval times when Adam walked
 the steed Whether

circumambient subjects browsing all around
 Steed gallopingly reviewed them with warm nostrils reddening through
 his cool milkiness in whatever aspect he presented himself always to the
 bravest Indians he was the object of trembling reverence and awe. Nor
 can it be questioned from what stands on legendary record of this noble
 horse that it was his spiritual whiteness chiefly which so clothed him with
 divineness and that this divineness had that in it which though command-
 ing worship at the same time enforced a certain nameless terror

But there are other instances where this whiteness loses all that acces-
 sory and strange glory which invests it in the White Steed and Albatross
 What is it that in the Albino man so peculiarly repels and often shocks
 the eye as that sometimes he is loathed by his own kith and kin! It is that
 whiteness which invests him a thing expressed by the name he bears The

Nor in quite other aspects does Nature in her least palpable but not

historic instances has the art of human malice omitted so potent an
 auxiliary How wildly it heightens the effect of that passage in Froissart,
 when masked in the snowy symbol of their faction the desperate White
 Hoods of Ghent murder their bailiff in the market place!

Nor in some things does the common hereditary experience of all
 mankind fail to bear witness to the supernaturalism of this hue It cannot
 well be doubted that the one visible quality in the aspect of the dead which

expressive hue of the shroud in which we wrap them Nor even in our

gest rides on his pallid horse

Therefore in his other moods symbolise whatever grand or gracious thing he will by whiteness no man can deny that in its profoundest idealised significance it calls up a peculiar apparition of the soul

But though without dissent this point be fixed how can mortal man to account for it? To analyse it would seem impossible Can we then by the citation of some of those instances wherein this thing of whiteness—though for the time either wholly or in a great part stripped of all direct associations calculated to impart to it aught fearful but nevertheless is found to exert over us the same sorcery however modified—can we thus hope to light upon some chance clue to conduct us to the hidden cause we seek?

Let us try But in a matter like this subtlety appeals to subtlety and without imagination no man can follow another into these halls And though doubtless some at least of the imaginative impressions about to be presented may have been shared by most men yet few perhaps were entirely conscious of them at the time and therefore may not be able to recall them now

Why to the man of untutored ideality who happens to be but loosely acquainted with the peculiar character of the day does the bare mention of Whitsuntide marshal in the fancy such long dreary speechless processions of slow pacing pilgrims downcast and hooded with new fallen snow? Or to the unread unsophisticated Protestant of the Middle American States why does the passing mention of a White Friar or a White Nun evoke such an eyeless statue in the soul?

Or what is there apart from the traditions of dungeoned warriors and kings (which will not wholly account for it) that makes the White Tower of London tell so much more strongly on the imagination of an untravelled American than those other storied structures its neighbours—the Byward Tower or even the Bloody? And those sublimer towers the White mountains of New Hampshire whence in peculiar moods comes that gigantic

—a white mountain of that name while the

ant dreaminess?

the name of the

hile that of the

Yellow Sea lulls us with mortal thoughts of long lacquered mild afternoons on the waves followed by the gaudiest and yet sleepest of sunsets? Or to choose a wholly unsubstantial instance purely addressed to the fancy why in reading the old fairy tales of Central Europe does the tall pale man of the Hartz forest whose changeless pallor unrustingly glides through the green of the groves—why is this phantom more terrible than all the whooping imps of the Blackburg?

Nor is it altogether the remembrance of her cathedral toppling earth

The Whiteness of The Whale

quakes nor the stampedes of her frantic seas nor the tearlessness of arid skies that never rain nor the sight of her wide field of leaning spires wrenched copestones and crosses all adroop (like canted yards of anchored fleets) and her suburban avenues of house-walls lying over upon each other as a tossed pack of cards—it is not these things alone which make tearless Lima the strangest saddest city thou canst see For Lima has taken the white veil and there is a higher horror in this whiteness of her woe Old as Pizarro this whiteness keeps her ruins for ever new admits not the cheerful greenness of complete decay spreads over her broken ramparts the rigid pallor of an apoplexy that fixes its own distortions I know that in the common apprehension this phenomenon of white-

consists in this one phenomenon especially when exhibited in a form at all approaching to muteness or universality What I mean by these two statements may perhaps be respectively elucidated by the following examples

similar circumstances
ship sailing through a midnight sea of milky whiteness—as if from encircling headlands shoals of combed white bears were swimming round him then he feels a silent superstitious dread the shrouded phantom of the

Second To the native Indian of Peru the continual sight of the snow howdahed Andes conveys naught of dread except perhaps in the mere fancying of the eternal frosted desolateness reigning at such vast altitudes and the natural conceit of what a fearfulness it would be to lose oneself in such inhuman solitudes Much the same is it with the back woodsman of the West who with comparative indifference views an unbounded prairie sheeted with driven snow no shadow of tree nor twig to break the fixed trance of whiteness Not so the sailor beholding the scenery of the Antarctic seas where at times by some infernal trick of legerdemain in the powers of frost and air the shivering and half ship wrecked instead of a nobles speaking hope and solace to his misery views what seems a boundless churchyard grinning upon him with its lean ice monuments and plintered crosses

gelist rides on his pallid horse

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Or why irrespective of all latitudes and longitudes does the name of the White Sea exert such a spectralness over the fancy while that of the lacquered mild afternoons
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man of the Hartz forest whose changeless pallor unrustingly glides through the green of the groves—why is this phantom more terrible than all the whooping imps of the Blocksburg?

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deceits not actually inherent in substance but only laid on from without and when we proceed further and consider that the mystical cosmetic which produces every one of her hues the great principle of light for ever shines without medium upon us with its own blank before us a leper and tinge—ponderous as like vileful travellers in Lapland who refuse to wear coloured and colour on their eyes so the wretched infidel gazes himself blind

at the fiery hunt?

Chapter 43

Hark!

What is that?

g in
the

scuttle-butt near the taffrail In this manner they passed on to fill the scuttle-butt Standing for the most part on the hallowed precincts of the quarter-deck they were careful not to speak or rustle their feet From hand to hand the buckets went in the deepest silence only broken by the occasional flap of a sail and the steady hum of the unceasingly advancing keel

It was in the midst of this repose that Archy one of the cordon whose post was near the after hatches whispered to his neighbour a Cholo the words above

Hist! did you hear that noise Cabaco

Take the bucket will ye Archy? what noise do ye mean?

There it is again—under the hatches—don't you hear it—a cough—it

three sleepers turning

at this

Caramba! have done shipmate will ye It's the three soaked biscuits I eat for supper turning over inside of ye—nothing else Look to the bucket!

Say what ye will shipmate I've sharp ears

As you are the chap that heard the hum of the old Quaker's knitting-needles fifty miles at sea from Nantucket you're the chap

Grin as ye will see what turns up Hark ye Cabaco there is somebody down in the after hold that has not yet been seen on deck and I suspect our old Mogul knows something of it too I heard Stubb tell Flask

But thou sayest methinks this white-lead chapter about whiteness is but a white flag hung out from a craven soul thou surrenderest to a hypo Ishmael

Tell me why this strong young colt foaled in some peaceful valley of Vermont far removed from all beasts of prey—why is it that upon the sunniest day if you but strike a fresh buffalo robe behind him so that he cannot even see it but only smells its wild animal muskiness—why will he start snort and with bursting eyes paw the ground in frenzies of affright? There is no remembrance in him of any gorings of wild creatures in his green northern home so that the strange muskiness he smells cannot recall to him anything associated with the experience of former perils for what knows he this New England colt of the black bisons of distant Oregon?

No but here thou beholdest even in a dumb brute the instinct of the
thousands of miles from
rending goring bison
the prairies which this
instant they may be trampling into dust

Thus then the muffled rollings of a milky sea the bleak rustlings of the festooned frosts of mountains the desolate shiftings of the windrowed snows of prairies all these to Ishmael are as the shaking of that buffalo robe to the frightened colt!

Though neither knows where lie the nameless things of which the mystic sign gives forth such hints yet with me as with the colt somewhere those things must exist Though in many of its aspects this visible world seems formed in love the invisible spheres were formed in fright

But not yet have we solved the incantation of this whiteness and learned why it appeals with such power to the soul and more strange and far more portentous—why as we have seen it is at once the most meaning symbol of spiritual things nay the very veil of the Christian's Deity and yet should be as it is the intensifying agent in things the most appalling to mankind

Is it that by its indefiniteness it shadows forth the heartless voids and immensities of the universe and thus strikes us from behind with the thought of annihilation when beholding the white depths of the milky way? Or is it that as in essence whiteness is not so much a colour as the vis

shrink? And when we consider that other theory of the natural philosophers that all other earthly hues—every stately or lovely emblazoning—the sweet tinges of sunset skies and woods yea and the gilded velvets of butterflies and the butterfly cheeks of young girls all these are but subtle

attempts have been made to construct elaborate migratory charts of the Sperm Whale *

Besides when making a passage from one feeding-ground to another the Sperm Whales guided by some infallible instinct—say rather secret intelligence from the Deity—mostly swim in lines as they are called continuing their way along a given ocean line with such undeviating exactitude that no ship ever sailed her course by any chart with one tithe of accuracy. Though in these cases, the direction taken by the line of migration is not the

or contract) but never exceeds the limits of the migratory zone. The sum is that path migrat

feeding-grounds though the widest expanses of water between those grounds he could by his art, so place and time himself on his way as even then not to be wholly without prospect of a meeting.

There was a circumstance which at first sight seemed to entangle his delinious but still methodical scheme. But not so in the reality perhaps. Though the gregarious Sperm Whales have their regular seasons for parting and meeting yet in general you cannot conclude that the herds which

have been observed to be regular and unquestionable in their

are the Pequod to visit either of those spots at any subsequent correspondence.

Since this book was written the statement is happily borne out by an official circular issued by Lieutenant Murray of the National Observatory Washington 6th April 1851. By that circular it appears that precisely such a chart is in course of completion and portions of it are presented in the circular. This chart divides the ocean in districts of five degrees of latitude by three degrees of longitude; perpendicular through each of which districts are twelve columns for the twelve months, and horizontal through each of which districts are three lines: one to show the number of days they have been spent in each month in every district and the two others show the number of days in which whales, sperm or right, have been seen.

one morning watch that there was something of that sort in the wind
Tish! the bucket!

Chapter 44

The Chart

HAD you followed Captain Ahab down into his cabin after the squall that took place on the night succeeding that wild ratification of his purpose with his crew you would have seen him go to a locker in the transom and bring out a large wrinkled roll of yellowish sea charts spread them before him on his screwed down table. Then seating himself before it you would have seen him intently study the various lines and shadings which there met his eye and with slow but steady pencil trace additional courses over spaces that before were blank. At intervals he would refer to piles of old log books beside him wherein were set down the seasons and places in which on various former voyages of various ships Sperm Whales had been captured or seen.

While thus employed the heavy pewter lamp suspended in chains over his head continually rocked with the motion of the ship and for ever threw shifting gleams and shadows of lines upon his wrinkled brow till it almost seemed that while he himself was marking out lines and courses on the wrinkled charts some invisible pencil was also tracing lines and courses upon the deeply marked chart of his forehead.

But it was not this night in particular that in the solitude of his cabin Ahab thus pondered over his charts. Almost every night they were brought out almost every night some pencil marks were effaced and others were substituted. For with the charts of all four oceans before him Ahab was threading a maze of currents and eddies with a view to the more certain accomplishment of that monomaniac thought of his soul.

Now to any one not fully acquainted with the ways of the Leviathans it might seem an absurdly hopeless task thus to seek out one solitary creature in the unhooped oceans of this planet. But not so did it seem to Ahab who knew the sets of all tides and currents and thereby calculating the driftings of the sperm whale's food and also calling to mind the regular ascertained seasons for hunting him in particular latitudes could arrive at reasonable surmises almost approaching to certainties concerning the truest day to be upon this or that ground in search of his prey.

So assured indeed is the fact concerning the periodicalness of the Sperm Whale's resorting to given waters that many hunters believe that could he be closely observed and studied throughout the world were the logs for one voyage of the entire whale fleet carefully collated then the migrations of the sperm whale would be found to correspond in invariableness to those of the herring shoals or the flights of swallows. On this hunt

The Cl art

attempts have been made to construct elaborate migratory charts of the Sperm Whale

Besides when making a passage from one feeding ground to another the Sperm Whales guided by some infallible instinct—say rather secret

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such marvellous precision

any one whale be straight as a surveyor's parallel and though the line of advance be strictly confined to its own unavoidable straight wake yet the arbitrary vein in which at these times he is said to swim generally embraces some few miles in width (more or less as the vein is presumed to expand or contract) but never exceeds the visual sweep from the whale ships

The sum is
rat

feeding-grounds could Adam hope to encounter

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There was a circumstance which at first sight seemed to entangle his delinious but still methodical scheme But not so in the reality perhaps Though the gregarious Sperm Whales have their regular seasons for particular grounds yet in general you cannot conclude that the herds which haunted such and such a latitude or longitude this year say will turn out

Ocean or Volcano Bay on the Japanese coast yet it did not follow that were the Pequod to visit either of those spots at any subsequent correspond

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ing season she would infallibly encounter him there. So too with some other feeding-grounds where he had at times revealed himself. But all these seemed only his casual stopping places and ocean inns, so to speak, not his places of prolonged abode. And where Ahab's chances of accomplishing his object have hitherto been spoken of, allusion has only been made to whatever wayside antecedent extra prospects were his ere a particular set time or place were attained, when all possibilities would become probabilities, and as Ahab fondly thought every possibility the next thing to a certainty. That particular set time and place were conjoined in the one technical phrase—the Season-on-the-Line. For there and then for several consecutive years Moby Dick had been periodically descried

there the waves were storied with his deeds; there also was that tragic spot where the monomaniac old man had found the awful motive to his vengeance. But in the cautious comprehensiveness and unloitering vigilance with which Ahab threw his brooding soul into this unfaltering hunt, he would not permit himself to rest all his hopes upon the one crowning fact above mentioned, however flattering it might be to those hopes, nor in the sleeplessness of his vow could he so tranquillise his unquiet heart as to postpone all intervening quest.

Now the *Pequod* had sailed from Nantucket at the very beginning of the Season-on-the-Line. No possible endeavour then could enable her commander to make the great passage southwards, double Cape Horn, and then running down sixty degrees of latitude, arrive in the equatorial Pacific in time to cruise there. Therefore he must wait for the next ensuing season. Yet the premature hour of the *Pequod's* sailing had perhaps been correctly selected by Ahab, with a view to this very complexion of things. Because an interval of three hundred and sixty-five days and nights was before him, an interval which instead of impatiently enduring ashore, he would spend in a miscellaneous hunt, if by chance the White Whale spending his vacation in seas far remote from his periodical feeding grounds, should turn up his wrinkled brow off the Persian Gulf, or in the Bengal Bay, or China Seas, or in any other waters haunted by his race. So that Monsoons, Pampas, Nor-Westers, Harmattans, Trades, any wind but the Levanter and Simoom, might blow Moby Dick into the devious zig-zag world-circle of the *Pequod's* circumnavigating wake.

But granting all this, yet regarded discreetly and coolly, seems it not but a mad idea, this—that in the broad boundless ocean, one solitary whale, even if encountered, should be thought capable of individual recognition from his hunter, even as a white-bearded Mussi in the thronged thoroughfares of Constantinople? Yes. For the peculiar snow-white brow of

2. 1. imp could not but be unmistakable.

Ahab would mutter to himself as after
er midnight he ould throw himself
back in reveries— talked him
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bored and scalloped out like a lost sheep's ear! And here his mad mind
ould run on in a breathless race till a weariness and faintness of pon
dering came over him and in the open air of the deck he would seek
to recover his strength Ah God! what trances of torments does that
man endure who is consumed with one unachieved revengeful desire He
sleeps with clenched hands and wakes with his own blood; nails in his
palms

case these spiritual throes in him heaved his being up from its den and
chasm seemed opening in him from which forked flames and lightnings
hot up and accursed fiends beckoned him to leap down among them
when this hell in himself yawned beneath him a wild cry would be heard

thoughts and fancies to his one supreme purpose that purpose by its own
sheer inveteracy of will forced itself against gods and devils into a kind of
self assumed independent being of its own nay could grimly live and
burn while the common vitality to which it was conjoined fled horror
stricken from the unbidden and unfeathered birth Therefore the tor
mented spirit that glared out of bodily eyes when what seemed Ahab
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thoughts have created a creature in thee and he whose intense thinking

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The Chart

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shot up and accursed fiends beckoned him to leap down among them. When this hell in himself yawned beneath him a wild cry would be heard through the ship and with glaring eyes Ahab would burst from his state-room on fire. Yet these, perhaps latent weakness
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thoughts have created a creature in thee and he whose intense thinking

thus makes him a Prometheus a vulture feeds upon that heart for ever that vulture the very creature he creates

Chapter 45

The Affidavit

So far as what there may be of a narrative in this book and indeed as indirectly touching one or two very interesting and curious particulars in the habits of sperm whales the foregoing chapter in its earlier part is as important as one as will be found in this volume the leading matter of it requires to be still further and more familiarly enlarged upon in order to be adequately understood and moreover to take away any incredulity which a profound ignorance of the entire subject may induce in some minds as to the natural verity of the main points of this affair

I care not to perform this part of my task methodically but shall be content to produce the desired impression by separate citation of some minutely take it—

First I have personally known three instances where a whale after receiving a harpoon has effected a complete escape and after an interval (in one instance of three years) has been again struck by the same hand and slain when the two irons both marked by the same private cypher have been taken from the body In the instance where three years intervened between the flinging of the two harpoons and I think it may have been something more than that the man who darted them happening in the interval to go in a trading ship on a voyage to Africa went ashore there joined a discovery party and penetrated far into the interior where he travelled for a period of nearly two years often endangered by serpents savages tigers poisonous miasmas with all the other common perils incident to wandering in the heart of unknown regions Meanwhile the whale he had struck must also have been on its travels no doubt it had thrice circumnavigated the globe brushing with its flanks all the coasts of Africa but to no purpose This man and this whale again came together and the one vanquished the other I say I myself have known three instances similar to this that in two of them I saw the whales struck and upon the second attack saw the two irons with the respective marks cut in them afterwards taken from the dead fish In the three year instance it so fell out

it was more than that Here are three instances then which I personally know the truth of but I have heard of many other instances from persons whose veracity in the matter there is no good ground to impeach

The Affidavit

Secondly It is well known in the Sperm Whale Fishery however ignorant the world ashore may be of it that there have been several memorable historical instances where a particular whale in the ocean has been at times and places popularly cognisable Why such a whale became

pecu-
in that
ainties
ble oil No
there hung
■ did about
nt to recog-

Rinaldo Rinaldini inasmuch as he
nise him by merely touching their tarpaulins when he would be discovered
lounging by them on the sea without seeking to cultivate a more intimate
acquaintance Like some poor devils ashore that happen to know an irasci-
ble great man they make distant unobtrusive salutations to him in the
street lest if they pursued the acquaintance further they might receive a
summary thump for their presumption

But not only did each of these famous whales enjoy great individual
celebrity—Nay you may call it an ocean wide renown not only was he
death but he
a name had
so O Timor
ing did t lurk

in the Oriental straits of that name whose spout was oft seen from the
palmy beach of Ombay? Was it not so O New Zealand Jack! thou terror
of all cruisers that crossed their wakes in the vicinity of the Tattoo Land?
Was it not so O Morquan! King of Japan whose lofty jet they say at

whales as well known to the students of Cetacean History as Arius or
Silla to the classic scholar

whaling captains who heaved up their anchors with that express object as
much in view as in setting out through the Narragansett woods Captain

of those disheartening instances where truth requires full as much bolstering as error. So ignorant are most landsmen of some of the plainest and most palpable wonders of the world that plain facts historical and otherwise of Moby Dick as a monstrous fable or still worse and more detestable a hide-

I have some vague flitting ideas of the general perils of the grand fishery, yet they have nothing like a fixed vivid conception of those perils and the frequency with which they recur. One reason perhaps is that not one in fifty of the actual disasters and deaths by casualties in the fishery ever finds a public record at home however transient and immediately forgotten that record. Do you suppose that that poor fellow there who this moment perhaps caught by the whale-line off the coast of New Guinea is being carried down to the bottom of the sea by the sounding Leviathan—do you suppose that that poor fellow's name will appear in the newspaper obituary you will read to-morrow at your breakfast? No because the mails are very irregular between here and New Guinea. In fact did you ever hear what might be called regular news direct or indirect from New Guinea? Yet I tell you that upon one particular voyage which I made to the Pacific among many others we spoke thirty different ships every one of which had had a death by a whale some of them more than one and three that had each lost a boat's crew. For God's sake be economical with your lamps and candles! not a gallon you burn but at least one drop of man's blood was spilled for it.

Secondly People ashore have indeed some indefinite idea that a whale is an enormous creature of enormous power but I have ever found that when narrating to them some specific example of this twofold enormosity they have significantly complimented me upon my facetiousness when I declare upon my soul I had no more idea of being facetious than Moses when he wrote the history of the plagues of Egypt.

But fortunately the special point I here seek can be established upon testimony entirely independent of my own. That point is this. The Sperm Whale is in some crises sufficiently powerful knowing and judiciously malicious as with direct aforethought to stave in utterly destroy and sink a large ship and what is more the Sperm Whale has done it.

First In the year 1800 the ship *Essex* Captain Pollard of Nantucket was cruising in the Pacific Ocean. One day she saw spouts lowered her boats and gave chase to a shoal of sperm whales. Ere long several of the whales were wounded when suddenly a very large whale escaping from the boats issued from the shoal and bore directly down upon the ship. Dashing his forehead against her hull he so stove her in that in less than ten minutes she settled down and fell over. Not a surviving plank of her has been seen since. After the severest exposure part of the crew reached

The Affidavit

the land in their boats. Being returned home at last Captain Pollard once more sailed for the Pacific in command of another ship but the gods shipwrecked him again upon unknown rocks and breakers for the second time his ship was utterly lost and forthwith forswearing the sea he has never tempted it since. At this day Captain Pollard is a resident of Nantucket. I have seen Owen Chace who was chief mate of the *Essex* at the time of the tragedy. I have read his plain and faithful narrative. I have conversed with his son and all this within a few miles of the scene of the catastrophe.

Secondly The ship *Union* also of Nantucket was in the year 1807 totally lost off the Azores by a similar onset but the authentic particulars of this catastrophe I have never chanced to encounter though from the whale-hunters I have now and then heard casual allusions to it

Thirdly Some eighteen or twenty years ago Commodore J—— then commanding an American sloop-of-war of the first class happened to be dining with a party of whaling captains, on board a Nantucket ship in the harbour of Oahu Sandwich Islands Conversation turning upon whales the Commodore was pleased to be sceptical touching the amazing strength ascribed to them by the professional gentlemen present He peremp only denied, for example that any whale could so smite his stout sloop-of-war as to cause her to leak so much as a thimbleful Very good but there is more coming Some weeks after the Commodore set sail in this impregnable craft for Valparaiso But he was stopped on the way by a porly Sperm Whale that begged a few women's confidential business with him That business consisted in fetching the Commodore's craft such a thwack that

both of which according to their direction were calculated to do us the most injury.

eyes and producing, at the time impressions in my mind of decided, calculating mischief on the part of the whaler. (Many of which impressions I cannot now recall) and seem to be satisfied that I am correct in my opinion.

with all his pumps going he made straight for the nearest port to heave down and repair. I am not superstitious, but I consider the Commodore's interview with that whale as providential. I tell you the Sperm Whale will stand no nonsense.

I will now refer you to *Langsdorff's Voyages* for a little circumstance in point peculiarly interesting to the writer hereof. Langsdorff, you must know by the way, was attached to the Russian Admiral Krusenstern's famous Discovery Expedition in the beginning of the present century. Captain Langsdorff thus begins his seventeenth chapter:

By the thirteenth of May our ship was ready to sail, and the next day we were out in the open sea on our way to Ochotsh. The weather was very clear and fine, but so intolerably cold that we were obliged to keep on our fur clothing. For some days we had very little wind; it was not till the nineteenth that a brisk gale from the north-west sprang up. An uncommon large whale, the body of which was larger than the ship itself, lay almost at the surface of the water, but was not perceived by any one on board till the moment when the ship, which was in full sail, was almost upon him, so that it was impossible to prevent its striking against him. We were thus placed in the most imminent danger, as this gigantic creature, setting up its back, raised the ship three feet at least out of the water. The masts reeled, and the sails fell altogether, while we who were below all sprang instantly upon the deck, concluding that we had struck upon some rock. Instead of this we saw the monster sailing off with the utmost gravity and solemnity. Captain D'Wolf applied immediately to the pumps to examine whether or not the vessel had received any damage from the shock, but we found that very happily it had escaped entirely uninjured.

Now the Captain D'Wolf here alluded to as commanding the ship in question is a New Englander who, after a long life of unusual adventures as a sea captain, this day resides in the village of Dorchester near Boston. I have the honour of being a nephew of his. I have particularly questioned him concerning this passage in Langsdorff. He substantiates every word. The ship, however, was by no means a large one, a Russian craft built on the Siberian coast and purchased by my uncle after bartering away the vessel in which he sailed from home.

In that up-and-down manly book of old-fashioned adventure so full too of honest wonders—the voyage of Lionel Wafer, one of ancient Dampier's old chums—I found a little matter set down so like that just quoted from Langsdorff, that I cannot forbear inserting it here for a corroborative example, if such be needed.

Lionel, it seems, was on his way to John Fernandez, as he calls the modern Juan Fernandez. In our way thither, he says, about four o'clock in the morning, when we were about one hundred and fifty leagues from the Main of America, our ship felt a terrible shock, which put our men in

The Affidavit

such consternation that they could hardly tell where they were or what to think but every one began to prepare for death And indeed the shock was so sudden and violent that we took it for granted the ship had struck rock but when the amazement was a little over we cast the lead

and found the bottom of the shock made us re shaken out of our beds I was on a gun was thrown out of his cabin

Lionel then goes on to impute the shock to an earthquake and seems to substantiate the imputation by stating that a great earthquake somewhere about that time did actually do great mischief along the Spanish land But I should not much wonder if in the darkness of that early hour of the morning, the shock was after all caused by an unseen whale vertically bumping the hull from beneath

I might proceed with several more examples one or another known some of the great power and malice at times of the Sperm Whale In more than one instance he has been known not only to chase the assailing boats back to their ships but to pursue the ship itself and long withstand all the lances hurled at him from its decks The English ship *Pussie Hall* can tell a story on that head and as for his strength I might say that there have been examples where the lines attached to a running Sperm Whale have in a calm been transferred to the ship and secured there the whale towing her great hull through the water as a horse walks off with a cart Again it is very often observed that if the Sperm Whale once struck is allowed time to rally he then acts, not so often with blind rage as with wilful and deliberate designs of destruction to his pursuers nor is it without conveying some eloquent indication of his character that upon being attacked he will

look corroborated by plain facts of the present day but that these marvels like all marvels are mere repetitions of the ages so that for the millionth time we say amen with Solomon—Verily there is nothing new under the sun

In the sixth Christian century lived Procopius a Christian magistrate of Constantinople in the days when Justinian was Emperor and Belisarius general As many know he wrote the history of his own times a work every way of uncommon value By the best authorities he has always been considered a most trustworthy and unexaggerating historian except in some minor particulars, not at all affecting the matter presently to be mentioned

Now in this history of his, Procopius mentions that, during the term of his prefecture at Constantinople a great sea-monster was captured in the

neighbouring Propontis or Sea of Marmora after having destroyed vessels at intervals in those waters for a period of more than fifty years. A fact thus set down in substantial history cannot easily be gainsaid. Nor is there any reason it should be. Of what precise species this sea monster was is not mentioned. But as he destroyed ships as well as for other reasons he must have been a whale and I am strongly inclined to think a Sperm Whale. And I will tell you why. For a long time I fancied that the Sperm Whale had been always unknown in the Mediterranean and the deep waters connected with it. Even now I am certain that those seas are not and perhaps never can be in the present constitution of things a place for his habitual gregarious resort. But further investigations have recently proved to me that in modern times there have been isolated instances of the presence of the Sperm Whale in the Mediterranean. I am told on good authority that on the Barbary coast a Commodore Davis of the British Navy found the skeleton of a Sperm Whale. Now as a vessel of war readily passes through the Dardanelles hence a Sperm Whale could by the same route pass out of the Mediterranean into the Propontis.

In the Propontis as far as I can learn none of that peculiar substance called *brit* is to be found the aliment of the Right Whale. But I have every reason to believe that the food of the Sperm Whale—squid or cuttle-fish—lurks at the bottom of that sea because large creatures but by no means the largest of that sort have been found at its surface. If then you properly put these statements together and reason upon them a bit you will clearly perceive that according to all human reasoning Procopius's sea monster that for half a century stove the ships of a Roman Emperor must in all probability have been a Sperm Whale.

Chapter 46

Summary

THOUGH consumed with the hot fire of his purpose Ahab in all his thoughts and actions ever had in view the ultimate capture of Moby Dick though he seemed ready to sacrifice all mortal interests to that one passion nevertheless it may have been that he was by nature and long habituation far too wedded to a fiery whaleman's ways altogether to abandon the collateral prosecution of the voyage or at least if this were otherwise there were not wanting other motives much more influential with him. It would be refining too much perhaps to hint to him that his vindictiveness towards the white whale possibly extended itself in some degree to a sperm whale and that the more mon-

usual considerations which though not so strictly according with the wild
 were by no means incapable of swaying him.

example that however magnetic his ascendancy over
 Starbuck, yet that ascendancy did not cover the complete spiritual man
 any more than mere corporeal superiority involves intellectual mastership
 for to the purely spiritual the intellectual but stand in a sort of corporeal
 which Starbuck's body and Starbuck's coerced will were Ahab's so long

be that a long interval would elapse ere the White Whale was at hand
 ing that long interval Starbuck would ever be apt to fall into open relapse of
 rebellion against his captain's leadership unless some ordinary prudential

in foreseeing that for the present the hunt should be
 stripped of that strange imaginative impiety which naturally invested
 it that the full terror of the voyage must be kept withdrawn into the obscure

For however eagerly and impetuously the savage crew had hailed the an-
 nouncement of his quest yet all sailors of all sorts are more or less

Nor was Ahab unmindful of another thing In times of strong emotion
 mankind disdain all base considerations but such times are evanescent.
 The permanent constitutional condition of the manufactured man thought
 Ahab a sordidness Granting that the White Whale fully incites the hearts
 of this my savage crew and playing round their savageness even breeds a
 certain generous knight-errantry in them still while for the love of it
 they give chase to Moby Dick they must also have food for their more
 common daily appetites For even the high lifted and chivalric Crusaders
 of old times were not content to traverse two thousand miles of land to
 fight for their holy sepulchre without committing burglaries picking pocket
 and gaining other pious perquisites by the way Had they been strictly
 held to their one final and romantic object—that final and romantic object,

too many would have turned from in disgust I will not strip these men thought Ahab of all hopes of cash—aye cash They may scorn cash now but let some months go by and no perspective promise of it to them and then this same quiescent cash all at once mutinying in them this same cash would soon cashier Ahab

Nor was there wanting still another precautionary motive more related to Ahab personally Having impulsively it is probable and perhaps somewhat prematurely revealed the prime but private purpose of the *Pequod's* voyage Ahab was now entirely conscious that in so doing he had in directly laid himself open to the unanswerable charge of usurpation and if so disposed and to

to protect himself That protection could only consist in his own predominating brain and heart and hand backed by a heedful closely calculating attention to every minute atmospheric influence which it was possible for his crew to be subjected to

For all these reasons then and others perhaps too analytic to be verbally developed here Ahab plainly saw that he must still in a good degree continue true to the natural nominal purpose of the *Pequod's* voyage observe all customary usages and not only that but force himself to evince all his well known passionate interest in the general pursuit of his profession

Be all this as it may his voice was now often heard hailing the three mastheads and admonishing them to keep a bright lookout and not omit reporting even a porpoise This vigilance was not long without reward

Chapter 47

The Mat Maker

IT WAS A cloudy sultry afternoon the seamen were lazily lounging about the decks or warily gazing over into the lead-coloured waters Queequeg and I were mildly employed weaving what is called a sword mat for an

on page of Queequeg while busy at the mat As I kept passing and repassing the filling or woof of marline between the long warps of the warps using my own hand for the shuttle and as Queequeg standing sideways ever and anon slid his heavy orken sword between the threads and idly looking off upon the water carelessly and unthinkingly drove home every yarn I say so strange a dreaminess did there then reign

The Mat Maker

all over the ship and all over the sea only broken by the intermitting dull
sound of the sword that it seemed as if this were the Loom of Time and I
myself were a shuttle mechanically weaving and weaving away at the
ends of the warp subject to but one single

and by this difference

contrast in the final aspect of the completed fabric this savage's sword
thought I which thus finally shapes and fashions both warp and woof
this easy indifferent sword must be chance—a chance freewill and neces-
sity—nowise incompatible—all interweavingly working together The
straight warp of necessity not to be swerved from its ultimate course—its
ever alternating vibration indeed only tending to that freewill still free

Thus we are weaving and weaving away when I started at a sound so
strange long-drawn and musically wild and unearthly that the ball of

cries To be sure the same sound was that very moment perhaps being
heard all over the seas from hundreds of whalemen's lookouts perched as

eagerly peering towards the horizon you would have thought him some
prophet or seer beholding the shadows of Fate and by those wild cries
announcing their coming

There she blows! there! there! there! she blows! she blows!
Where-away

On the lee-beam about ten miles off! a school of them!
Instantly all was commotion

Moby Dick

'There go flukes!' was now the cry from Tashtego and the whales disappeared.

Quick! steward! cried Ahab. 'Time! time!'

Dough-Boy hurried below, glanced at the watch, and reported the exact minute to Ahab.

The ship was now kept away before it. Tashtego reporting that leeward, we confidently looked to see them again directly in advance of our bows. For that singular craft at times evinced by the *Sperm Whale* when sounding with his head in one direction, he nevertheless while concealed beneath the surface, mills round, and swiftly swims off in the opposite quarter—this deceitfulness of his could not now be in action, for there was no reason to suppose that the fish seen by Tashtego had been in any way alarmed, or indeed knew at all of our vicinity. One of the men selected for shipkeepers—that is, those not appointed to the boats, by this time relieved the Indian at the mainmast-head. The sailors at the fore and mizzen had come down; the line-tubs were fixed in their places; the cranes

their eager crews with one hand clung to the rail, while one foot was expectantly poised on the gunwale. So look the long line of man-of-war's men about to throw themselves on board an enemy's ship.

But at this critical instant a sudden exclamation was heard that took every eye from the whale. With a start all glared at dark Ahab, who was surrounded by five dusky phantoms that seemed fresh formed out of air.

Chapter 48

The First Lowering

THE phantoms, for so they then seemed, were flitting on the other side of the deck, and a long, pale, gleaming bands of light, one of the

of its hanging from the starboard quarter. The figure that now stood by its bows was tall and swart, with one white tooth evilly protruding from its steel-like lips. A rumpled Chinese jacket of black cotton funereally invested him, with wide black trousers of the same dark stuff. But strangely crowning this ebonness was a glistening white plumed turban, the living hair braided and coiled round and round upon his head. Less swart in respect the companions of this figure were of that vivid tiger-yellow complexion

The First Lesson

devil their lord whose counting-room they suppose to be elsewhere.

While yet the wondering ship's company were gazing upon these strangers Ahab cried out to the white-turbaned old man at their head All ready there Fedallah?

Ready was the half hissed reply

Lower away then d'ye hear shouting across the deck. "Lower away there I say

Such was the thunder of his voice that spite of their amazement the men heaved over the rail the sheaves whirled round in the blocks with a

keel coming from the windward side pulled round under its showed the five strangers rowing Ahab who standing erect in the stern loudly hailed Starbuck Stubb and Flask to spread themselves widely so as to cover a large expanse of water But with all their eyes again riveted upon the smart Fedallah and his crew the inmates of the other boats obeyed not the command

Captain Ahab?— said Starbuck

Spread yourselves cried Ahab give way all four boats. Thou Flask, pull out more to leeward!

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Cat

He at length and soothingly sighed Stubb to his crew some of whom still showed signs of uneasiness Why don't you break your backbones my boys? What is it you stare at? Those chaps in yonder boat? Tut! They are only five more hands come to help us—never mind from where—the more the merrier Pull then do pull never mind the brimstone—devils are good

be in a hurry—don't be in a hurry Why don't you snap your oars you

gudgeons and --
and start y

every mortal son of ye draw
his teeth That's it—that's it I
steel bits Start her—start her my silver spoon! ^{but that looks like it my}

Stubb's ^{peculiar}
a peculiar
the religion
sermonising at he ever flew into downright passions with his congrega-
tion Not at all and therein consisted his chief peculiarity He would say
the most terrific things to his crew in an

if
dead and yet pulling for the mere joke of the thing Besides he all the
time looked so easy and indolent himself so he
ing oar and
of such a
upon the
whose jo

on their guard in the matter of obeying them

In obedience to a sign from Ahab Starbuck was now pulling obliquely
across Stubb's bow and when for a minute or so the two boats were pretty
near to each other Stubb hailed the mate

Mr Starbuck! larboard boat there ahoy! a word with ye sir if ye
please!

Holloa! returned Starbuck turning round not a single inch as he
spoke still earnestly but whisperingly urging his crew his face set like a
flint from Stubb's

What think ye of those yellow boys sir?

Smuggled on board somehow before the ship sailed (Strong strong
boys!) in a whisper to his crew then speaking out loud again A sad busi-
ness Mr Stubb! (see the her see the her my lads!) but never mind Mr
Stubb all for the best Let all your crew pull strong come what will
(Spring my men spring!) There's hogsheds of sperm there! Mr Stubb
and that's what ye came for (Pull my boys!) Sperm sperm's the play!
Thus it least is duty duty and profit hand in hand!

Aye aye I thought as much soliloquised Stubb when the boats di-
verged as soon as I clapt eye on em I thought so Ay and that's what he
went into the after hold for so often

Well
White

Now the advent of these outlandish strangers at such a critical instant as

The First Lowering

the lowering of the boat from the deck this had not unreasonably awakened a sort of superstitious amazement in some of the ship's company but Archy's fancied discovery having some time previous got abroad among them though indeed not credited then this had in some small measure prepared them for the event. It took off the extreme edge of their wonder and so

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" thoug
ectures as
" For me
ard the
al hint

ings of the unaccountable Elijah

Meantime Ahab out of hearing of his officers having sided the furthest to windward was still ranging ahead of the other boats a circumstance bespeaking how potent a crew was pulling him. Those tiger yellow creatures of his seemed all steel and whalebone like five trip-hammers they rose and fell with regular strokes of strength which periodically started the boat along the water like a horizontal burst boiler out of a Mississippi steamer. As for Fedallah who was seen pulling the harpooneer oar he had thrown aside his black jacket and displayed his naked chest with the whole part of his body above the gunwale clearly cut against the alternating depressions of the watery horizon while at the other end of the boat Ahab

" - " it be } d n o h " is if to

- " "

ment though from his closer vicinity Ahab had observed it

Every man look out along his oars! cried Starbuck. Thou Queequeg stand up!

- " - " " " " "

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eye of the sea

Not very far distant Flask's boat was also lying breathlessly still its commander recklessly standing upon the top of the logghead a stout sort of post rooted in the keel and rising some ten feet above the level of the stern

platform. It is used for catching turns with the whale line. Its stop is not more spacious than the palm of a man's hand, and striding upon such a base as that, Flask seemed perched at the masthead of some ship which had sunk to all but her trucks. But little King Post was small and short, and at the same time little King Post was full of a large and tall ambition, so that this loggerhead standpoint of his did by no means satisfy King Post.

I can't see three seas off tip us up in oar there, and let me on to that. Upon this Daggo, with either hand upon the gunwale to steady his way, swiftly slid aft, and then erecting himself, volunteered his lofty shoulders for a pedestal.

Good masthead as any, sir. Will you mount?

That I will, and thank ye very much, my fine fellow, only I wish you fifty feet taller.

Whereupon, planting his feet firmly against two opposite planks of the boat, the gigantic negro, stooping a little, presented his flat palm to Flask's foot, and then putting Flask's hand on his hearse-plumed head, and bidding him spring as he himself should toss, with one dexterous fling, landed the little man high and dry on his shoulders. And here was Flask now standing, Diggo, with one lifted arm, furnishing him with a breastband to lean against, and steady himself by.

At any time it is a strange sight to the tyro to see with what wondrous habitude of unconscious skill the whaleman will maintain an erect posture in his boat, even when pitched about by the most riotously perverse and cross running seas. Still more strange to see him giddily perched upon the loggerhead itself, under such circumstances. But the sight of little Flask

him
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negro to every roll of the sea harmoniously rocked his fine form on his broad back. Flashed, Flashed, seemed a snow flake. The better looked nobler than the rider. Though truly, vicious, tumultuous, ostentatious, little Flask would now and then stamp with impatience, but not one added heave did he thereby give to the negro's lordly chest. So have I seen Passion and Vanity stamping the living magnanimous earth, but the earth did not alter her tides and her seasons for that.

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went in such cases, it seems, was resolved to solace the languishing interval with his pipe. He withdrew it from his hatband, where he always wore it, aslant like a feather. He lorded it, and rammed home the lording with his thumb-end, but hardly had he ignited his match across the rough sandpaper of his hand, when Tashtego, his harpoonier, whose eyes had been setting to windward like two fixed stars, suddenly dropped like light from

II — First Lowering

his erect attitude to his seat crying out in a quick frenzy of hurry 'Down down all and give way!—there they are!

To a landsman no \ hale nor any sign of a herring would have been
It flew on and on white water
 blowing
 The air
 over in
It flew on and on

Seen in advance of it

spouted seemed their forerunning couriers and detached flying outriders

All four boats were now in keen pursuit of that one spot of troubled water and air. But it bade fair to outstrip them it flew on and on as a mass of interblending bubbles borne down a rapid stream from the hills

Pull pull my good boys said Starbuck in the lowest possible but intensest concentrated whisper to his men while the sharp fixed glance

white water! And so shouting he pulled his hat from his head and stamped up and down on it then picking it up flung it far off upon the sea and finally fell to rearing and plunging in the boat's stern like a crazed colt from the prairie

Look at that chap now philosophically drawled Stubb who with his unlighted short pipe mechanically retained between his teeth at a

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fit of the evangelical land. Only the infidel sharks in the audacious seas may give ear to such words when with tornado brow and eyes of red

Moby Dick

murder and foam glued lips Ahab leaped after his prey

Meanwhile all the boats tore on The repeated
Flask to that whale

to be incessantly tanta

his were at times so vivid and lifelike that they would cause some one or two of his men to snatch a fearful look over the shoulder against all rule for the or man -

visions

It was a full of quick wonder and awe! The vast swells of the omnipotent sea the surging hollow roar they made as they rolled along the eight gunwales like gigantic bowls in a boundless bowling green the brief suspended agony of the boat as it would tip for an instant on the knife like edge of the sharper waves that almost seemed threatening to cut it in two the sudden profound dip into the watery glens and hollows the keen spurtings and goadings to gain the top of the opposite hill the headlong sled like slide down it the
the

the screaming howl
the row

watching white water made by the chase was now becoming more and more visible owing to the increasing darkness of the dun cloud shadows flung upon the sea The jets of vapour no longer blended but tilted everywhere to right and left the whales seemed separating their wakes The boats were pulled more apart Starbuck giving chase to three whales
sail was now set and with the still rising wind going with such madness through the water that the ice oars could scarcely be worked rapidly enough to escape being torn from the row locks

Soon we were running through a suffusing wide veil of mist neither ship nor boat to be seen

Give way men whispered Starbuck drawing still further aft the sheet of his sail there is time to kill fish yet before the squall comes There's white water again!—close to! Spring!

Soon after two cries in quick succession on each side of us denoted that the other boats had got fast but hardly were they overheard when with a lightning like hurtling whisper Starbuck said Stand up! and Queequeg

The First Lottering

harpoon in hand sprang to his feet

Though not one of the oarsmen was then facing the life and death peril so close to them ahead yet with their eyes on the intense countenance of the man of the boat they knew that the imminent instant had

met the waves curling and hissing as if by
raged serpents

"That's his hump There there give it to him!" whispered Starbuck. A short rushing sound leaped out of the boat it was the darted iron of Queequeg. Then all in one welded commotion came an invisible push from astern while forward the boat seemed striking on a ledge the sail collapsed and exploded a gush of scalding vapour shot up near by something rolled and tumbled like an earthquake beneath us. The whole crew were half suffocated as they were tossed helter-skelter into the white curdling cream of the squall. Squall whale and harpoon had all blended together. Iron escaped as nearly unharmed. Swims and lashing them across the

gunwale tumbled back to our places. There we sat up to our knees in the sea the water covering every rib and plank so that to our downward gazing eyes the suspended craft seemed a coral boat grown up to us from the bottom of the ocean.

The wind increased to a howl the waves dashed their bucklers together the whole squall roared forked and crackled around us like a white fire upon the prairie in which unconsumed we were burning immortal in these jaws of death! In vain we hailed the other boats as well roar to the live coals down the chimney of a flaming furnace as had those boats in that

up hope in the midst of despair

We driended through and shivering cold despairing of ship or boat lifted up our eyes as the dawn came on. The mist still spread over the sea the empty boat lay crushed in the bottom of the boat. Suddenly Queequeg started to his feet hollowing his hand to his ear. We all heard a faint creaking as of ropes and yards hitherto muffled by the storm. The

sound came nearer and nearer the thick mists were dimly parted by a huge vague form Affrighted we all sprang into the sea as the ship at last loomed into view bearing right down upon us within distance of not much more than its length

Floating on the waves we saw the abandoned boat as for one instant it tossed and gaped beneath the ship's bows like a chip at the base of a cataclysm and then the vast hull rolled over it and it was seen no more till it came up weltering astern Again we swam for it were dashed against it by the seas and were at last taken up and safely landed on board Ere the squall came close to the other boats had cut loose from their fish and returned to the ship in good time The ship had given us up but was still cruising if haply it might light upon some token of our perishing—an oar or a lance pole

Chapter 49

The Hyena

THERE are certain queer times and occasions in this strange mixed affair we call life when a man takes this whole universe for a vast practical joke though the wit thereof he but dimly discerns and more than suspects that the joke is at nobody's expense but his own However nothing dispirits and nothing seems worth while disputing He bolts down all events all creeds and beliefs and persuasions all hard things visible and invisible never mind how knobby as an ostrich of potent digestion gobbles down bullets and gun flints And as for small difficulties and worryings prospects of sudden disaster peril of life and limb all these and death itself seem to him only sly good-natured hits and jolly punches in the side bestowed by the unseen and unaccountable old joker This odd sort of wayward mood I am speaking of comes over a man only in some time of extreme tribulation it comes in the very midst of his earnestness so that what just before might have seemed to him a thing most momentous now seems but a part of the general joke There is nothing like the perils of whaling to breed this free and easy sort of genial desperado philosophy and with it I now regarded this whole voyage of the *Pequod* and the great White Whale as object

Queequeg said I when they had dragged me the last man to the deck and I was still shaking myself in my jacket to fling off the water

Queequeg my fine friend does this sort of thing often happen? With out much emotion though soaked through just like me he gave me to understand that such things did often happen

Mr Stubb said I turning to that worthy who buttoned up in his oil jacket was now calmly smoking his pipe in the rain Mr Stubb I think I have heard you say that of all whalemén you ever met our chief

be most careful and prudent I suppose then

Certain I've lowered the
Horn

"Mr Flask said I turning to little King Post who was standing close by you are experienced in these things and I am not Will you tell me whether it is an unalterable law in this fishery Mr Flask for an oarman to pull himself back foremost into death's jaws?"

the
oc-
ical
instant of going on to the whale I must resign my
him who steered the boat—oftentimes a fellow who at that very moment

icular boat was chiefly to be
whale almost in the teeth of a squall and considering that Starbuck, not withstanding was famous for his great heedfulness in the fishery considering that I belonged to this uncommonly prudent Starbuck's boat and finally considering in what a devil's chase I was implicated touching the White Whale taking all things together I say I thought I might as well

and contentedly like a quiet ghost with a clean conscience sitting inside the

fetch the landmost

Chapter 50

Ahab's Boat and Crew Fedallah

Who would have thought it Fl —
you —
my t

I — think it so strange after all on that account said Flask If his leg were off at the hip now it would be a different thing That would disable him but he has one knee and good part of the other left you know

I don't know that my little man I never yet saw him kneel "

A —

the
for — active perils of the chase.
So — soldiers often argued with tears in their eyes whether that invaluable life of his ought to be carried into the thickest of the fight

But with Ahab the question assumed a modified aspect Considering that with two legs man is but a hobbling wight in all times of danger considering that the pursuit of wh —

— for any maimed man to enter
— about in the hunt? As a general thing the joint-owners of the *Pequod* must have plainly thought not

hi — harmless vicissitudes of the
ch — for the sake of being near the scene of action and giving his orders in person yet for Captain Ahab to have a boat actually apportioned to him as a regular headsman in the hunt—above all for Captain Ahab to be supplied with five extra men as that same boat's crew he well knew that such generous conceits never entered the heads of the owners of the *Pequod* Therefore he had not solicited a boat's crew from them nor had he in any way hinted his desires on that head Nevertheless he had taken private measures of his own touching all that matter Until Cabaco's published discovery the sailors had little foreseen it though to be sure when after being a little while out of port all hands had concluded the customary business of fitting the whaleboats for service when some time after this Ahab was now and then found bestirring himself in the matter of mending thole pins with his own hands for what was thought to be one of the spare boats and even solicitously cutting the small wooden skewers which when the line is running out are pinned over the groove in the bow when all this was observed in him and particularly his solicitude in having an extra coat of sheathing in the bottom of the boat as if to make it better withstand

Ahab's Boat and Crew Fedallah

and also the anxiety he evinced in
as it is sometimes called
the knee against in dart
often he stood up
ircular depression in
ut a little here and
ned much

hunt that mortal monster in person But such a supposition
involve the remotest suspicion as to any boat's crew being assigned to that
boat

Now with the subordinate phantoms what wonder remained soon
wonders soon wane Besides now and then
p from the
outlaws of
r castaway

creatures found tossing about the open sea on planks bits of wreck oars
whaleboats canoes blown-off Japanese junks and what not that Beelze-
bub himself might climb up the side and step down into the cabin to chat
with the captain and it would not create any unsubduable excitement in
the fore-castle

But be all this as it may certain it is that while the subordinate phantoms
soon found their place among the crew though still as it were somehow
distinct from them yet that hair-turbaned Fedallah remained a muffled
mystery to the last Whence he came in a mannerly world like this by
what sort of unaccountable tie he soon evinced himself to be linked with
Ahab's peculiar fortunes nay so far as to have some sort of a half-hunted
influence Heaven knows but it might have been even authority over
him all this none knew But one cannot sustain an indifferent air con-
cerning Fedallah He was such a creature as civilised domestic people in
the temperate zone only see in their dreams and that but dimly but the
like of whom now and then glide among the unchanging Asiatic commu-
nities especially the Oriental isles to the east of the continent—those insu-
lated immemorial unalterable countries which even in these modern
days still preserve much of the ghostly aboriginality of earth's primal
generations when the memory of the first man was a distinct recollection
and all men his descendants unknowing whence he came eyed each
other as real phantoms and asked of the sun and the moon why they were
created and to what end when though according to Genesis the angels
indeed consorted with the daughters of men the devils also add the un-
canonical Rabbins indulged in mundane amours

Chapter 51

The Spirit Spout

DAYS weeks passed and under easy sail the ivory *Pequod* had slowly swept across four several cruising grounds that off the Azores off the Cape de Verdes on the Plate (so called) being off the mouth of the Rio de la Plata and the Carrol Ground in unstraked watery locality southerly from St Helena

It was while gliding through these latter waters that one serene and moonlight night when all the waves rolled by like scrolls of silver and by their soft suffusing seethings made what seemed a silvery silence not a solitude on such a silent night a silvery jet was seen far in advance of the white bubbles at the bow Lit up by the moon it looked celestial seemed some plumed and glittering god uprising from the sea Fedallah first descried this jet For of these moonlight nights it was his wont to mount to the mainmast head and stand a lookout there with the same precision as if it had been day And yet though herds of whales were seen by night not one whaleman in a hundred would venture a lowering for them You may think with what emotions then the seamen beheld this old Oriental perched aloft at such unusual hours his turban and the moon companions in one sky But when after spending his uniform interval there for several successive nights without uttering a single sound when after all this silence his unearthly voice was heard announcing that silvery moonlit jet every reclining mariner started to his feet as if some winged spirit had lighted in the rigging and hailed the mortal crew 'There she blows! Had the trump of judgment blown they could not have quivered more yet still they felt no terror rather pleasure For though it was a most unwonted hour yet so impressive was the cry and so deliriously exciting that almost

Jes Ahab commanded
insail spread The best

man in the ship must take the helm Then with every masthead manned the piled up craft rolled down before the wind The strange upheaving lifting tendency of the taffrail breeze filling the hollows of so many sails made the buoyant hovering deck to feel like air beneath the feet while still she rushed along as if two antagonistic influences were struggling in her—one to mount direct to heaven the other to drive yawningly to some hor-
ou would have
While his one
his dead limb
n walked But

though the ship so swiftly sped and though from every eye like arrows the eager glances shot yet the silvery jet was no more seen that night

The Spirit Spout

Every sailor swore he saw it once but not a second time.

This midnight-spout had almost grown a forgotten thing when some days after lo! at the same silent hour it was again announced again it was descried by all but upon making sail to overtake it once more it disappeared as if it had never been And so it served us night after night, till no one heeded it but to wonder at it Mysteriously jetted into the clear moonlight or starlight, as the case might be disappearing again for one whole hour and somehow seeming at every distinct repetition this solitary jet seemed

Not with the immemorial superstition of that race and in accordance with the preternaturalness as it seemed which in many things invested the *Pequod* were there wanting some of the seamen who swore that whenever and wherever descended at however remote times or in however far apart latitudes and longitudes that unneighbourly spout was cast by one self same whale and that whale Moby Dick. For a time there reigned too a sense of peculiar dread at this flitting apparition as if it were treacherously beckoning us on and on in order that the monster might turn round upon us and rend us at last in the remotest and most savage seas.

These temporary apprehensions so vague but so awful derived a wondrous potency from the contrasting serenity of the weather in which beneath all its blue blandness some thought there lurked a devilish charm as for days and days we roved along, through seas so weirdly lonesomely mild that all space in repugnance to our vengeful errand seemed vacating itself of life before our urn like prow.

gored the dark waves in her madness till like showers of silver chips, the foam-flakes flew over her bulwarks then all this desolate vacancy of life

mon n^o perched on our stars, ro^os of these birds were seen and spite of our hoo^ogs for a long time obstinately clun^o to the hemp as though they deemed our ship some drifting, uninhabited craft a thing appointed to desolation and therefore fit roosting-place for their homeless selves And heaved and heaved still unrestingly heaved the black sea as if its vast tid^os were a conscience and the great mundane soul were in anguish and remorse for the long sin and suffering it had bred

Cape of Good Hope do they call ye? Rather Cape Tormentoto as called
of vor for long, allured by the perfidious silences that before had attended
us, e found oursel'v's launched into this tormented sea where guilty

beings transformed into those fowls and these fish seemed condemned to swim on everlastingly without any haven in store or beat that black air without any horizon But calm snow white and unvarying still directing its fountain of feathers to the sky still beckoning us on from before the solitary jet would at times be descried

During all this blackness of the elements Ahab though assuming for the time the almost continual command of the drenched and dangerous deck manifested the gloomiest reserve and more seldom than ever addressed his mates In tempestuous times like these after everything above and aloft has been secured nothing more can be done but passively to await the issue of the gale Then Captain and crew become practical fatalists So with his ivory leg inserted into its accustomed hole and with one hand firmly grasping a shroud Ahab for hours and hours would stand gazing dead to windward while an occasional sail of lee came -

guard against the leaping waves each man had slipped himself into a sort of bowline secured to the rail in which he swung - Few sailors

ness could have borne the same muteness of humanity before the shrieks of the ocean prevailed still in silence the men swung in the bowlines still wordless Ahab stood up to the blast Even when wearied nature seemed demanding repose he would not seek that repose in his hammock Never could Starbuck forget the old man's aspect when one night going down into the cabin to mark how the barometer stood he saw him with closed eyes sitting straight in his floor seat - half motionless

still as him charts of tides and currents which have previously been spoken of His lantern swung from his tightly clenched hand Though the body was erect the head was thrown back so that the closed eyes were pointed towards the needle of the tell tale that swung from a

with a shudder sleeping in this

The cabin-compass is called the tell tale because without going to the compass at the helm the Captain while below can inform himself of the course of the ship

Chapter 52

THE ALBATROSS

CHAPTER 52

by name As he slowly drew his head I had a good view of that sight so remarkable to a tyro in the far ocean fisheries—a whaler at sea and long absent from home.

As if the waves had been fullers this craft was bleached like the skeleton of a stranded walrus All down her sides this spectral appearance was traced with long channels of reddened rust while all her spars and her rigging were like the thick branches of trees furled over with hoar frost. Only her lower sails were set A wild sight it was to see her long-bearded lookouts at those three mastsheads They seemed clad in the skins of beasts so torn and bepatched the raiment that had survived nearly four years of cruising Standing in iron hoops nailed to the mast they swayed and swung over a fathomless sea and though when the ship slowly glided close up to those of the us as they passed

said not one word to our own lookouts while the quarter-deck hail was being heard from below

"Ship-boy! Have ye seen the White Whale

But as the strange captain leaning over the pallid bulwarks was in the act of putting his trumpet to his mouth it somehow fell from his hand into the sea and the wind now rising again he in vain strove to make himself heard without it Meantime his ship was still increasing the distance between While in various silent ways the seamen of the Pequod were evincing their observance of this ominous incident at the first mere mention of the White Whale's name to another ship Ahab for a moment paused it almost seemed as though he would have lowered a boat to board the

he loudly hailed— Ahoy there! This is the Pequod bound round the world! Tell them to address all future letters to the Pacific Ocean! and this time three years if I am not at home tell them to address them to—

At that moment the two vessels were fairly crossed and instantly then

niac man the veriest trifles capriciously carry meanings

Swim away from me do ye? murmured Ahab gazing over into the water. There seemed but little in the words but the tone conveyed more of deep helpless sadness than the insane old man had ever before evinced. But turning to the steersman who thus far had been holding the ship in the wind to diminish her headway he cried out in his old lion voice — Up helm! keep her off round the world!

Round the world! There is much in that sound to inspire proud feelings but whereto does all that circumnavigation conduct? Only through numberless perils to the very point whence we started where those that we left behind secure were all the time before us.

Were this world an endless plain and by sailing eastward we could for ever reach new distances and discover sights more sweet and strange than any Cyclades or Islands of King Solomon then there were promise in the voyage. But in pursuit of those far mysteries we dream of or in tormented chase of that demon phantom that some time or other swims before all human hearts—while chasing such over this round globe they either lead us on in barren mazes or midway leave us whelmed.

Chapter 53

The Gam

THE ostensible reason why Ahab did not go on board of the whaler we had spoken was this the wind and sea betokened storms. But even had this not been the case he would not after all perhaps have boarded her—judging by his subsequent conduct on similar occasions—if so it had been that by the process of hailing he had obtained a negative answer to the question he put. For as it eventually turned out he cared not to consort even for five minutes with any stranger captain except he could contribute some of that information he so absorbingly sought. But all this might remain inadequately estimated were not something said here of the peculiar usages of whaling vessels when meeting each other in foreign seas and especially on a common cruising ground.

If two strangers crossing the Pine Barrens in New York State or the equally desolate Salisbury Plain in England if casually encountering each other in such inhospitable wilds these twin for the life of them cannot well avoid a mutual salutation and stopping for a moment to interchange the news and perhaps sitting down for a while and resting in consort then how much more natural that upon the illimitable Pine Barrens and Salisbury Plains of the sea two whaling vessels desiring each other at the ends of the earth—off lone Fanning's Island or the far away King's Mills how much more natural I say that under such circumstances these ships should not only interchange hails but come into still closer more friendly

The Gam

and sociable contact. And especially would this seem to be a matter of course in the case of vessels owned in one seaport and whose captains, officers, and not a few of the men are personally known to each other and consequently have all sorts of dear domestic things to talk about.

For the long absent ship the outward bounder perhaps has letters on her date she will be sure to let her have some papers of a date

will hold true ^{this} on the cruising-ground itself even though they are equally long absent from home. For one of them may have received a transfer of letters from some third and now far remote vessel and some of those letters may be for the people of the ship she now meets. Besides they would exchange the whaling news and have an agreeable chat. For not only would they meet with all the sympathies of sailors but likewise with all the peculiar congenialities arising from a common pursuit and mutually shared privations and perils.

Nor would difference of country make any very essential difference that is so long as both parties speak one language as is the case with Americans and English. Though to be sure from the small number of English whalers such meetings do not very often occur and when they do occur

of metropolitan superiority over the American whalers regarding the long lan Nantucketer with his nondescript provincialisms as a sort of sea peasant. But where this superiority in the English whalemén does really

tucket it does not take much to heart probably because he knows that he has a few so bles himself.

So then we see that of all ships separately sailing the sea the whalers have most reason to be sociable—and they are so. Whereas some merchant

indulging perhaps in fanciful criticism upon each other's rig. As for Men-of-War when they chance to meet at sea they first go through such a ⁱⁿ of bows and scrapings such a ducking of ensigns that there does not seem to be much right-do in hearty goodwill and brotherly love

about it at all. As touching Slave-ships meeting why they are in such a prodigious hurry they run away from each other as soon as possible. And as for pirates when they chauce to cross each other's cross bones the first hail is—How many skulls?—the same way that whalers hail—How many barrels? And that question once answered pirates straightway steer apart for they are infernal villains on both sides and don't like to see over much of each other's villainous likenesses.

But look at the godly honest unostentatious hospitable sociable free and easy whaler! What does the whaler do when she meets another whaler in any sort of decent weather she has a *Gam*—a thing so utterly unknown to all other ships that they never heard of the name even and if by chance they should hear of it they only grin at it and repeat gamesome stuff about spouters and blubber boilers and suchlike pretty exclamations. Why is it that all Merchant seamen and also all pirates and Man-of-War's men and Slave-ship sailors cherish such a scornful feeling towards Whale-ships this is a question it would be hard to answer. Because in the case of pirates say I should like to know whether that profession of theirs has any peculiar glory about it. It sometimes ends in uncommon elevation indeed but only at the gallows. And besides when a man is elevated in that odd fashion he has no proper foundation for his superior altitude. Hence I conclude that in boasting himself to be high lifted above a whaleman in that assertion the pirate has no solid basis to stand on.

But what is a *Gam*? You might wear out your index finger running up and down the columns of dictionaries and never find the word. Dr. Johnson never attained to that erudition. Noah Webster's ark does not hold it. Nevertheless this same expressive word has now for many years been in constant use among some fifteen thousand true born Yankees. Certainly it needs a definition and should be incorporated into the Lexicon. With that view let me learnedly define it.

GAM Noun—A social meeting of two (or more) whale ships generally on a cruising ground when after exchanging hails they exchange visits by boats crews the two captains remaining for the time on board of one ship and the two chief mates on the other.

There is another little item about Camming which must not be forgotten here. All professions have their own little peculiarities of detail so has the whale fishery. In a Pirate Man-of-War or Slave-ship when the captain is rowed anywhere in his boat he always sits in the stern sheets on a comfortable sometimes cushioned seat there and often steers himself with a pretty little milliner's tiller decorated with gay cords and ribbons. But the whale-boat has no seat astern no sofa of that sort whatever and no tiller at all. High times indeed if whaling captains were wheeled about the water on castors like gouty old aldermen in patent chairs. And as for a tiller the whale-boat never admits of any such effeminacy and therefore

The Teen Hero Story

as in ginning, a complete lot can make the ship and hence as
 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 83

from the
impotence of maintaining his dignity by maintaining his legs. Nor is this
any very easy matter for in his rear is the immense projecting steering gear
which then in the small of his back the after our reciprocal

to tell him I was length of toun in my way
 with Mercy make a preda ngle of two pole and you cannot stand
 in Then as in it would never do in plain sight of the world

his hands. Indeed as taken of his entire carriage generally carries his hand in his trousers pockets but perhaps being generally very large heavy hand he carries them there for ballast. Nevertheless it has occurred in times well authenticated ones too where the captain has been known for an uncommonly critical moment or two—in a sudden squall—to seize hold of the nearest one man's hair and hold on there like grim death.

Chapter 51

The Love Story

(As told at the Golden Inn)

In Cape of Good Hope and all the watery region round it but there is much like the noted four corners of a great highway where you meet in a travel as there in any other part.

It was not very long after packing the Coney that another homeward bound whaler from the Louella was encountered. She was manned almost wholly by L. Lyndon. In the short run that ensued she gave us the first news of Moby Dick. To some the general interest in the White Whale was now willfully heightened by a circumstance of the Louella's voyage which seemed to curiously coincide with the whole a certain word which is inserted in the reference of the social judgments of C. which at times are said to overtake the men. This latter circumstance with its own particular sexing intimates forming what may be called the secret

by 11

about it at all As touching Slave-ships meeting why they are in such a prodigious hurry they run away from each other as soon as possible And as for pirates when they chance to cross each other's cross bones the first hail is— How many skulls? —the same way that whalers hail— How many barrels? And that question once answered pirates straightway steer apart for they are infernal villains on both sides and don't like to see over much of each other's villainous likenesses

But look at the godly honest unostentatious hospitable sociable free and easy whaler! What does the whaler do when she meets another whaler in any sort of decent weather she has a *Gam* a thing so utterly unknown to all other ships that they never heard of the name even and if by chance they should hear of it they only grin at it and repeat gamesome stuff about spouters and blubber boilers and suchlike pretty exclamations Why is it that all Merchant seamen and also all pirates and Man-of War's men and Slave-ship sailors cherish such a scornful feeling towards Whale-ships this is a question it would be hard to answer Because in the case of pirates say I should like to know whether that profession of theirs has any peculiar glory about it It sometimes ends in uncommon elevation indeed but only at the gallows And besides when a man is elevated in that odd fashion he has no proper foundation for his superior altitude Hence I

and down the columns of dictionaries and never find the word Dr John son never attained to that erudition Noah Webster's ark does not hold it Nevertheless this same expressive word has now for many years been in constant use among some fifteen thousand true born Yankees Certainly it needs a definition and should be incorporated into the Lexicon With that view let me learnedly define it

GAM Noun—A social meeting of two (or more) whale ships generally on a cruising ground when after exchanging hails they exchange visits by boats crews the two captains remaining for the time on board of one ship and the two chief mates on the other

There is another little item about Gamming which must not be forgotten here All professions have their own little peculiarities of detail so has the whale fishery In a Pirate Man-of War or Slave-ship when the captain is rowed anywhere in his boat he always sits in the stern sheets on a comfortable sometimes cushioned seat there and often steers himself with a pretty little milliner's tiller decorated with gay cords and ribbons But the whale-boat has no seat astern no sofa of that sort whatever and no tiller at all High times indeed if whaling captains were wheeled about the water on castors like gouty old aldermen in patent chairs And as for a tiller the whale-boat never admits of any such effeminacy and therefore

The Town Ho's Story

as in gamming a complete boat's crew must leave the ship and hence as the boat steerer or harpooneer is of the number that subordinate is the

importance of sustaining his dignity by making it an easy matter for in his rear is the immense projecting steering-oar

and behind and can only be stretched legs but a sudden violent pitch of the boat will often go far to topple him because length of foundation is nothing without corresponding breadth Merely make a spread angle of two poles and you cannot stand them up Then again it would never do in plain sight of the world's riveted eyes it would never do I say for this straddling captain to be seen steadying himself the slightest particle by catching hold of anything with

less there have occurred instances well authenticated ones too which the captain has been known for an uncommonly critical moment or two—in a sudden squall say—to seize hold of the nearest oarsman's hair and hold on there like grim death

Chapter 54

The Town Ho's Story

(As told at the Golden Inn)

THE Cape of Good Hope and all the watery region round about there is much like some noted four corners of a great highway where you meet more travellers than in any other part

It was not very long after speaking the *Goney* that another homeward bound whaler the *Town Ho* was encountered She was manned

dreadful inverted visitation of one of those so-called judgments of God which at times are said to overtake some men This latter circumstance with its own particular accompaniments forming what may be called the secret

The twilight post gale from the mainmast still used by whalers to show the ship's position

Moby Dick

part of the tragedy about to be narrated --
 Ahab --
 captain of
 estate

ars of Captain
 own to the cap-
 three confed

one of whom it seems communicated it to
 Tashtego with Romish injunctions of secrecy but the following night
 Tashtego rambled in his sleep and revealed so much of it in that way that
 when he was awakened he could not well withhold the rest Nevertheless so
 potent an influence did this thing have on those seamen in the *Pequod*
 who came to the full knowledge of it and by such a strange delusion
 will it so were they governed --

the affair I now proceed to put

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and Sebastian were on the closer terms with
 me and hence the interluding questions they occasionally put and which
 were duly answered at the time

Some two years prior to my first learning the events which I am about
 rehearsing to you gentlemen the *Town Ho* Sperm Whaler of Nantucket
 was cruising in your Pacific here not very many days sail eastward from
 the caves of this good Golden Inn She was somewhere to the northward
 of the Line One morning upon handling the pumps according to daily
 usage it was observed that she made more water in her hold than common
 They supposed a sword fish had stricken her

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went by and

increased so much so that now taking some alarm the Captain making all
 sail stood away for the nearest harbour among the islands there to have his
 hull hove out and repaired

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The Town Ho's Story

without the occurrence of the
overbearing of Rodney the
divengeance of Steelkilt a

1 town and desperado from Buffalo

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any that

sail brigs and three-masted ships well equipped
ever sailed out of your old Callao to far Manilla this Lakeman in the land
locked heart of our America had yet been nurtured by all those agrarian
freebooting impressions popularly connected with the open ocean For in
fresh-water seas of ours -- Erie
nd Michigan -- possess an ocean
an's noblest traits with many of
its rimmed varieties of races and of climes They contain round archipela
goes of romantic isles even as the Polynesian waters do in large part are
hored by two great contrasting nations as the Atlantic is they furnish long
manume approaches to our numerous territorial colonies from the East
dotted all round their banks here and there are frowned upon by batteries

here the gaunt pines stand like serried lines of kings in Gonna peninsula
ogies those same woods harbouring wild Afric beasts of prey and silken
creatures whose exported furs give robes to Tartar Emperors they mirror
the paved capitals of Buffalo and Cleveland as well as Winnebago villages
they float alike the full rigged merchant ship the armed cruiser of the State
the steamer and the beach canoe they are swept by Borean and dismasting
blast as direful as any that lash the salted wave they know what ship-

ne just as venturist and full of social quarrels as the backwood seaman
fresh from the latitudes of buck horn handled bowie-knives Yet was this

part of the tragedy about to be narrated never reach the ears of Captain Ahab or his mates. For that secret part of the story was unknown to the captain of the *Town Ho* himself. It was the private property of three confederate white scamen of that ship, one of whom it seems communicated it to Tashtego with Romish injunctions of secrecy, but the following night Tashtego rambled in his sleep and revealed so much of it in that way that when he was wakened he could not well withhold the rest. Nevertheless so potent an influence did this thing have on those scamen in the *Pequod* who came to the full knowledge of it and by such a strange delicacy to call it so were they governed in this matter that they kept the secret among themselves so that it never transpired abast the *Pequod's* mainmast. Intervailing in its proper place this darker thread with the story as publicly narrated on the ship the whole of this strange affair I now proceed to put on lasting record.

For my humour's sake I shall preserve the style in which I once narrated it at Lima to a lounging circle of my Spanish friends, one saint's eve smoking upon the thick gilt tiled piazza of the Golden Inn. Of those fine cavaliers the young Dons Pedro and Sebastian were on the closer terms with me and hence the interluding questions they occasionally put and which are duly answered at the time.

Some two years prior to my first learning the events which I am about rehearsing to you gentlemen the *Town Ho* Sperm Whaler of Nantucket was cruising in your Pacific here not very many days sail eastward from the caves of this good Golden Inn. She was somewhere to the northward of the Line. One morning upon handling the pumps according to daily usage it was observed that she made more water in her hold than common. They supposed a sword fish had stabbed her gentlemen. But the Captain having some unusual reason for believing that rare good luck awaited him in those latitudes and therefore being very averse to quit them and the leak not being then considered at all dangerous though indeed they could not find it after searching the hold as low down as was possible in rather heavy weather the ship still continued her cruising, the mariners working at the pumps at wide and easy intervals but no good luck came more days went by and not only was the leak yet undiscovered but it sensibly increased. So much so that now taking some alarm the Captain making all sail stood away for the nearest harbour among the islands there to have his hull hove out and repaired.

Though no small passage was before her yet if the commonest chance favoured he did not at all fear that his ship would founder by the way because his pumps were of the best and being periodically relieved at them those six and thirty men of his could easily keep the ship free never mind if the leak should double on her. In truth well nigh the whole of this passage being attended by very prosperous breezes the *Town Ho* had all but

The Town Ho's Story

a brain and a heart and a soul in him gentlemen which had made Steelkilt Charlemagne had he been born son to Charlemagne's father But Radney the mate was ugly as a mule yet as hardy as stubborn as malicious He did not love Steelkilt and Steelkilt knew it

Espying the mate drawing near as he was toiling at the pump with the rest the Lakeman affected not to notice him but unawed went on with his business

men old hands themselves The fact is boys that sword fish only began the job he's come back again with a gang of ship-carpenters saw fish and file fish and what not and the whole posse of 'em are now hard at work cutting board and scatter 'em They're making improvements I suppose If old Radney But he's a simple old soul — most of his property is invested in looking-glasses I wonder if he'd give a poor devil like me the model of his nose

'Damn your eyes' what's that pump stoppin' for roared Radney pretending not to have heard the sailors talk 'Thunder away at it'

Aye, aye sir said Steelkilt merry as a cricket. Lively boys, lively now! And with that the pump clanged like fifty fire-engines the men tossed their hats off to it and ere long that peculiar gasping of the lungs

red his eyes bloodshot and wiping the profuse sweat from his forehead what cozening fiend it was gentlemen that possessed Radney to meddle with such a man in that corporeally exasperated state I know not but so

Now gentlemen sleeping a ship's deck at sea is a piece of household

in the meanest shaves right thus treated this Steerkilt had long been retained harmless and docile. At all events he had proved so thus far but Radney was doomed and made mad and Steerkilt—but gentlemen you shall hear.

It was not more than a day or two at the furthest after pointing her prow for her island haven that the *Tou n Ho's* leak seemed again increasing but only so as to require an hour or more at the pumps every day. You must know that in a settled and civilised ocean like our Atlantic for example some skippers think little of pumping their whole way across it though of a still sleepy night should the officer of the deck happen to forget his duty in that respect the probability would be that he and his shipmates would never again remember it on account of all hands gently subsiding to the bottom. Nor in the solitary and savage seas far from you to the westward gentlemen is it altogether unusual for ships to keep clanging at their pump handles in full chorus even for a voyage of considerable length that is if it lie along tolerably accessible coast or if any other reasonable retreat is afforded them. It is only when a leaky vessel is in some very out-of-the-way part of those waters some really landless latitude that her captain begins to feel a little nervous.

Much this way had it been with the *Tou n Ho* so when her leak was found gaining once more there was in truth some small concern manifested by several of her company especially by Radney the mate. He commanded the upper sails to be well hoisted sheeted home anew and every way expanded to the breeze. Now this Radney I suppose was as little of a coward and as little inclined to any sort of nervous apprehensiveness touching his own person as any fearless unthinking creature on land or on sea that you can conveniently imagine gentlemen. Therefore when he betrayed this solicitude about the safety of the ship some of the seamen declared that it was only on account of his being a part owner in her. So when

the pumps there was on this head no them as they stood with their feet continually overflowed by the tipping clear water clear as any spring gentlemen—that bubbling from the pumps ran across the deck and poured itself out in steady spouts at the lee scupper holes.

Now as you well know it is not seldom the case in this conventional world of ours—watery or otherwise—that a person placed in command over his fellow men finds one of them to be very significantly his superior in general pride of manhood straightway against that man he conceives an unconquerable dislike and bitterness and if he have a chance he will pull down and pulverise that subaltern's tower and make a little heap of dust of him. But gentlemen at all events Steerkilt and a flowing golden morning charger and

The Town Ho's Story

and of insufferable maledictions Retreat
1 1

hind him and creepingly with hammer but grazed his cheek he (Steelkilt) would murder him but gentlemen the fool had been branded for the slaughter by the gods Immediately the hammer touched the cheek the next instant the lower jaw of the mate was stove in his head he fell on the hatch spouting blood like a whale

Ere the cry could go afloat Steelkilt was shaking one of the backstays leading far aloft to where two of his comrades were standing their mastheads They were both Canallers

Canallers! cried Don Pedro 'We have seen many Whale-ships in our harbours but never heard of your Canallers Pardon who and what are they?

Canallers Don are the boatmen belonging to our Grand Erie Canal
— h heard of it

1 2 —

proceeding further I will tell you what our Canallers at
tion may throw sidelight upon my story

For three hundred and sixty miles gentlemen through the entire breadth of the State of New York through numerous populous cities and most thriving villages through long dismal uninhabited swamps and affluent cultivated fields unvalled for fertility by billiard room and bar room through great forests on Roman arches over Indian rivers through sun and shade by happy hearts or broken through all the wide contrasting scenery of those noble Mohawk countries and especially by rows of snow white chapels whose spires stand almost like mile-stones flows one continual stream of Venetianly corrupt and awful lawless life There's your true Ashantee gentlemen there howl your pagans where you ever find them next door to you under the long flung shadow and the snug
f —

Is that a friar passing said Don Pedro looking out over the crowded piazza with humorous concern

Well for our northern friend Dame Isabella's Inquisition wades in Lima laughed Don Sebastian Proceed Senor

A moment! Pardon! cried another of the company In the name of all u Limees I but desire to express to you sir sailor that we have by no means overlooked your delicacy in not substituting present Lima for distant

consequently he should have been freed from any trivial business not connected with truly nautical duties such being the case with his comrades I mention all these particulars so that you may understand exactly how this affair stood between the two men

But there was more than this the order about the shovel was almost as

when the mate uttered his command But as he sat still for a moment and as he steadfastly looked into the mate's malignant eye and perceived the sticks of powder casks heaped up in him and the slow match silently burning along towards them as he instinctively saw all this that strange forbearance and unwillingness to stir up the deeper passionateness in an already irritable being—a repugnance most felt when felt at all by really valiant men even when aggrieved—this nameless phantom feeling gentlemen stole over Steelkilt

Therefore in his ordinary tone only a little broken by the bodily exhaustion he was temporarily in he answered him saying that sweeping the deck was not his business and he would not do it And then without at all alluding to the shovel he pointed to three lads as the customary sweepers who not being billeted at the pumps had done little or nothing all day To this Radney replied with an oath in a most domineering and outrageous manner unconditionally reiterating his command meanwhile advancing upon the still seated Lakeman with an uplifted cooper's club hammer which he had snatched from a cask near by

Heated and irritated as he was by his spasmodic toil at the pumps for all his first nameless feeling of forbearance the sweating Steelkilt could but ill brook this bearing in the mate but somehow still smothering the conflagration within him without speaking he remained doggedly rooted to his seat till at last the incensed Radney shook the hammer within a few inches of his face furiously commanding him to do his bidding

Steelkilt rose and slowly retreating round the windlass steadily followed by the mate with his menacing hammer deliberately repeated his intention not to obey Seeing however that his forbearance had not the slightest effect by an awful and unspeakable intimation with his twisted hand he warned off the foolish and infatuated man but it was to no purpose And in this way the two went once slowly round the windlass when resolved at last no longer to retreat bethinking him that he had now forborne as much as comported with his humour the Lakeman paused on the hatches and thus spoke to the officer

Mr Radney I will not obey you Take that hammer away or look to yourself But the predestinated mate coming still closer to him where the Lakeman stood fixed now shook the heavy hammer within an inch of his

The Town Ho's Story

Call him his desperadoes were too much for them all they succeeded
 — — — — — three or four
 — — — — —

By the way

— — — — — them
 — — — — — out of

that ye cut him down

"Steellilt leaped on the barricade and standing up and down there, defied the worst the pistols could do but gave the captain to understand distinctly that his (Steellilt's) death would be the signal for a murderous mutiny on the part of all hand. Fearing in his heart lest this might prove but too true the Captain a little desisted but still commanded the insurgents instantly to return to their duty.

"Will you promise not to touch us if we do?" demanded their ring-leader.

"Turn to! turn to!—I make no promise—to your duty! Do you want to sink the ship by knocking off at a time like this? Turn to! and he once more raised a pistol.

Sink the ship cried Steellilt. Aye let her sink. Not a man of us turns
 — — — — — What say ye men?

e keeping his eye
 c f

mincing knives do yn in the forecastle there men^d look to those handspikes my hearties Captain by God look to yourself say the word don't be a fool forget it all we are ready to turn to treat us decently and we're your men but we won't be flogged.

"Turn to! I make no promises turn to I say!"

d l —

ye sick of it Down ye go

Venice in your corrupt comparison Oh! do not bow and look surprised you know the proverb all along this coast— Corrupt as Lima It but bears out your saying too churches more plentiful than billiard tables and for ever open—and Corrupt as Lima So too Venice I have been there the holy city of the blessed evangelist St Mark!—St Dominic purge it! Your cup! Thanks here I refill now you pour out again

Freely depicted in his own vocation gentlemen the Canaller would make a fine dramatic hero so abundantly and picturesquely wicked is he Like Mark Antony for days and days along his green turfed flowery Nile he indolently floats openly toying with his red cheeked Cleopatra ripening his apricot thigh upon the sunny deck But ashore all this effeminacy is dashed The brigandish guise which the Canaller so proudly sports his slouched and gaily ribboned hat betoken his grand features A terror to the smiling innocence of the villages through which he floats his swart visage and bold swagger are not unshunned in cities Once a vagabond on his own canal I have received good turns from one of these Canallers I thank him heartily would fain be not ungrateful but it is often one of the prime redeeming qualities of your man of violence that at times he has as stiff an arm to back a poor stranger in a strait as to plunder a wealthy one In sum gentlemen what the wildness of this canal life is is emphatically evinced by this that our wild whale fishery contains so many of its most finished graduates and that scarce any race of mankind except Sydney men are so much distrusted by our whaling captains Nor does it at all diminish the curiousness of this matter that to many thou

Christian cornfield and recklessly ploughing the waters of the most barbaric seas

I see! I see! impetuously exclaimed Don Pedro spilling his chicha upon his silvery ruffles No need to travel! The world's one Lima I had thought now that at your temperate North the generations were cold and holy as the hills —But the story

I left off gentlemen where the Lakeman shook the brickstap Hardly had he done so when he was surrounded by the three junior mates and the four harpooneers who all crowded him to the deck But sliding down the ropes like baleful comets the two Canallers rushed into the uproar and sought to drag their man out of it towards the forecabin Others of the sailors joined with them in this attempt and a twisted turmoil ensued while standing out of harm's way the valiant Captain danced up and down with a whale-pike calling upon his officers to manhandle that atrocious

on it with his pike sought to pick out the object of his resentment But

The Town Ho's Story

Well he and his desperadoes were too much for them all they succeeded
— — — — — in — — — — — or four

— — — — — them
— — — — — out of

— — — — —

Steekkilt leaped on the barricade and striding up and down there defied the worst the pistols could do but gave the captain to understand distinctly that his (Steekkilt's) death would be the signal for a murderous mutiny on the part of all hands. Fearing in his heart lest this might prove but too true the Captain a little desisted but still commanded the insurgents instantly to return to their duty.

'Will you promise not to touch us if we do?' demanded their ring-leader.

'Turn to! turn to!—I make no promise—to your duty! Do you want to sink the ship by knocking off at a time like this? Turn to! and he once more raised a pistol.

'Sink the ship' cried Steekkilt. 'Aye let her sink. Not a man of us turns to unless you swear not to raise a rope-yarn against us. What say ye men?' turning to his comrades. A fierce cheer was their response.

— — — — —

mincing. 'Lives down in the fore-castle there men look to those handspikes rivet-heads. Captain by God look to yourself say the word don't be a fool forget it all we are ready to turn to treat us decently and we're your men but we won't be flogged.

'Turn to I make no promises turn to I say!'

— — — — —

— — — — —

— — — — —

as soon as the anchor is down so we don't want a row it's not our interest we want to be peaceable we are ready to work but we won't be flogged.

'Turn to' roared the Captain.

'Steekkilt glanced round him a moment and then said —'I tell you what it is not Captain rather than kill ye and be hung for such a shabby rascal we won't lift a hand gains't ye unless ye attack us but till you say the word about not flogging us, we don't do a hand's turn.

'Down in o the fore-castle then do you wish ye, I'll keep ye there till ye're sick of it. Down ye go.

Venice in your company
know
your s
c

Thanks here I refill now you pour out again

Freely depicted in his own vocation gentlemen the Canaller would make a fine dramatic hero so abundantly and picturesquely wicked is he Like Mark Antony for days and days along his green turfed flowery Nile he indolently floats openly toying with his red-checked Cleopatra ripening his apricot thigh upon the sunny deck But ashore all this effeminacy is dashed The brigandish guise which the Canaller so proudly sports his slouched and gaily ribboned hat betoken his grand features A terror to the smiling innocence of the villages through which he floats his swart visage and bold swagger are not unshunned in cities Once a vagabond on his own canal I have received good turns from one of these Canallers I thank him heartily would fain be not ungrateful but it is often one of the prime redeeming qualities of your man of violence at times he has a
a wealthy one I

is emphatically our wild whale-fishery contains so many of its most finished graduates and that scarce any race of mankind except Sydney men are so much distrusted by our whaling captains Nor does it at all diminish the curiousness of this matter that to many thousands of our rural boys and young men born along its line the probationary life of the Grand Canal furnishes the sole transition between quietly reaping in a Christian cornfield and recklessly ploughing the waters of the most barbaric seas

I see! I see! impetuously exclaimed Don Pedro spilling his elucha upon his silvery ruffles No need to travel! The world's one Lima I had thought now that at your temperate North the generations were cold and holy as the hills — But the story

I left off gentlemen where the Lakeman shook the brickstap I hardly had he done so when the junior mates and the four harpooneers But sliding down the ropes like baleful and sought to drag their man out of it towards the forecastle Others of the sailors joined with them in this attempt and a twist

close up to the revolving border of the confusion and prying into the heart of it with his pike sought to pierce out the object of his resentment But

The Toin Ho's Story

peration possible, seize the ship. For himself he would do this he said whether they joined him or not. That was the last night he should spend in that den. But the scheme met with no opposition on the part of the other two. They swore they were ready for that or for any other mad thing for

each insisted the rush should come but to this the one insisted on priority for himself particularly as his two comrades would not yield the one to the other in the matter and both of them could not be first for the ladder would but admit one man at a time. And here gentlemen the foul play of these miscreants must come out.

Upon hearing the frantic project of their leader each in his own separate soul had suddenly lighted it would seem upon the same piece of

hat evil malice or passion that steel kilt made known his determination still to lead them to the last, they in some way by some subtle chemistry of villainy mixed their before secret treacheries together and when their leader fell into a doze verbally opened their souls to each other in three sentences and bound the sleeper with cords, and gagged him with cords, and sneaked out for the Captain at midnight.

Thinking murder at hand and smelling in the dark for the blood he and all his armed mates and harpooneers rushed for the fore-castle. In a few minutes the scuttle was opened and bound hand and foot the still struggling ringleader was shoved up into the air by his perfidious allies, who at once claimed the honour of securing a man who had been fully ripe for murder. But all these were collared and dragged along the deck like

the villains.

At sunrise he summoned all hand and separating those who had rebelled from those who had taken no part in the mutiny he told the former

nothing—for you I mean to mince ye up for the try pots and seizing a rope he applied it with all his might to the backs of the two traitors till they yelled no more but lifelessly hung their heads sideways as the two crucified thieves are drawn.

Shall we? cried the ringleader to his men. Most of them were against it but at length in obedience to Steelkilt they preceded him down into their dark den growlingly disappearing like bears into a cave.

As the Lakeman's bare head was just level with the planks the Captain and his posse leaped the barricade and rapidly drawing over the slide of the scuttle planted their group of hands upon it and loudly called for the steward to bring the heavy brass padlock belonging to the companion way. Then opening the slide a little the Captain whispered something down the crack closed it and turned the key upon them—ten in number—leaving on deck some twenty or more who thus far had remained neutral.

All night a wide-awake watch was kept by all the officers forward and aft especially about the fore-castle scuttle and fore hatchway in which last place it was feared the insurgents might emerge after breaking through the bulkhead below. But the hours of darkness passed in peace the men who still remained at their duty toiling hard at the pumps whose clinking and clanking at intervals through the dreary night dismally resounded through the ship.

At sunrise the Captain went forward and knocking on the deck summoned the prisoners to work but with a yell they refused. Water was then lowered down to them and a couple of handfuls of biscuit were tossed after it when again turning the key upon them and pocketing it the Captain returned to the quarter deck. Twice every day for three days this was repeated but on the fourth morning a confused wrangling and then a scuffling was heard as the customary summons was delivered and suddenly four men burst up from the fore-castle saying they were ready to turn to. The fetid closeness of the air and a famishing diet united perhaps to some fears of ultimate retribution had constrained them to surrender at discretion. Emboldened by this the Captain reiterated his demand to the rest but Steelkilt shouted up to him a terrific hint to stop his babbling and betake himself where he belonged. On the fifth morning three others of the mutineers bolted up into the air from the desperate arms below that sought to restrain them. Only three were left.

Better turn to now? said the Captain with a heartless jeer.

Shut us up again will ye! cried Steelkilt.

bowels of despair it was then that Steelkilt proposed to the two Canadians thus far apparently of one mind with him to burst out of their hole at the next summoning of the garrison and armed with their keen mincing knives (long crescentic heavy implements with a handle at each end) run amuck from the bowsprit to the taffrail and if by any devilishness of des-

The Tonn Ho's Story

death the vital jaw of the whale

But though the Lakeman had induced the seamen to adopt this sort of passiveness in their conduct he kept his own counsel (at least till all was over) concerning his own proper and private revenge upon the man who had stung him in the ventricles of his heart. He was in Radney the chief mate's watch and as if the infatuated man sought to run more than half way to meet his doom after the scene at the rigging he insisted against the express counsel of the captain upon resuming the head of his watch at night. Upon this and one or two other circumstances Steelkilt systematically planned his revenge.

vacancy between the boat and the ship and down went the sea. Steelkilt calculated his time and found that his next trick at the helm would come round at two o'clock in the morning of the third day from that

"Yes rather oddish," said the Lakeman, holding it at arm's length before him, "but I think it will answer. Shipmate, I haven't enough twine—have you any?"

self in the end, shipmate, and going to the mate he looked at him quietly and asked him for some twine to mend his hammock. It was given him—neither twine nor lanyard were seen again, but the next night an iron ball closely netted partly rolled from the pocket of the Lakeman's monkey jacket as he was tucking the coat into his hammock for a pillow. Twenty-four hours after his trick at the silent helm—nigh to the man who was apt to doze over the grave always ready dug to the seaman's hand—that fatal hour was then to come and in the fore-ordaining soul of Steelkilt the mate was already stark and stretched as a corpse with his forehead crushed in.

take out of his hands into his own the damning thing he would have done

My wrist is sprained with ye! he cried at last 'but there is still rope enough left for you my fine bantam that wouldn't give up Take that gag from his mouth and let us hear what he can say for himself

For a moment the exhausted mutineer made a tremulous motion of his cramped jaws and then painfully twisting round his head said in a sort of hiss What I say is this—and mind it well—if you flog me I murder you!

Say ye so? then see how ye frighten me—and the Captain drew off with the rope to strike

Best not hissed the Lakeman

But I must—and the rope was once more drawn back for the stroke

Steekilt here hissed out something inaudible to all but the Captain who to the amazement of all hands started back paced the deck rapidly two or three times and then suddenly throwing down his rope said I won't do it—let him go—cut him down d'ye hear?

attempt he snatched the rope and advanced to his pinioned foe

You are a coward! hissed the Lakeman

So I am but take that The mate was in the very act of striking when another hiss stayed his uplifted arm He paused and then prising no more made good his word spite of Steekilt's threat whatever that might have been The three men were then cut down all hands were turned to and sullenly worked by the moody seamen the iron pumps clanged as before

Just after dark that day when one watch had retired below a clamour was heard in the fore-castle and the two trembling traitors running up besieged the cabin door saying they durst not consort with the crew Entrances cuffs and kicks could not drive them back so at their own instance they were put down in the ship's run for security Still no sign of mutiny reappeared among the rest On the contrary it seemed that mainly at Steekilt's instigation they had resolved to maintain the strictest peacefulness obey all orders to the last and when the ship reached port desert her in a body But in order to insure the speediest end to the voyage

not to sing out for whales in case of her leak and spite of all her other

perils the *Louisa* still maintained her mastheads and her Captain was just as willing to lower for a fish that moment as on the day his craft first struck the cruising-ground and Rodney the mate was quite as ready to change his berth for a boat and with his bandaged mouth seek to gag in

The Town Ho's Story

plunged headlong again and went down

Meantime at the first tap of the boat's bottom the Lakeman had
— — — — — his hirlpool calmly looking
downward jerking
— — — — —

ed them and finally

all holli disappeared

"In good time the Town Ho reached her port—a savage solitary place—
where no civilised creature resided. There headed by the Lakeman all but
five or six of the foremastmen deliberately deserted among the palms
eventually as it turned out seizing a large double war-canoe of the savages
and setting sail for some other harbour.

"The ship's company being reduced to but a handful the Captain called

day and so extreme was the hard work they underwent that upon the
vessel being ready again for sea they were in such a weakened condition
that the Captain durst not put off with them in so heavy a vessel. After
taking council with his officers he anchored the ship as far off shore as
possible loaded and ran out his two cannons from the bows stacked his
muskets on the poop and warning the islanders not to approach the ship at
their peril took one man with him and setting the sail of his best whale
boat steered straight before the wind for Tahiti five hundred miles distant
to procure a reinforcement to his crew.

On the fourth day of the sail a large canoe was descried which seemed
to have touched at a low isle of corals. He steered away from it but the
savage craft bore down on him and soon the voice of Steelkilt hailed him
to heave-to or he would run him under water. The Captain presented a
pistol. With one foot on each prow of the yoked war-canoes the Lakeman
laughed him to scorn assuring him that if the pistol so much as clicked in
the lock he would bury him in bubbles and foam.

"What do you want of me?" cried the Captain.

"Where are you bound?" and for what are you bound? demanded Steel
kilt: no less.

"I am bound to Tahiti for more men."

"Very good. Let me board you a moment—I come in peace. With that
he leaped from the canoe swam to the boat and climbing the gunwale
stood face to face with the Captain.

"Cross your arms sir throw back your head. Now repeat after me.
As soon as Steelkilt leaves me I swear to beach this boat on yonder island.

It was just between daybreak and sunrise of the morning of the second day when they were washing down the decks that a stupid Tenerife man drawing water in the main-chains all at once shouted out 'There she rolls! there she rolls! Jesu what a whale! It was Moby Dick'

Moby Dick! cried Don Sebastian St Dominic! Sir sailor but do whales have christenings? Whom call you Moby Dick?

A very white and famous and most deadly immortal monster Don—but that would be too long a story

How? how? cried all the young Spaniards crowding

Nay Dons Dons—nay nay! I cannot rehearse that now Let me get more into the air sirs

The chicha! the chicha! cried Don Pedro our vigorous friend looks faint—fill up his empty glass!

No need gentlemen one moment and I proceed—Now gentlemen so suddenly perceiving the snowy whale within fifty yards of the ship—forgetful of the compact among the crew—in the excitement of the moment the Tenerife man had instinctively and involuntarily lifted his voice for the monster though for some little time past it had been plainly beheld from the three sullen mastheads All was now a frenzy 'The White Whale—the White Whale!' was the cry from captain mates and harpooners who undeterred by fearful rumours were all anxious to capture so famous and precious a fish while the dogged crew eyed askance and with curses the appalling beauty of the vast milky mass that lit up by a horizontal
pal in the blue morning
whole career of these
itself was charted The

mutineer was the bowsman of the mate and when fast to a fish it was his duty to sit next him while Rodney stood up with his lance in the prow and haul in or slacken the line at the word of command Moreover when the four boats were lowered the mate's got the start and none howled more fiercely with delight than did Steelkilt as he strained at his oar After a stiff pull their harpooneer got fast and spear in hand Rodney sprang to the bow He was always a furious man it seems in a boat And now his bandaged cry was to beach him on the whale's topmost back Nothing

flank of the whale He struck out through the spray and for an instant was dimly seen through that veil wildly seeking to remove himself from the eye of Moby Dick But the whale rushed round in a sudden maelstrom seized the swimmer between the jaws and rearing high up with him

Of the Monstrous Pictures of Whale

men is in substance and its great items true I know it to be true it happened on this ball I trod the ship I knew the crew I have seen and talked with Steelkilt since the death of Radney

Chapter 55

Of the Monstrous Pictures of Whales

I SHALL ere long paint to you as well as one can without canvas something like the true form of the whale as he actually appears to the eye of the whaler when in his own absolute body the whale is moored alongside the Whale-ship so that he can be fairly stepped upon there It may be worth while therefore previously to advert to those curious imaginary portraits of him which even down to the present day confidently challenge the faith of the landsman It is time to set the world right in this matter by proving such pictures of the whale all wrong

It may be that the primal source of all those pictorial delusions will be found among the oldest Hindoo Egyptian and Grecian sculptures For ever since those inventive but unscrupulous times when on the marble

of the whale but in many scientific presentations of him

Now by all odds the most ancient extant portrait anyways purporting to be the whale is to be found in the famous cavern pagoda of Elephanta in India The Brahmins maintain that in the almost endless sculptures of that immemorial pagoda all the trades and pursuits every conceivable avocation of man were prefigured ages before any of them actually came into being No wonder then that in some sort our noble profession of halibut should have been there shadowed forth The Hindoo whale

But go to the old Galleries and look now at a great Christian painter's portrait of this fish for he succeeds no better than the antediluvian Hindoo

Hogarthian monster undulates on the surface scarcely drawing one inch

and remain there six days If I do not may lightning strike me!

A pretty scholar laughed the Lakeman Adios Senor! and leaping into the sea he swam back to his comrades

Watching the boat till it was fairly beached and drawn up to the roots of the cocoanut trees Steelkilt made sail again and in due time arrived at Tahiti his own place of destination There luck befriended him two ships were about to sail for France and were providentially in want of precisely that number of men which the sailor headed They embarked and so for ever got the start of their former captain had he been at all minded to work them legal retribution

Some ten days after the French ships sailed the whale boat arrived and the Captain was forced to enlist some of the more civilised Tahitians who had been somewhat used to the sea Chartering a small native schooner he returned with them to his vessel and finding all right there again resumed

And of
es to
give up its dead still in dreams sees the awful white whale that destroyed him

Are you through? said Don Sebastian quietly

I am Don

Then I entreat you tell me if to the best of your own convictions this your story is in substance really true? It is so passing wonderful! Did you get it from an unquestionable source? Bear with me if I seem to press

Also bear with all of us sir sailor for we all join in Don Sebastian's suit cried the comp

Is there a copy oflemen?

My said Don

will quickly procure one for me I go for it but are you well advised? this may grow too serious

Will you be so good as to bring the priest also Don?

Though there are no Auto-da Fés in Lima now said one of the company to another I fear our sailor friend runs risk of the archiepiscopacy Let us withdraw more out of the moonlight I see no need of this

Excuse me for running after you Don Sebastian but may I also beg that you will be particular in procuring the largest sized Evangelists you can

Don Sebastian

into the light

and hold the Holy Book before me that I may touch it

So help me Heaven and on my honour the story I have told ye gentle-

Of the Monstrous Pictures of Whales

In the abridged
 hale" and a
 whale looks
 impse at it is
 a hippogriff
 enough to amaze one that in this nineteenth century a hippogriff
 could be palmed for genuine upon any intelligent public of schoolboys.

Then, again in 1825 Bernard Germain Count de Lacepede a great
 naturalist, published a scientific systemised whale book, wherein are several
 pictures of the different species of the Leviathan. All these are not only in-
 correct but is to
 hanging

that species declares not to have its counterpart in nature.
 But the placing of the cap-sheaf to all this blundering business was
 reserved for the scientific Frederick Cuvier brother to the famous Baron.
 In 1836 he published a *Natural History of Whales* in which he gives
 what he calls a picture of the Sperm Whale. Before showing that picture
 to any Nantucketer you had best provide for your summary retreat from
 Nantucket. In a word Frederick Cuvier's Sperm Whale is not a Sperm
 Whale but a squash. Of course he never had the benefit of a whaling
 voyage (such men seldom have) but whence he derived that picture who
 can tell. Perhaps he got it as his scientific predecessor in the same field
 Desmarest got one of his authentic abortions, that is, from a Chinese
 drawing. And that sort of lively lads with the pencil those Chinese are,
 many queer cups and saucers inform us.

As for the sign painters' whales seen in the streets hanging over the
 shops of oil-dealers what shall be said of them? They are generally Rich-
 ard III. whales with dromedary humps, and very savage breakfasting on
 three or four sailor tarts that is whale boats full of manners their deformi-
 ties floundering in seas of blood and blue paint.

But these manifold mistakes in depicting the whale are not so very sur-
 prising after all. Consider! Most of the scientific drawings have been taken
 from the stranded fish and these are about as correct as a drawing of a
 wrecked ship with broken hull, would correctly represent the noble
 animal itself in all its undashed pride of hull and spars. Though elephants

are said to be in the same case and a full-grown Leviathan
 yet even in the case of one of those young sucking whales hoisted to a

of water. It has a sort of howdah on its back, and its distended tusked mouth into which the billows are rolling might be taken for the Traitors Gate leading from the Thames by water into the Tower. Then there are the Prodomus whales of old Scotch Sibbald and Jonah's whale as depicted in the prints of old Bibles and the cuts of old primers. What shall be said of these? As for the bookbinder's whale winding like a vine-stalk round the stalk of a descending anchor—as stamped and gilded on the backs and title-pages of many books both old and new—that is a very picturesque but

the device was first introduced. It was introduced by an old Italian publisher somewhere about the 15th century during the Revival of Learning and in those days and even down to a comparatively late period dolphins were popularly supposed to be a species of the Leviathan.

In the vignettes and other embellishments of some ancient books you will at times meet with very curious touches at the whale where all manner of spouts, jets d'eau, hot springs and cold Saratoga and Baden Baden come bubbling up from his unexhausted brain. In the title-page of the original edition of the *Advancement of Learning* you will find some curious whales.

whales extracted from a Dutch book of voyages A.D. 1671 entitled *A Whaling Voyage to Spitzbergen in the ship Jonas in the Whale*. Peter Peterson of Friesland master. In one of those plates the whales like great rifts of logs are represented lying among ice-isles with white bears running over their living backs. In another plate the prodigious blunder is made of representing the whale with perpendicular flukes.

Then again there is an imposing quarto written by one Captain Colnett a Post Captain in the English Navy entitled *A Voyage round Cap Horn into the South Seas for the purpose of extending the Sperm Whale Fisheries*. In this book is an outline purporting to be a Picture of a Physeter or Sperm whale drawn by scale from one killed on the coast of Mexico August 1793 and hoisted on deck. I doubt not the captain had this veracious picture taken for the benefit of his mariners. To mention but one thing about it let me say that it has an eye which applied according to the accompanying scale to a full grown Sperm Whale would make the eye of that whale a bow window some five feet long. Ah my gallant captain why did ye not give us Jonah looking out of that eye!

Nor are the most conscientious compilations of natural history for the benefit of the young and tender free from the same heinousness of mistake.

Of the Less Erroneous Pictures of Whales

there; but, by great odds, Beale's is the best. All Beale's drawings of this whale are good excepting the middle figure in the picture of three whales in various attitudes, copying his second chapter. His frontispiece, boats making, Sperm Whales, though no doubt calculated to excite the civil suspicion of some parlour men, is admirably correct and lifelike in its general effect. Some of the Sperm Whale drawings in J. Ross Browne are pretty correct in contour but they are wretchedly engraved. This is not his fault though.

Of the Right Whale the best outline pictures are in Scoresby but they are drawn on too small a scale to convey a desirable impression. He has but one picture of whaling scenes and this is a sad deficiency because it is by such pictures only when all well drawn that you can derive anything like a truthful idea of the living whale as seen by his living hunters.

But, taken for all in all, by far the finest, though in some details not the most correct, presentations of whales and whaling scenes to be anywhere found, are two large French engravings, well executed, and taken from painting by our Country. Respectively they represent attacks on the Sperm and Right Whale. In the first engraving a noble Sperm Whale is depicted in full mastery of might, just risen beneath the boat from the profundities of the ocean, and bearing high in the air upon his back the terrific wreck of the seven planks. The prow of the boat is partially unbroken, and is drawn just balancing upon the monster's spine; and standing in the prow for that one single momentary flash of time, you behold an oarsman, thus shrouded by the incensed boiling spout of the whale, and in the act of leaping as if from a precipice. The action of the whole thing is wonderfully good and true. The halt emptied line-tub floats on the whited sea; the wooden poles of the spilled harpoons obliquely bob in in the heads

of this whale but for that pass; since for the life of me I could not draw so good a one.

In the second engraving, the boat is in the act of drawing alongside the barnackled flank of a large running Right Whale that rolls his black weedy bulk in the sea like some mossy rockslide from the Patagonian cliffs. His ribs are erect, full and black like soot, so that from so bounding a smoke in the chimney you would think there must be a grave supper cooking in the great bowels below. Sea fowls are pecking at the small crabs, bell-fish, and other sea candies and macaroni, which the Right Whale sometimes comes on his peculiar back. And all the while the track-tipped Laysan is rushing through the deer leaving tons of tumultuous white clouds in his wake and causing the whole boat to rock in the swells like a life-boat with the paddle-wheels of an ocean steamer. Thus, the foreground is all

ship's deck such is then the outlandish eel like lumbered varying shape of him that his precise expression the devil himself could not catch

But it may be fancied that from the naked skeleton of the stranded whale accurate hints may be derived touching his true form Not at all For it is one of the more curious things about this Leviathan that his skeleton gives very little idea of his general shape Though Jeremy Ben-
tham's skeleton which is preserved in the library of one of his executors correctly conveys the idea of a burly browed utilitarian old gentleman with all Jeremy's other leading personal characteristics yet nothing of this kind could be inferred from any Leviathan's articulated bones In fact as the great Hunter says the mere skeleton of

curiosity is strikingly evinced in the head as in some part of this book will be incidentally shown It is also very curiously displayed in the side fin the bones of which almost exactly answer to the bones of the human hand minus only the thumb This fin has four regular bone fingers the index middle ring and little finger But all these are permanently lodged in the

times so he can never be truly said to hand out mittens

For all these reasons then any way you may look at it you must needs conclude that the great Leviathan is that one creature in the world which must remain unprinted to the last True one portrait may hit the mark much nearer than another but none can hit it with any very considerable degree of exactness So there is no earthly way of finding out precisely what the whale really looks like and the only mode in which you can derive even a tolerable idea of his living contour is by going a whaling yourself but by so doing you run no small risk of being eternally stove and sunk by him Wherefore it seems to me you had best not be too fastidious in your curiosity touching this Leviathan

Chapter 56

Of the Less Erroneous Pictures of Whales and the True Pictures of Whaling Scenes

IN CONNECTION with the monstrous pictures of whales I am strongly tempted here to enter upon those still more monstrous

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ter Colnett and Cuvier have been referred to Huggins is far better than

Of the Les Eronoe is Pictures of Whales

theirs but by great odds Beales is the best All Beales drawings of this whale are good excepting the middle figure in the picture of three whales in various attitudes capping his second chapter His frontispiece boats

— With less though no doubt calculated to excite the civil
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fault though

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11 faithful idea of the living whale as seen by his living hunters

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ale is

depicted in full majesty with

fundities of the ocean and bearing high in the air upon his back the terrific wreck of the stoven planks The prow of the boat is partially unbroken

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— — — —

of this whale but let that pass since for the life of me I could not draw so good a one

1 — 1 1 1 1 1

jets are erect full and black like soot so that from so abounding a smoke

11111

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raging commotion but behind in admirable artistic contrast is the glassy level of a sea becalmed the drooping unstarched sails of the powerless ship and the inert mass of a dead whale a conquered fortress with the flag of capture lazily hanging from the whale pole inserted into his spout hole

Who Garnery the painter is or was I know not But my life for it he was either practically conversant with his subject or else marvellously tutored by some experienced whaleman The French are the lads for painting action Go and gaze upon all the paintings of Europe and where will you find such a gallery of living and breathing commotion on canvas as in that triumphal hall at Versailles where the beholder fights his way pell mell through the consecutive great battles of France where every sword seems a flash of the Northern Lights and the successive armed kings and emperors dash by like a charge of crowned centaurs? Not wholly unworthy of a place in that gallery are these sea battle-pieces of Garnery

The natural aptitude of the French for seizing the picturesqueness of things seems to be peculiarly evinced in what paintings and engravings they have of their whaling scenes With not one-tenth of England's experience in the fishery and not the thousandth part of that of the Americans they have nevertheless furnished both nations with the only finished sketches at all capable of conveying the real spirit of the whale hunt For the most part the English and American whale draughtsmen seem entirely content with presenting the mechanical outline of things such as the vacant profile of the whale which so far as picturesqueness of effect is concerned is about tantamount to sketching the profile of a pyramid Even Scoresby the justly renowned Right whaleman after giving us a stiff full length of the Greenland Whale and three or four delicate miniatures of narwhals and porpoises treats us to a series of classical engravings of boat hooks chopping knives and gaffs and with the microscopic diligence of a Leuwenhoeck submits to the inspection of a shivering world ninety six facsimiles of magnified Arctic snow crystals I mean no disparagement to the excellent voyager (I honour him for a veteran) but in so important a matter it was certainly an oversight not to have procured for every crystal a sworn affidavit taken before a Greenland Justice of the Peace

In addition to those fine engravings from Garnery there are two other French engravings worthy of note by some one who subscribes himself

II Durand One of them though not precisely adapted to our present purpose nevertheless deserves mention on other accounts It is a quiet noon scene among the isles of the Pacific a French whaler anchored inshore in a calm and lazily taking water on board the loosened sails of the ship and the long leaves of the palms in the background both drooping together in the breezeless air The effect is very fine when considered with reference to its presenting the hardy fishermen under one of their few aspects of

savage owning no allegiance but to the King of the Cannibals and ready at any moment to rebel against him

Now one of the peculiar characteristics of the savage in his domestic hours is his wonderful patience of industry. An ancient Hawaiian war club or spear paddle in its full multiplicity and elaboration of carving is as great a trophy of human perseverance as a Latin lexicon. For with but a bit of broken sea shell or a shark's tooth that miraculous intricacy of wooden network has been achieved and it has cost steady years of steady application

manlike but is close picked in its mazziness of design as the Greek savage

noble South Sea war wood are frequently met with in the forecstles of American whalers. Some of them are done with much accuracy

At some old gable-roofed court by the tail for knockers to the ro anvil headed whale would be remarkable as faithful essays. On the spires of some old fashioned churches you will see sheet iron whales placed there for weather cocks but they are so elevated and besides that are to all intents and purposes so labelled with *Hands off!* you cannot examine them closely enough to decide upon their merit

In bony ribby regions of the earth where at the base of high broken cliffs masses of rock lie strewn in fantastic groupings upon the plain you will often discover images as of the petrified forms of the Leviathan partly merged in grass which of a windy dry breaks against them in a surf of

along the undulating ridges. But you must be a thorough whiteman to see these sights and not only that but if you wish to return to such a sight again you must be sure and take the exact intersecting latitude and longitude of your first standpoint else so chance-like are such observations of the hills that your precise previous standpoint would require a laborious

great whales in the starry heavens and boats in pursuit of them as when

Brit

the utmost stretch of Hydrus and the King Fish
 I have chased Leviathan round
 of the bright points that first de-
 cent Antarctic skies I have boarded
 against the starry Cetus far beyond

With a frigate's anchors for my bridle-bits and fasces of harpoons for
 spurs would I could mount that whale and lead the topmost skies to see
 whether the fabled heavens with all their countless tents really lie en-
 camped beyond my mortal sight!

Chapter 58

Brit

STEERING north-eastward from the Crozetts we fell in with vast meadows
 of brit the minute yellow substance upon which the Right Whale largely
 feeds For leagues and leagues it undulated round us so that we seemed
 to be sailing through boundless fields of ripe and golden wheat

On the second day numbers of Right Whales were seen who secure

from the water that escaped at the lip

As morning mowers who side by side slowly and seethingly advance
 the marsh meads even so these
 and leaving be-

But it was only the sound they made as they parted the brit which at all
 reminded one of mowers Seen from the mastheads especially when they
 paused and were stationary for a while their vast black forms looked more

the first time beholds this species of the Leviathans of the sea And even
 when recognised at last their immense magnitude renders it very hard
 really to believe that such bulky masses of overgrowth can possibly be in-
 stant in all parts with the same sort of life that lives in a dog or a horse

Whale is often chased.

Indeed in other respects you can hardly regard any creatures of the deep with the same feelings that you do those of the shore. For though some old naturalists have maintained that all creatures of the land are of their kind in the sea and though taking a broad general view of the thing this may very well be yet coming to specialities where for example does the ocean furnish any fish that in disposition answers to the sagacious kindness of the dog? The accursed shark alone can in any generic respect be said to bear comparative analogy to him.

But though to landsmen in general the native inhabitants of the seas have ever been regarded with emotions unspeakably unsocial and repelling though we know the sea to be an everlasting *terra incognita* so that Columbus sailed over numberless unknown worlds to discover his one superficial western one though by vast odds the most terrific of all mortal disasters have immemorably and indiscriminately befallen tens and hundreds of thousands of those who have gone upon the waters though but a moment's consideration will teach that however baby man may brag of his

will insult and murder him and pervert the statute
can make nevertheless by the continual repetition of these very impressions man has lost that sense of the full awfulness of the sea which aboriginally belongs to it.

The first boat we read of floated on an ocean that with Portuguese vengeance had whelmed a whole world without leaving so much as a widow. That same ocean rolls now that same ocean destroyed the wrecked ships of last year. Yea foolish mortals Noah's flood is not yet subsided two-thirds of the fair world it yet covers.

Wherein differ the sea and the land that a miracle upon one is not a miracle upon the other? Preternatural terrors rested upon the Hebrews when under the feet of Korah and his company the live ground opened and swallowed them up for ever yet not a modern sun ever sets but in precisely the same manner the live sea swallows up ships and crews.

But not only is the sea such a foe to man who is an alien to it but it is also a fiend to its own offspring worse than the Persian host who murdered his own guests sparing not the creatures which itself hath spawned. Like a savage tigress that tossing in the jungle overhys her own cubs so the sea dashes even the mightiest whales against the rocks and leaves them there side by side with the split wrecks of ships. No mercy no power but its own controls it. Panting and snorting like a mad battle steed that has lost its rider the masterless ocean overruns the globe.

Consider the subtilness of the sea how its most dreaded creatures glide under water unapparent for the most part and treacherously hidden beneath the loveliest tints of azure. Consider also the devilish brilliance and

Squid

beauty of many of its most remorseless tribes as the dainty embellished shape of many species of sharks Consider once more the universal cannibalism of the sea all whose creatures prey upon each other carrying on eternal war since the world began

Consider all this and then turn to *this green gentle, and most docile earth* consider them both the sea and the land and do you not find a strange analogy to something in yourself? For as *this appalling ocean* surrounds the verdant land so in the soul of man there lies *one insular Tahiti* full of peace and joy but encompassed by all the horrors of the half known life God keep thee! Push not off from that isle thou canst never return!

Chapter 59

Squid

SLOWLY wading through the meadows of brist the *Pequod* still held on her way north-eastward towards the island of Java a gentle air impelling her keel so that in the surrounding serenity her three tall tapering masts mildly waved to that languid breeze as three mild palms on a plain And still at wide intervals in the silvery night the lonely alluring jet would be seen

But one transparent blue morning when a stillness almost preternatural spread over the sea however unattended with any stagnant calm when the long burnished sun-glade on the waters seemed a golden finger laid

higher and disentangling itself from the azure at last *glided* our prow like a snow-slide new slid from the hills Thus glistening for a moment as slowly it subsided and sank Then once more arose and silently

There! there again! there she breaches right ahead The White Whale the White Whale!

orders to the helmsman cast his eager glance in the direction indicated aloft by the outstretched motionless arm of Daggo

Whether the flitting attendance of the one still and solitary jet had gradually worked upon Ahab so that he was now prepared to connect the ideas of mildness and repose with the first sight of the particular whale he

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rider the masterless ocean overruns the globe.

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which the Bishop describes it, as alternately rising and sinking, with some other particulars he narrates in all this the two correspond. But much baement is necessary with respect to the incredible bulk he assigns it.

By some naturalists who have vaguely heard rumours of the mysterious creature here spoken of it is included among the class of cuttle-fish to which indeed in certain external respects it would seem to belong, but only as the Anak of the tribe.

Chapter 60

THE LINE

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1 1000

here to speak of the magical sometimes

The line originally used in the fishery was of the best hemp slightly vapoured with tar not impregnated with it as in the case of ordinary ropes for while tar as ordinarily used makes the hemp more pliable to the rope-maker and also renders the rope itself more convenient to the sailor for common ship use yet not only would the ordinary quantity too much stiffen the whale-line for the close coiling to which it must be subjected but as most seamen are beginning to learn tar in general by no means adds to the rope's durability or strength however much it may give it compactness and gloss.

Of late years the Manila rope has in the American fishery almost entirely superseded hemp as a material for whale-line for though not so durable as hemp it is stronger and far more soft and elastic and I will add (since there is an æsthetic in all things) is much more handsome and becoming in the boat than hemp. Hemp is a dark fellow a sort of Indian but Manila is a golden haired Circassian to behold.

The whale-line is only two-thirds of an inch in thickness. At first sight, you would not think it so strong as it really is. By experiment its one and fifth turns will each suspend a weight of one hundred and twenty pounds so that the whole rope will bear a strain nearly equal to three tons. In

cheese-shaped mass of densely bedded leaves or layers of concentric spiral strations without any hollow but the heart or minute vertical tube

pursued however this was or whether his eagerness betrayed him—which ever way it might have been—no sooner did he distinctly perceive the white mass than with a quick intensity he instantly gave orders for lowering

The four boats were soon on the water Ahab's in advance and all swiftly pulling towards their prey Soon it went down and while with oars suspended we were awaiting its reappearance lo! in the same spot where it sank once more it slowly rose Almost forgetting for the moment all thoughts of Moby Dick we now gazed at the most wondrous phenomenon which the secret seas have hitherto revealed to mankind A vast pulpy mass furlongs in length and breadth of a glancing cream-colour lay floating on the water innumerable long arms radiating from its centre and curling and twisting like a nest of anacondas as if blindly to clutch at any hapless object within reach No perceptible face or front did it have no conceivable token of either sensation or instinct but undulated there on the billows an unearthly formless chance like apparition of life

As with a low sucking sound it slowly disappeared again Starbuck still gazing at the agitated waters where it had sunk with a wild voice exclaimed—Almost rather had I seen Moby Dick and fought him than to have seen thee thou white ghost!

'What was it sir?' said Flask

The great live Squid which they say few whale ships ever beheld and returned to their ports to tell of it

unusual that circumstance has gone far to invest it with portentousness So rarely is it beheld that though one and all of them declare it to be the largest animated thing in the ocean yet very few of them have any but the most vague ideas concerning its true nature and form notwithstanding they believe it to furnish to the Sperm Whale his only food For though other species of whales find their food above water and may be seen by man in the act of feeding the Sperm Whale obtains his whole food in unknown zones below the surface and only by inference is it that any one can tell of what precisely that food consists At times when closely pursued he will disgorge what are supposed to be the detached arms of the squid some of them thus exhibited exceeding twenty and thirty feet in length They fancy that the monster to which these arms belonged ordinarily clings by them to the bed of the ocean and that the Sperm Whale unlike other species is supplied with teeth in order to attack and tear it

There seems some ground to imagine that the great Kraken of Bishop Pontopodan may ultimately resolve itself into Squid The manner in

The Line

and in almost every direction All the oarsmen are
 to the timid eye of the landsman
 deadliest snakes sportively festoon
 tal woman for the first time seat
 -- his utmost at
 spoon may be
 e ringed light
 that makes the
 -- " Yet habit—
 more merry
 ver your ma
 dar of the whale
 of

jaws of death with a halter around every neck and you

Perhaps a very little thought will now enable you to account for those
 repeated whaling disasters—some few of which are casually chronicled—of
 this man or that man being taken out of the boat by the line and lost For
 when the line is darting out to be seated then in the boat is like being
 seated in the midst of the manifold whizzings of a steam-engine in full
 play when every flying beam and shaft and wheel is grazing you It is

ancy and simultaneousness of volition and action will you ever be
 made a Mazeppa of and run away with where the all seeing sun himself
 could never pierce you out

Again as the profound calm which only apparently precedes and proph-
 esies of the storm is perhaps more awful than the storm itself for indeed
 the calm is but the wrapper and envelope of the storm and contains it in
 itself as the seemingly harmless rifle holds the fatal powder and the ball
 and the explosion so the graceful repose of the line as it silently serpen-
 tines about the oarsmen before being brought into actual play—this is a
 thing which carries more of true terror than any other aspect of this danger-
 ous affair But why say more? All men live enveloped in whale lines All are
 born with halters round their necks but it is only when caught in the
 first sudden turn of death that mortals realise the silent subtle ever
 present perils of life And if you be a philosopher though seated in the
 whale-boat you would not at heart feel one whit more of terror than
 though seated before your evening fire with a poker and not a harpoon by
 your side

the tub so as in the act of coiling to free it from all possible wrinkles and twists

In the English boats two tubs are used instead of one the same line being continuously coiled in both tubs. There is some advantage in this because these twin tubs being so small they fit more readily into the boat and do not strain it so much whereas the American tub nearly three feet in diameter and of proportionate depth makes a rather bulky freight for a craft whose planks are but one half inch in thickness for the bottom of the whaleboat is like critical ice which will bear up a considerable distributed weight but not very much of a concentrated one. When the painted canvas coil is pulled in

both ends of the line are exposed the lower end terminating in an eyesplice or loop coming up from the bottom against the side of the tub and hanging over its edge completely disengaged from everything. This arrangement of the lower end is necessary on two accounts. First In order to facilitate the fastening to it of an additional line from a neighbouring boat in case the stricken whale should sound so deep as to threaten to carry off the entire line originally attached to the harpoon. In these instances the whale of course is shifted like a mug of ale as it were from the one boat to the other though the first boat always hovers at hand to assist its consort. Second This arrangement is indispensable for common safety's sake for were the lower end of the line in any way attached to the boat and were the whale then to run the line out to the end almost in a single smoking minute as he sometimes does he would not stop there for the doomed boat would infallibly be dragged down after him into the profundity of the sea and in that case no town-crier would ever find her again.

Before lowering the boat for the chase the upper end of the line is taken aft from the tub and passing round the loggerhead there is again carried forward the entire length of the boat resting crosswise upon the loom or

to the added chocks or grooves in the extreme pointed prow of the boat where a wooden pin or skewer the size of a common quill prevents it from slipping out. From the chocks it hangs in a slight festoon over the bows and is then passed inside the boat again and some ten or twenty fathoms (called box line) being coiled upon the box in the bows it continues its way to the gunwale still a little farther aft and is then attached to the short warp—the rope which is immediately connected with the harpoon but previous to that connection the short warp goes through sundry mystifications too tedious to detail.

Thus the whale-line folds the whole boat in its complicated coils twist

Stubb Kills a Whale

swam away to the leeward so few ripples as he
 be alarmed Ahab gave
 orders that not an oar should be
 moved on the gunwales of the boats we
 calm not admitting of the noiseless
 lided in chase the monster perpen-
 dicularly flitted his tail to the air and then sank out of sight
 like a tower swallowed up

There go flukes! was the cry an announcement immediately followed
 by Stubb's producing his match and igniting his pipe for now a respite
 was granted After the full interval of his sounding had elapsed the whale
 rose again and being now in advance of the smoker's boat and much
 nearer to it than any of the others Stubb counted upon the honour of
 the capture It was obvious now that the whale had at length become
 aware of his pursuers All silence or cautiousness was therefore no longer
 necessary And still assault

Yes a mighty challenge he was going head out that part obliquely projecting from the mad
 yeast which he brewed

Start her start her my men! Don't hurry yourselves take plenty of time
 —but start her start her like thunderclaps that's all cried Stubb splutter-
 ing out the smoke as he spoke Start her now give em the long and strong
 stroke Tashiego Start her Tash my boy—start her all but keep cool
 keep cool—cucumbers is the word—easy easy—only start her like grim
 death and grinning devils and raise the buned dead perpendicular out of
 their graves boys—that's all Start her!

eager Indian gave

But his wild screams were answered by others quite as wild hee-hee!
 hee hee! yelled Daggoo straining forwards and backwards on his seat,
 like a pacing tiger in his cage

Ha la! hoo-loo! howled Queequeg as if smacking his lips over a mouth-

It will be seen some other place what a very light substance the entire in-
 terior of the Sperm Whale enormous head consists Though apparently thin

was formed of the low part that by obliquely lifting his head in the
 manner described transformed himself from bluff bow to sharp point into sharp-
 pointed New York pilot boat.

Chapter 61

Stubb Kills a Whale

It to Starbuck the apparition of the Squid was a thing of portents to Queequeg it was quite a different object

When you see him quid said the savage honing his harpoon in the bow of his hoisted boat then you quick see him parm whale

The next day was exceedingly still and sultry and with nothing special to engage them the *Pequod's* crew could hardly resist the spell of sleep induced by such a vacant sea For this part of the Indian Ocean through which we then were voyaging is not what whalemens call a lively ground that is it affords fewer glimpses of porpoises dolphins flying fish and other various denizens of more stirring waters than those off the Rio de la Plata or the inshore ground off Peru

It was my turn to stand at the foremast head and with my shoulders leaning against the slackened royal shrouds to and fro I ¹aved in in that body ter the

u uuuuuu u

Ere forgetfulness altogether came over me I had noticed that the seamen at the main and mizzen mastheads were already drowsy So that at last all three of us lifelessly swung from the spars and for every swing that we made there was a nod from below from the slumbering helmsman The waves too nodded their indolent crests and across the wide trince of the sea east nodded to west and the sun over all

Suddenly bubbles seemed bursting beneath my closed eyes like vices my hands grasped the shrouds some invisible friction none n none

u u uuuuuu his broad glossy back of an Ethiopian hue glistening in the sun's rays like a mirror But lazily undulating in the trough of the sea and ever and anon tranquilly spouting his vapours yet the whale looked like a portly burgher smoking his pipe of a warm after noon But that pipe poor whale was the last As if struck by some enchanter's wand the sleepy ship and every sleeper in it all at once started into wakefulness and more than a score of voices from all parts of the vessel simultaneously with the three notes from aloft shouted forth the accustomed cry as the great fish slowly and regularly spouted the sparkling brine into the air

Clear way the boats' Luff! cried Ahab And obeying his own order he dashed the helm down before the helmsman could handle the spokes

The sudden exclamations of the crew must have alarmed the whale and

The Dart

L- A n n

own a
bbled
laying
y face
ile, yet
whale,

xcited headsman as at
he line attached to it)

apid blows against the
ale

nan as the waning whale

and the boat ranged along the

Pull up'—close to

overtrapped himself in his peril

had much ado blindly to struggle

out into view

ting his spout

h after gu h of

clotted red gore as it had been the pulp e, shot into the
frighted air and fallen back again ran dripping down his motionless

drawing his own from his mouth

Stubb scattered the dead ashes over the water and for a moment stood
thoughtfully eyeing the vast corpse he had made.

Chapter 62

The Dart

A word concerning an incident in the last chapter

one known as the harpooneer-oar Now it need a strong, nervous arm to
strike the first iron into the fish for often in what is called a long dart the

ful of Grenadier's steak And thus with oars and yells the keels cut the sea Meanwhile Stubb retaining his place in the van still encouraged his men

up Tashtego—give it to him! The harpoon was hurled Stern all! The oarsmen backed water the same moment something went hot and hissing along every one of their wrists It was the magical line An instant before Stubb had swiftly caught two additional turns with it round the logger head whence by reason of its increased rapid circlings a hempen blue smoke now jetted up and mingled with the steady fumes from his pipe As the line passed round and round the loggerhead so also just before reaching that point it blisteringly passed through and through both of Stubb's hands from
 1 1 1
 worn at the

enemy's sharp two-edged sword by the blade and that enemy all the time striving to wrest it out of your clutch

Wet the line! wet the line! cried Stubb to the tub oarsman (him seated by the tub) who snatching off his hat dashed the sea water into it * More turns were taken so that the line began holding its place The boat now flew through the boiling water like a shark all fins Stubb and Tashtego here changed places—stem for stern—a staggering business truly in that rocking commotion

From the vibrating line extending the entire length of the upper part of the boat and from its now being more tight than a harpstring you would have thought the craft had two keels—one cleaving the water the other the air—as the boat churned on through both opposing elements at once A continual cascade played at the bows a ceaseless whirling eddy in her wake and at the slightest motion from within even but of a little finger the vibrating cracking craft canted over her spasmodic gunwale into the sea Thus they rushed each man with might and main clinging to his seat to prevent being tossed to the foam and the tall form of Tashtego at the steering-oar crouching almost double in order to bring down his centre of gravity Whole Atlantics and Pacifics seemed passed as they shot on their way till at length the whale somewhat slackened his flight

Haul in—haul in! cried Stubb to the bowsman! and facing round towards the whale all hands began pulling the boat up to him while yet the boat was being towed on Soon ranging up by his flank Stubb firmly planting his knee in the clumsy clut darted dart after dart into the flying fish at the word of command the boat alternately sterning out of the way

Partly to show the indispensableness of this act it may here be stated that in the old Dutch fishery a mop was used to dash the running line with water in many other ships a wooden piggin or bailer is set apart for that purpose Your hat however is the most convenient.

The Crotch

The crotch alluded to on a previous page deserves independent mention. It is a notched stick of a peculiar form some two feet in length which is perpendicularly inserted into the starboard gunwale near the bow for the purpose of furnishing a rest for the wooden extremity of the harpoon. The barbed end slopingly projects from the prow. Thereby it is readily used to have two harpoons reposing on the first and second irons.

Each iron has its own cord are both connected with the whale. In his movements the second iron is already connected with the first. In all events be anticipatngly tossed out of the boat somehow and somewhere else the most terrible jeopardy would involve all hands. Tumbled into the water it accordingly is in such cases the spare coils of box line (mentioned in a preceding chapter) making this feat in most instances prudently practicable. But this critical act is not always unattended with the saddest and most fatal casualties.

Furthermore you must know that when the second iron is thrown overboard it henceforth becomes a dangling sharp-edged terror skittishly

audacious enterprise eight or ten loose second irons may be simultaneously dangling about him. For of course each boat is supplied with several harpoons so bend on to the line should the first one be ineffectually darted without recovery. All these particulars are faithfully narrated here as they will not fail to elucidate several most important however intricate passages in scenes hereafter to be painted.

heavy implement has to be flung to the distance of twenty or thirty feet. But however prolonged and exhausted the chase the harpooner is expected to pull his oar meanwhile to the uttermost: indeed he is expected to set an example of superhuman activity to the rest, not only by incredible rowing, but by repeated loud and intrepid exclamations, and what it is to keep shouting at the top of one's compass while all the other muscles are strained and half started—what that is none know but those who have tried it. For one I cannot bawl very heartily and work very recklessly at one and the same time. In this straining bawling state then, with his back to the fish, all at once the exhausted harpooner hears the exciting cry—*Strand up and give it to him!* He now has to drop and secure his oar, turn round on his centre half way, seize his harpoon from the crotch, and with what little strength may remain, he essays to pitch it somehow into the whale. No wonder taking the whole fleet of whalers in a body, that out of fifty fair chances for a dart, not five are successful; no wonder that so many hapless harpooners are madly cursed and disrated; no wonder that some of them actually burst their blood vessels in the boat; no wonder that some Sperm whalers are absent four years with four barrels; no wonder that to many ship owners whaling is but a losing concern, for it is the harpooner that makes the voyage, and if you take the breath out of his body, how can you expect to find it there when most wanted!

Again, if the dart be successful, then at the second critical instant, that is when the whale starts to run, the boatheader and harpooner likewise start to running fore and aft to the imminent jeopardy of themselves and every one else. It is then they change places, and the headsman, the chief officer of the little craft, takes his proper station in the bows of the boat.

Now I care not who maintains the contrary, but all this is both foolish and unnecessary. The headsman should stay in the bows from first to last; he should both dart the harpoon and the lance, and no rowing whatever should be expected of him except under circumstances obvious to any fisherman. I know that this would sometimes involve a slight loss of speed in the chase, but long experience in various whalers of more than one nation has convinced me that in the vast majority of failures in the fishery, it has not by any means been so much the speed of the whale as the before described exhaustion of the harpooner that has caused them.

To ensure the greatest efficiency in the dart, the harpooners of this world must start to their feet from out of idleness, and not from out of toil.

Chapter 63

The Crotch

Out of the trunk the branches grow, out of them the twigs. So in productive subjects grow the chapters.

Stubb's Supper

If moody Ahab was now all quiescence at least so far as could be known on deck, Stubb his second mate flushed with conquest betrayed an unusual but still good-natured excitement. Such an unwonted bustle was

thing in his palate.

A steak, a steak, ere I sleep! You Daggo! overboard you go and cut me one from his small!

Here be it known that though these wild fishermen do not, as a general thing and according to the great military maxim make the enemy defray

his own mastication: thousands on thousands of sharks, swarming round the dead Leviathan smackingly feasted on its fatness. The few sleepers

the sullen black waters and turning over on their backs as they scooped out huge globular pieces of the whale of the bigness of a human head. This particular feat of the shark seems all but miraculous. How at such an

round a table where red meat is being carved ready to bolt down every

halved mouths are quarrelsome carrying away under the table at the dead meat and though were you to turn the whole affair upside down it would be ready made to flow suit and beam striped along the body is at last locked fast round the smallest part of the tail at the point of junction with its broad flukes or lobes.

Chapter 64

Stubb's Supper

STUBB'S whale had been killed some distance from the ship. It was a calm so forming a tandem of three boats we commenced the slow business of towing the trophy to the *Pequod*. And now as we eighteen men with our thirty six arms and one hundred and eighty thumbs and fingers slowly toiled hour after hour upon that inert sluggish corpse in the sea and it seemed hardly to budge at all except at long intervals good evidence was hereby furnished of the enormousness of the mass we moved. For upon the great canal of Hong Ho or whatever they call it in China four or five labourers on the footpath will draw a bulky freighted junk at the rate of a mile an hour but this grand argosy we towed heavily forged along as if laden with pig lead in bulk.

ing whale for a moment he issued the usual orders for securing it for the night and then handing his lantern to a scaman went his way into the cabin and did not come forward again until morning.

Though in overseeing the pursuit of this whale Captain Ahab had evinced his customary activity to call it so yet now that the creature was dead some vague dissatisfaction or impatience or despair seemed working in him as if the sight of that dead body reminded him that Moby Dick was yet to be slain and though a thousand other whales were brought to his ship all that would not one jot advance his grand monomaniac object. Very soon you would have thought from the sound on the *Pequod's* decks that all hands were preparing to cast anchor in the deep for heavy chains are being dragged along the deck and thrust rattling out of the port holes. But by those clanking links the vast corpse itself not the ship is to be moored. Tied by the head to the stern and by the tail to the bows the whale now lies with its black hull to the vessels and seen through the darkness of the night which obscured the spars and rigging aloft the two—ship and whale—seemed yoked together like colossal bullocks whereof one reclines while the other remains standing.*

A little item may as well be related here. The strongest and most reliable hold which the ship has upon the whale when moored alongside is by the flukes or tail

Stubb s Supper

sea so as to get a good view of his congregation with the other hand he solemnly flourished his tongs and leaning far over the side in a mumbling voice began addressing the sharks while Stubb softly crawling behind overheard all that was said

Fellow-critters I se ordered here to say dat you must stop dat dam noise
— ' — ob de lip! Massa Stubb say dat you
aings but by Gor! you must stop dat

33 —

No cook go on go on

Well den Belubed fellow-critters —

Right! exclaimed Stubb approvingly : coax em to it try that and
Fleece continued

Dough you is all sharks and by natur wery voracious yet I zay to you fellow-critters dat dat voraciousness—top dat dam slappin ob de tail! How you tink to hear spose you keep up such a dam slappin and bitin dare?

Cook cried Stubb collarin_g him I won t have that swearing Talk to em gentlemanly

Once more the sermon proceeded

Your voraciousness fellow-critters I don t blame ye so much for dat is natur and can t be helped but to gobern dat wicket natur dat is de pint You is sharks sartin but if you gobern de shark in you why den you be
— ' — ob de lip! Massa Stubb say dat you
aings but by Gor! you must stop dat

1

de right to dat whale dat whale belong to some one else I know some ■ you has berry brig mout bigger dan oders but den de brig mouts sometimes I as de small bellies so dat de brigness ob de mout is not to swaller wid but to bite off de blubber for de small fry ob sharks dat can t get into de scrouge to help demselves

Well done old Fleece! cried Stubb that s Christianity go on

No use goin on de dam willains will keep a scourgin and slappin each od r Massa Stubb dey don t hear one word no u e a preachin to such dam guttons as you call em ull dare bellies is full and dare bellies is bottomless and hien dey do get em full dey won t hear you den for den dey sink in d sea go fast to sleep on de coral and can t hear not ing at all no more for eber and eber

Upon my soul I am about of the same opinion so give the blessing

still be pretty much the same thing that is to say a shocking shark ch
business enough for all -
outriders of all slave sh
alongside to be handy in case a parcel is to be carried anywhere or a dead
slave to be decently buried and though one or two other like instances
might be set down touching the set terms places and occasions when
sharks do more or less

no conce

numbers

by a more jovial spirits than around a dead Sperm
Whale moored by night to a whale ship at sea If you have never seen that
sight then suspend your decision about the propriety of devil worship and
the expediency of conciliating the devil

But as yet Stubb heeded not the mumblings of the banquet that was
going on so nigh him no more than the sharks heeded the smacking of his

he cried at length widening his
to form a more secure base for his supper and at
the same time darting his fork into the dish as if stabbing with his knife
cook you cook!—sail this way cook!

The old black not in any very high glee at having been previously roused
from his warm hammock at a most unseasonable hour came shuffling
along from his galley for like many old blacks there was something the
matter with his knee pans which he did not keep well scoured like his
other pans this old Fleece as they called him came shuffling and limping

longer a clumsy fashion were
floundered along and in
a dead stop on the opposite
side of Stubb's sideboard when with both hands folded before him

to pray

Cook said Stubb rapidly lifting a rather reddish morsel to his mouth
don't you think this steak is rather overdone? You've been beating this
steak too much cook it's too tender Don't I always say that to be good
a whole-steak must be tough? There are those sharks now over the side
don't you see they prefer it tough and rare? What a shindy they are kick
ing up! Cook go and talk to 'em tell 'em they are welcome to help them
selves civilly and in moderation but they must keep quiet Hang me if I
can hear my own voice Away cook and deliver my message Here take
this lantern snatching one from his sideboard now then go and preach
to them!

Suddenly taking the offered lantern old Fleece limped across the deck
to the bulwarks and then with one hand dropping his light low over the

The Whale as a Dish

Now what's your answer?

"When dis old brack man dies said the negro slowly changing his whole air and demeanour he hisself won't go now here but some bressed an'el will come and fetch him

Fetch him—and fetch him where?

Up dere said Fleece holding his tongs straight over his head and keeping it there very solemnly

So then you expect to go up into our maintop do you cook when you are dead?

"Didn't say dat t'all said Fleece again in the sulks

You said up there didn't you and now look yourself and see where your tongs are pointin'. Drop your tongs cook and hear my orders. Do re hear Hold your hat in one hand and clap t'other a top of your heart when I'm giving my orders cook. What! that your heart there—that's your gizzard! Aloft! aloft! aloft!—that's it—now you have it Hold it there now and pay attention

All dention said the old black, with both hands placed as desired vainly wriggling his grizzled head as if to get both ears in front at one and the same time

Well then cook, you see this whale-steak of yours was so very bad that I have put it out of sight as soon as possible you see that, don't you? Well for the future when you cook another whale-steak for my private table her the capstan I'll tell you what to do so as not to spoil it by overdoing I fold the steak in one hand and show a live coal to it with the other that done d sh it d re hear? And now to-morrow cook when we are cutting in the fish be sure you stand by to get the tips of his fins have them put in pickle As for the ends of the flukes have them soused cook There now you may go

But Fleece had hardly got three paces off when he was recalled

"—and watch
re you

ed if he
aint more a shark dan Massa Shark hisself muttered the old man lump-
in a vast rich high sage ejaculation he went to his hammock.

Chapter 65

The Whale as a Dish

THAT mortal man should feed upon the creature that feeds his lamp and the Stubb eat him by his own light as you may say this seems so outlandish a thing that one must needs go a little into the history and philosophy of it.

Fleece and I'll away to my supper

Upon this Fleece holding both hands over the fishy mob rused his shrill voice and cried—

Cussed fellow-critters! Kick up de damndest row as ever you can fill your dam bellies till dey bust—and den die

Now cook said Stubb resuming his supper at the capstan stand just where you stood before there over against me and pay particular attention

All dention said Fleece again stooping over upon his tongs in the desired position

Well I s'hh I tell you I— I s'hh I— I s'hh I shall now go old are you cook

Silence! How old are you cook?

Bout ninety dey say he gloomily muttered

And hve you lived in this world hard upon one hundred years cook and don't know yet how to cook a whale steak? rapidly bolting another mouthful at the last word so that that morsel seemed a continuation of the question 'Where were you born cook?

Hind de hatchway in ferry boat goin ober de Roanoke

Born in a ferry boat! That's queer too But I want to know what country you were born in cook?

Didn't I say de Roanoke country? he cried sharply

No you didn't cook but I'll tell you what I'm coming to cook You must go home and be born over again you don't know how to cook a whale steak yet

Bress my soul if I cook noder one he growled angrily turning round to depart

Come back cook—here hand me those tongs—now take that bit of steak there and tell me if you think that steak cooked as it should be? Take it I say—holding the tongs towards him—take it and taste it

Faintly smacking his withered lips over it for a moment the old negro muttered Best cooked teak I ever taste joosy berry joosy

Cook said Stubb squaring himself once more do you belong to the church?

Passed one once in Cape Down said the old man sullenly

And you have once in your life passed a holy church in Cape Town where you doubtless overheard a holy parson addressing his hearers as his beloved fellow-creatures have you cook! And yet you come here and tell me such a dreadful lie as you did just now eh? said Stubb Where do you expect to go to cook?

Go to bed berry soon he mumbled half turning as he spoke

Avast! heave-to! I mean when you die cook It's an awful question

The Shark Massacre

ep cures by continually dining upon calves brains by and by get to have a little brains of their own so as to be able to tell a calf's head from their own head which indeed requires uncommon discrimination And that is the reason why a young buck with an intelligent looking calf's head before him is somehow one of the saddest sights you can see The head looks a sort of reproachfully at him with an *Et tu Brute!* expression

It is not perhaps entirely because the whale is so excessively unctuous that land-men seem to regard the eating of him with abhorrence that appears to result in some way from the consideration before mentioned *ie* that a man should eat a newly murdered thing of the sea and eat it too by its own light But no doubt the first man that ever murdered an ox was regarded as a murderer perhaps he was hung and if he had been put on his trial by oxen he certainly would have been and he certainly deserved it if any murderer does Go to the meat market of a Saturday night and see the crowds of live bipeds staring up at the long rows of dead quadrupeds Does

Cannibals who is not

Fejee that salted down

amine it will be more

tolerable for that proverbial *ie* of judgment than for thee *ie* civilized and enlightened gourmand who nailest geese to the ground and feastest on their bloated b *ers* in thy *paté-de-foie-gras*

Put Stubb he eats the *ie* hale by its own light does he? and that is

And what do you pick your teeth with after devouring that fat goose? With a feather of the same fowl And with what quill did the Secretary of the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Ganders formally indite his *ie* regulars It is only *ie* than the last month or two that that society passed a resolution to patronise nothing but steel pens

Chapter 66

The Shark Massacre

WHEN in the Southern Fishery a captured Sperm Whale after long and arduous toil is brought alongside late at night it is not as a general thing that the customary to proceed at once to the business of cutting him in For that business is an exceedingly laborious one *ie* not very soon completed and requires all hands to set about it Therefore the common way is to take in all sail lash the helm a lee and then send every one below to his hammock till daylight with the reservation that, until that time, the watches shall be kept that is two and two for an hour

It is upon record that three centuries ago the tongue of the Right Whale was esteemed a great delicacy in France and commanded large prices there. Also that in Henry VIII's time a certain cook of the court obtained a handsome reward for inventing an admirable sauce to be eaten with barbecued porpoises which you remember are a species of whale. Porpoises indeed are to this day considered fine eating. The meat is made into balls about the size of billiard balls and being well seasoned and spiced might be taken for turtle balls or veal balls. The old monks of Dunfermline were very fond of them. They had a great porpoise grant from the crown.

The fact is that among his hunters at least the whale would by all hands be considered a noble dish were there not so much of him but when you come to sit down before a meat pie nearly one hundred feet long it takes away your appetite. Only the most unprejudiced of men like Stubb now-a-days partake of cooked whales but the Esquimaux are not so fastidious. We all know how they live upon whales and have rare old vintages of prime old train oil. Zogranda one of their most famous doctors recommends strips of blubber for infants as being exceedingly juicy and nourishing. And this reminds me that certain Englishmen who long ago were accidentally left in Greenland by a whaling vessel—that these men actually lived for several months on the mouldy scraps of whales which had been left ashore after trying out the blubber. Among the Dutch whalers these scraps are called fritters which indeed they greatly resemble being brown and crisp and smelling something like old Amsterdam housewives' doughnuts or oly-cooks when fresh. They have such an eatable look that the most self-denying stranger can hardly keep his hands off.

But what further depreciates the whale as a civilized dish is his exceed-

jelled white meat of a cocoanut in the third month of its growth yet far too rich to supply a substitute for butter. Nevertheless many whalers have a method of absorbing it into some other substance and then partaking of it. In the long try watches of the night it is a common thing for the seamen to dip their ship biscuit into the huge oil pots and let them fry there awhile. Many a good supper have I thus made.

In the case of a small Sperm Whale the brains are accounted a fine dish. The casket of the skull is broken into with an axe and the two plump

some epicures and every one knows that some young bucks among the

Cutting In

Chapter 67

turned into what seemed a shamble every s
have thought we were offering up ten thousand red oven to the sea gods
In the first place the enormous cutting tackles among other ponderous
er of blocks generally painted green and which

anywhere above a ship's deck u u
through these intricacies was then conducted to the windlass and the
hook of the tackles was swung over the whale to this block

mates armed with their long spades began cutting u
the insertion of the hook just above the nearest of the two side-fins This
don h and semi-circular line is cut round the hole the hook is inserted

hip careens over on her side every bolt in the
an old house in frosty weather she trembles quivers and nods her frightened
mastheads to the sky More and more she leans over to the whale while
every gasping heave of the windlass is answered by a helping heave from
the billows till at last a swift startling snap is heard with a great swash the
ship rolls upwards and backwards from the whale and the triumphant
tackle rises into sight dragging after it the disengaged semi-circular end of
the first strip of blubber Now as the blubber envelopes the whale precisely
as the rind does an orange so is it stripped off from the body precisely as an
the h tra n constantly kept

called the scarf simultaneously cut by the spades of Starbuck and Stubb
1 11 2

let down from the sky and every one present must take good heed to dodge
it when it swings else it may box his ears and pitch him headlong over
board

One of the attending harpooners now advances with a long keen
capon called a boarding-sword and watching his chance he dexterously

each couple the crew in rotation shall mount the deck to see that all goes well

But sometimes especially upon the Line in the Pacific this plan will not answer at all because such incalculable hosts of sharks gather round the moored carcass that were he left so for six hours say on a stretch little more than the skeleton would be visible by morning In most other parts of the ocean however where these fish do not so largely abound their voracious voracity can be at times considerably diminished by vigorously

in the present case with the *Lequod's* sharks though to be sure any man unaccustomed to such sights to have looked over her side that night would have almost thought the whole round sea

and when accordingly Queequeg and a forecandle seaman came on deck no small excitement was created among the sharks for immediately suspending the cutting stages over the side and lowering three lanterns so that they cast long gleams of light over the turbid sea these two mariners darting their long whaling spades kept up an incessant murdering of the sharks * by striking the keen steel deep into their skulls seemingly their only vital part But in the foamy confusion of their mixed and struggling hosts the marksmen could not always hit their mark and this brought about new revelations of the incredible ferocity of the foe They viciously snapped not only at each others disembowelments but like flexible bows bent round and bit their own till those entrails seemed swallowed over and over again by the same mouth to be oppositely voided by the gaping wound Nor was this all It was unsafe to meddle with the corpses and ghosts of these creatures A sort of generic or Pantheistic vitality seemed to lurk in their very joint and bones after what might be called the individual life had departed Killed and hoisted on deck for the sake of his skin one of these sharks almost took poor Queequeg's hand off when he tried to shut down the dead lid of his murderous jaw

ingl
but

The whaling-spade used for cutting in is made of the very best steel is about the bigness of a man's spread hand and in general shape corresponds to the graven implement after which it is named only its sides are perfectly flat and its upper end considerably narrower than the lower This weapon is always kept as sharp as possible and when being used is occasionally held just like a razor In its work the stiff pole from twenty to thirty feet long is inserted for a handle

The Blanket

fluence At any rate it is pleasant to read about whales through their own spectacles as you may say But what I am driving at here is this That same infinitely thin isinglass substance which I admit invests the entire body of the whale is not so much to be regarded as the skin of the creature as the skin of the skin so to speak for it were simply ridiculous to say that the proper skin of the tremendous whale is thinner and more tender than the skin of a new born child But no more of this

Assuming the blubber to be the skin of the whale then when this skin as in the case of a very large Sperm Whale will yield the bulk of one hundred barrels of oil and when it is considered that in quantity or rather weight that oil in its expressed state is only three-fourths and not the entire substance of the coat some idea may hence be had of the enormous amount yields
I have ten
ie whale s

skin

In life the visible surface of the Sperm Whale is not the least among the many marvels he presents Almost invariably it is all over obliquely crossed and re-crossed with numberless straight marks in thick array something like those in the finest Italian line engravings But these marks do not seem to be impressed upon the isinglass substance above mentioned but seem to be seen through it as if they were engraved upon the body itself Nor

on the banks of the Upper Mississippi Like those mystic rocks too the mystic marked whale remains undecipherable This allusion to the Indian rocks reminds me of another thing Besides all the other phenomena which the exterior of the Sperm Whale presents he not seldom displays the back and more especially his flanks effaced in great part of the regular linear appearance by reason of numerous rude scratches altogether of an irregular random aspect I should say that those New England rocks on the sea coast which Agassiz imagines to bear the marks of violent scraping contact with vast floating icebergs—I should say that those rocks must not a little resemble the Sperm Whale in this particular It also seems to me that such scratches in the whale are probably made by hostile contact with other whales for I have most remarked them in the large full grown bulls of the species

A word or two more concerning this matter of the skin or blubber of the

slices out a considerable hole in the lower part of the swaying mass. Into this hole the end of the second alternating great tackle is then hooked so as to retain a hold upon the blubber in order to prepare for what follows. Whereupon this accomplished swordsman warning all hands to stand off once more makes a scientific dash at the mass and with a few sidelong desperate lunging slices severs it completely in twain so that while the short lower part is still fast the long upper strip called a blanket piece swings clear and is all ready for lowering. The heavers forward now resume their song and while the one tackle is peeling and hoisting a second strip from the whale the other is slowing slackened away and down goes the first strip through the main hatchway right beneath into an unfurnished parlour called the blubber room. Into this twilight apartment sundry nimble hands keep coiling away the long blanket piece as if it were a great live mass of plaited serpents. And thus the work proceeds the two tackles hoisting and lowering simultaneously both whale and windlass heaving the heavers singing the blubber room gentlemen coiling the mates scarfing the ship straining and all hands swearing occasionally by way of assuaging the general friction.

Chapter 68

The Blanket

I HAVE given no small attention to that not unweird subject the skin of the whale. I have had controversies about it with experienced whitemen afloat and learned naturalists ashore. My original opinion remains unchanged but it is only an opinion.

The question is what and where is the skin of the whale? Already you know what his blubber is. That blubber is something of the consistence of firm close-grained beef but tougher more elastic and compact and ranges from eight or ten to twelve and fifteen inches in thickness.

Now however preposterous it may at first seem to talk of any creature's skin as being of that sort of consistence and thickness yet in point of fact these are no arguments against such a presumption because you cannot raise any other dense enveloping layer from the whale's body but that same blubber and the outermost enveloping layer of any animal if reasonably dense what can that be but the skin? I rue from the unmarred dead body of the whale you may scrape off with your hand an infinitely thin transparent substance somewhat resembling the thinnest shreds of isinglass only it is almost as flexible and soft as satin that is previous to being dried when it not only contracts and thickens but becomes rather hard and brittle. I have several such dried bits which I use for marks in my whalebooks. It is transparent as I said before and being laid upon the printed page I have sometimes pleased myself with fancying it exerted a magnifying in-

The Sphinx

rocks of fowls. augment the murderous din. For hours and hours from the almost stationary ship the hideous sight is seen. Beneath the unclouded and mild azure sky upon the fair face of the pleasant sea, wafted by the joyous breezes, that great mass of death floats on and on till lost in infinite perspectives.

There's a most doleful and most mocking funeral! The sea-vultures all in pious mourning the air-sharks all punctiliously in black are speckled. In the but few of them would have helped the whale, I ween, if peradventure he had needed it be upon the banquet of his funeral they most piously do pounce. Oh, horrible vulgarity of earth! from which not the mightiest whale is free.

Not is this the end. Desecrated as the body is, a vengeful ghost survives and hovers over it to scare. Espied by some timid man-of-war or blundering discovery vessel from afar when the distance obscuring the swarming

corpse with tremulous light is seen and the breakers hereabouts beware! And for years afterwards, perhaps, ships shun the place, leaping over it as silly sheep leap over a vacuum, because their leader originally leaped there when a stick was held. There's your law of precedents, there's your talisman of traditions, there's the story of your obstinate survival of old beliefs never bottomed on the earth, and now not even hovering in the air!

Thus a hulk in life the great whale's body may have been a real terror to his foes, in his death his ghost becomes a powerful panic to a world.

Are you a believer in ghosts, my friend? There are other ghosts than the Cock Lane one and far deeper men than Doctor Johnson who believe in them.

Chapter 70

The Sphinx

I

men so much made themselves and not without reason

Consider that the whale has nothing that can properly be called a neck, on the contrary here his head and body seem to join, there, in that very place is the thickest part of him. I remember also that the surgeon must over-come from above some eight or ten feet in evening between him and his subject and the subject almost hidden in a discoloured, rolling and often times tumultuous and bursting sea. Bear in mind, too that under these unwelcome circumstances he has to cut many feet deep in

whale It has already been said that it is stripped from him in long pieces, called blanket pieces Like most sea terms this one is very happy and significant For the whale is indeed wrapt up in his blubber as in a real blanket or counterpane or still better an Indian poncho slipped over his head and skirting his extremity It is by reason of this cosy blanketing of his body that the whale is enabled to keep himself comfortable in all weathers in all seas times and tides What would become of a Greenland Whale say in those shuddering icy seas of the North if unsupplied with his cosy surtout? True other fish are found exceedingly brisk in those Hyperborean waters but these be it observed are your cold blooded lungless fish whose very bellies are refrigerators creatures that warm themselves under the lee of an iceberg as a traveller in winter would back before an inn fire whereas like man the whale has lungs and warm blood Freeze his blood and he dies How wonderful is it then—except after explanation—that this great monster to whom corporeal warmth is as indispensable as it is to man how wonderful that he should be found at home immersed to his lips for life in those Arctic waters! where when seamen fall overboard they are sometimes found months afterwards perpendicularly frozen into the hearts of fields of ice as a fly is found glued in amber But more surprising is it to know as has been proved by experiment that the blood of a Polar whale is warmer than that of a Borneo negro in summer

It does seem to me that herein we see the rare virtue of a strong individual vitality and the rare virtue of thick walls and the rare virtue of interior spaciousness Oh man! admire and model thyself after the whale! Do thou too remain warm among ice Do thou too live in this world without being of it Be cool at the equator keep thy blood fluid at the Pole Like the great dome of St Peter's and like the great whale retain O man! in all seasons a temperature of thine own

But how easy and how hopeless to teach these fine things! Of erections how few are domed like St Peter's! of creatures how few vast as the whale!

Chapter 69

The Funeral

HAUL in the chains! Let the carcass go astern!

The vast tickles have now done their duty The peeled white body of the beheaded whale flashes like a marble sepulchre though changed in hue it has not perceptibly lost anything in bulk It is still colossal Slowly it floats more and more away the water round it torn and splashed by the

every rod that it so floats what seem square roods of sharks and cubic

The Jeroboam's Story

mothers would give their lives to lay them down Thou sawst the locked lovers when leaping from their flaming ship heart to heart they sank beneath the exulting wave true to each other when heaven seemed false to them Thou sawst the murdered mate when tossed by pirates from the mid-

stretched longing arms. O heaven and not one syllable is thine! husband to out-split the planets

"Sail ho" cried a triumphant voice from the main-mast head Are Well now that's cheering" cried Ahab suddenly erecting himself while whole thunderclouds swept aside from his brow "That itself cry upon this deadly calm might almost convert a better man—Where away

"Three points on the starboard bow" said and bringing down her breeze

long that soul of the small-und.

et a storm of lives on matter but has its cunning

Chapter 71

The Jeroboam's Story

Hand in hand, ship and breeze blew on but the breeze came faster than the ship and soon the *Pequod* began to rock

Br and by through the glass the stranger's boats and manned mastheads proved her a hale ship But as she was so far to windward and shooting by apparently making a passage to some other ground the *Pequod* could not hope to reach her So the signal was set to see what response would be made

Here be it said that like the vessels of military marines, the ships of the American Whale Fleet have such a private signal all which signals being collected in a book with the names of the respective vessels attached every captain is provided with it Thereby the whale commanders are enabled to recognise each other upon the ocean even at considerable distances and with no small facility

The *Pequod's* signal was at last responded to by the stranger's setting her own torch proved the ship to be the *Jeroboam* of Nantucket Squaring her yards she bore down ranched abeam under the *Pequod's* lee and lowered a boat it soon drew nigh but as the side-ladder was being rigged by Stubb's order to accommodate the visiting captain the stranger in question waved his hand from his boat's stern in token of that proceeding

the flesh and in that subterraneous manner without so much as getting one single peep into the ever-contracting gash thus made he must skilfully steer clear of all adjacent interdicted parts and exactly divide the spine at a critical point hard by its insertion into the skull Do you not marvel then at Stubb's boast that he demanded but ten minutes to behead a Sperm Whale?

When first severed the head is dropped astern and held there by a cable till the body is stripped That done if it belong to a small whale it is hoisted on deck to be deliberately disposed of But with a full grown Leviathan this is impossible for the Sperm Whale's head embraces nearly one-third of his entire bulk and completely to suspend such a burden as that even by the immense trickles of a whaler this were as vain a thing as to attempt weighing a Dutch barn in jewellers scales

The *Pequod's* whale being decapitated and the body stripped the head was hoisted against the ship's side—about half way out of the sea so that it might yet in great part be buoyed up by its native element And there with the strained craft steeply leaning over to it by reason of the enormous downward drag from the lower masthead and every yard arm on that side projecting like a crane over the waves there that blood dripping head hung to the *Pequod's* waist like the giant Iphigeneia from the girdle of Judith

When this last task was accomplished it was noon and the sermen went below to their dinner Silence reigned over the before tumultuous but now deserted deck An intense copper calm like a universal yellow lotus was more and more unfolding its noiseless murmurless leaves upon the sea

A short space elapsed and up into this noiselessness came Ahab alone from his cabin Taking a few turns on the quarter deck he paused to gaze over the side then slowly getting into the main-chains he took Stubb's long spade—still remaining there after the whale's decapitation—and striking it into the lower part of the half suspended mass plied its other end crutchwise under one arm and so stood leaning over with eyes attentively fixed on this head

It was a black and hooded head and hanging there in the midst of so intense a calm it seemed the Sphinx in the desert Speak thou vast and venerable head muttered Ahab which though ungratified with a beard yet here and there lookest hoary with mosses speak mighty head and tell us the secret thing that is in thee Of all divers thou hast dived the deepest That head upon which the upper sun now gleams has moved amid this world's foundations Where unrecorded names and names rust and untold hopes and anchors rot where in her murderous hold this fragile earth is ballasted with bones of millions of the drowned there in that awful water land there was thy most familiar home Thou hast been where bell or diver never went hast slept by many a sailor's side where sleepless

— If ^{as} the deliverer
The unflinching
daring play of
real terrors of real
the majority of the
never they were

ignorant etc

afraid of him As such a man however was not of much practical use in
the ship especially as he refused to work except when he pleased the
incredulous captain would fain have been rid of him but apprised that that
individual's intention was to land him in the first convenient port the

and
out
ist in
n the

ship not a man of them would remain He was therefore told to re-
linquish his plan Nor would they permit Gabriel to be any way mal-

t

s

— b d m n

But now Gabriel started to his feet

"Think think of the fevers yellow and bilious! Beware of the horrible
plague!"

"Gabriel Gabriel!" cried Captain Mayhew "thou must either— But
that instant a headlong wave shot the boat far ahead and its scellings
drowned all speech

"Hast thou seen the White Whale?" demanded Ahab when the boat
drifted back

"Think think of thy whale boat stoven and sunk! Beware of the horrible
cal"

I tell thee again Gabriel that— But again the boat tore ahead as if
dragged by fends Nothing was said for some moments while a succession
of morose waves rolled by which by one of those occasional caprices of the

being entirely unnecessary. It turned out that the *Jeroboam* had a malignant epidemic on board and that Mayhew, her captain, was fearful of infecting the *Pequod's* company. For though himself and boat's crew remained untainted and though his ship was half a rifle-shot off and an incorruptible sea and air rolling and flowing between yet conscientiously adhering to the timid quarantine of the land he peremptorily refused to come into direct contact with the *Pequod*.

But this did by no means prevent all communication. Preserving an interval of some few yards between itself and the ship the *Jeroboam's* boat by the occasional use of its oars contrived to keep parallel to the *Pequod* as she heavily forged through the sea (for by this time it blew very fresh) with her maintop sail aback though indeed at times by the sudden onset of a large rolling wave the boat would be pushed some way ahead but would be soon skilfully brought to her proper bearings again. Subject to this and other like interruptions now and then a conversation was sustained between the two parties but at intervals not without still another interruption of a very different sort.

Pulling an oar in the *Jeroboam's* boat was a man of singular appearance even in that wild whaling life where individual notabilities make up all totalities. He was a small short youngish man sprinkled all over his face with freckles and wearing redundant yellow hair. A long skirted cabalistically cut coat of a faded walnut tinge enveloped him the overlapping sleeves of which were rolled up on his wrists. A deep settled fanatic delirium was in his eyes.

So soon as this figure had been first described Stubb had exclaimed—'That's he! that's he!'—the long toggled scaramouch the *Tou n Ho's* company told us of! Stubb here alluded to a strange story told of the *Jeroboam* and a certain man among her crew some time previous when the *Pequod* spoke the *Tou n Ho*. According to this account and what was subsequently learned it seemed that the scaramouch in question had gained a wonderful ascendancy over almost everybody in the *Jeroboam*. His story was this:

He had been originally nurtured among the crazy society of Neskyeuna Shakers where he had been a great prophet in their cracked secret meetings having several times descended from heaven by the way of a trap door announcing the speedy opening of the seventh vial which he carried in his vest pocket but which instead of containing gunpowder was supposed to be charged with laudanum. A strange apostolic whim having seized him he had left Neskyeuna for Nantucket where with that cunning peculiar to craziness he assumed a steady common sense exterior and offered himself as a green hand candidate for the *Jeroboam's* whaling voyage. They engaged him but straightway upon the ship's getting out of sight of land his insanity broke out in a fresher. He announced himself as the archangel Gabriel and commanded the captain to jump overboard.

The Je oboam s Story

Gabriel called off the terror-stricken crew from the further hunting of the whale. This terrible event clothed the archangel with added influence because his credulous disciples believed that he had specifically fore-announced it instead of only making a general prophecy which any one might have done and so have chanced to hit one of many marks in the wide margin allowed. He became a nameless terror to the ship.

Mayhew having concluded the narration Ahab put such questions to him that the stranger captain could not forbear inquiring whether he in-

ward pointed finger—"I think, think of the blasphemer—there!—be-are of the blasphemers end!"

Ahab stolidly turned aside then said to Mayhew "Captain I have just

various ships

whose delivery to the persons to whom they may be addressed depends upon the mere chance of encountering them in the four oceans. Thus most letters never reach their mark, and many are only received after attaining

you have been the post boy

"Can'st not read it?" cried Ahab. "Give it me man! Ave, ave it's but a

Meantime Ahab holding the letter muttered "Mr Har—yes Mr Har—(a woman's pinnv hand—the man's wife I'll wager)—Ave—Mr Harry Macey Ship *Je oboam*—why it's Macey and he's dead!"

Poor fellow! poor fellow! and from his wife, sighed Mayhew "but let me have it."

"Nay keep it thyself" cried Gabriel to Ahab "thou art soon going that

Curses thrille thee!" yelled Ahab. Captain Mayhew stand by now to receive it and taking the fatal missive from Starbuck's hands he caught it in the sl of the pole and reached it over towards the boat. But as he did so the oarsmen expectantly desisted from rowing: the boat drifted a little towards the ship's stern so that as if by magic the letter suddenly

seas were tumbling not heaving it Meantime the hoisted Sperm Whales head jogged about very violently and Gabriel was seen eyeing it with rather more apprehensiveness than his self styled archangel nature seemed to warrant

When this interlude was over Captain Mayhew began a dark story concerning Moby Dick not however without frequent interruptions from Gabriel whenever his name was mentioned and the crazy sea that seemed leagued with him

It seemed that the *Jeroboam* had not long left home when upon speak

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the Shakers receiving the Bible But when some year or two afterwards Moby Dick was fairly sighted from the mastsheads Macey the chief mate burned with ardour to encounter him and the captain himself being not unwilling to let him have the opportunity despite all the archangel's denunciations and forewarnings Macey succeeded in persuading five men to man his boat With them he pushed off and after much weary pulling and many perilous unsuccessful onsets he at last succeeded in getting one iron fast Meantime Gabriel ascending to the main royal masthead was tossing one arm in frantic gestures and hurling forth prophecies of speedy doom to the sacrilegious assailants of his divinity Now while Macey the mate was standing up in his boat's bow and with all the reckless energy of his tribe was venting his wild exclamations upon the whale and essaying to get a fair chance for his poised lance lo! a broad white shadow rose from the sea by its quick finning motion temporarily taking the breath out of the bodies of the oarsmen Next instant the luckless mate so full of furious life was smitten bodily into the air and making a long arc in his descent fell into the sea at the distance of about fifty yards Not a clup of the boat was harmed nor a hair of any of the oarsmen's head but the mate for ever sank

(It is well to parenthesise here that of the fatal accidents in the Sperm Whale Fishery this kind is perhaps almost as frequent as any Sometimes nothing is injured but the man who is thus annihilated oftener the boat's bow is knocked off or the thigh board in which the headsman stands is torn from its place and accompanies the body But strangest of all is the circumstance that in more instances than one when the body has been recovered not a single mark of violence is discernible the man being stark dead)

The whole calamity with the falling form of Macey was plainly described from the ship Raising a piercing shriek— 'The vial! the vial!'

The Monkey Rope

should poor Queequeg sink to rise no more then both usage and honour
 of no h cord it should drag me down in his
 s

ous liabilities which the hempen bond entailed

So strongly and metaphysically did I conceive of my situation then that while earnestly watching his motions I seemed distinctly to perceive that my own individuality was now merged in a joint-stock company of two—that my free will had received a mortal wound and that another's mistake or misfortune might plunge innocent me into unmerited disaster and death. Therefore I saw that here was a sort of interregnum in Providence for its even handed equity never could have sanctioned so gross an injustice. And yet still further pondering—while I jerked him now and then from between the whale and the ship which would threaten to jam him—still further pondering I say I saw that this situation of mine was the precise situation of every mortal that breathes only in most cases he one way or other has this Siamese connection with a plurality of other mortals. If your banker breaks you snap if your apothecary by mistake sends you

he jerked it so that I came very near sliding overboard. Nor could I possibly forget that, do what I would, I only had the management of one end of it.

I have hinted that I would often jerk poor Queequeg from between the whale and the ship—where he would occasionally fall from the incessant rolling and swaying of both. But this was not the only jamming jeopardy he was exposed to. Unappalled by the massacre made upon them during the night, the sharks now freshly and more keenly allured by the before-pent blood which began to flow from the carcass—the rabid creatures swarmed round it like bees in a beehive.

And right in among those sharks was Queequeg who often pushed them aside with his floundering feet. A thing altogether incredible were it not that attracted by such prey as a dead whale the otherwise miscellaneous carnivorous shark will seldom touch a man.

Nevertheless it may well be believed that since they have such a ravenous finger in the pie it is deemed but wise to look sharp to them. Accordingly besides the monkey rope with which I now and then jerked the

The monkey rope s foud n ll balers but it w nly in the P quod th t

the boat knife and impaling the letter on it sent it thus loaded back into the ship. It fell at Ahab's feet. Then Gabriel shrieked out to his comrades to give way with their oars and in that manner the mutinous boat rapidly shot away from the *Pequod*.

As after this interlude the seamen resumed their work upon the jacket of the whale many strange things were hinted in reference to this wild affair.

Chapter 72

The Monkey Rope

IN THE tumultuous business of cutting in and attending to a whale there is much running backwards and forwards among the crew. Now hands are wanted here and then again hands are wanted there. There is no staying in any one place for at one and the same time everything has to be done everywhere. It is much the same with him who endeavours the description of the scene. We must now retrace our way a little. It was mentioned that upon first breaking ground in the whale's back the blubber hook was inserted into the original hole there cut by the spades of the mates. But how did so clumsy and weighty a mass as that same hook get fixed in that hole? It was inserted there by my particular friend Queequeg whose duty it was as harpooneer to descend upon the monster's back for the special purpose referred to. But in very many cases circumstances require that the harpooneer shall remain on the whale till the whole flensing or stripping operation is concluded. The whale be it observed lies almost entirely submerged excepting the immediate parts operated upon. So down there some ten feet below the level of the deck the poor harpooneer flounders about half on the whale and half in the water as the vast mass revolves like a treadmill beneath him. On the occasion in question Queequeg figured in the Highland costume—a shirt and socks—in which to my eyes at least he appeared to uncommon advantage and no one had a better chance to observe him as will presently be seen.

Being the savage's bowman—that is the person who pulled the bow-oar in his boat (the second one from forward) it was my cheerful duty to attend upon him while taking that hard scrabble scramble upon the dead whale's back. You have seen Italian organ boys holding a dancing ape by a long cord. Just so from the ship's steep side did I hold Queequeg down there in the sea by what is technically called in the fishery a monkey rope attached to a strong strip of canvas belted round his waist.

It was a humorously perilous business for both of us. For before we proceed further it must be said that the monkey rope was first at both ends fast to Queequeg's broad canvas belt and first to my narrow leather one. So that for better or for worse we two for the time were wedded and

Stubb and Flask Kill a Right Whale

none of your apothecary's medicine here you want to poison us do ye?
You have got out insurances on our lives and want to murder us all and
what business needs do ye?

Ginger-jab you gin^g the lockers and get something better I hope I do no wrong Mr Starbuck.
It is the captain's orders—grog for the harpooneer on a whale

Enough replied Starbuck only don't hit him again but—

Oh I never hurt when I hit except when I hit a whale or something of
that sort and this fellow's a weasel. What were you about saying sir

Only this go down with him and get what thou wantest thyself

When Stubb reappeared he came with a dark flask in one hand and a
sort of tea-caddy in the other The first contained strong spirits and was
handed to Queequeg the second was Aunt Chanty's gift and that was
freely given to the waves

Chapter 73

Stubb and Flask Kill a Right Whale and Then Have a Talk Over Him
L H L M h Snorm Whales

other matters press and the best we can do now for the head is to play
heaven the tackles may hold

Now during the past night and forenoon the *Pequod* had gradually
drifted into a sea which by its occasional patches of yellow brist gave un-
usual tokens of the vicinity of Right Whales a species of the Leviathan
that but few supposed to be at this particular time lurking anywhere
near And though all hands commonly disdained the capture of those
inferior creatures and though the *Pequod* was not commissioned to cruise

offered

Not was this long wanting Tall spouts were seen to leeward and two

wh a er and soon after news came from aloft that one or both the
boats must be fast.

poor fellow from too close a vicinity to the maw of what seemed a peculiarly ferocious shark—he was provided with still another protection. Suspended over the side in one of the staves Tashtego and Daggoo continually flourished over his head a couple of keen whale spades wherewith they slaughtered as many sharks as they could reach. This procedure of theirs to be sure was very disinterested and benevolent of them. They meant Queequeg's best happiness. I admit; but in their hasty zeal to befriend him and from the circumstance that both he and the sharks were at times half hidden by the blood muddied water those indiscreet spades of theirs would come nearer amputating a leg than a tail. But poor Queequeg I suppose straining and gasping there with that great iron hook—poor Queequeg I suppose only prayed to his *Iojo* and gave up his life into the hands of his gods.

Well well my dear comrade and twin brother thought I as I drew in and then slacked off the rope to every swell of the sea—what matters it after all? Are you not the precious image of each and all of us men in this whaling world? That unsounded ocean you gasp in is Life those sharks your foes those spades your friends and what between sharks and spades you are in a sad pickle and peril poor lad.

But courage! there is good cheer in store for you Queequeg. For now as with blue lips and bloodshot eyes the exhausted savage at last climbs up the chains and stands all dripping and involuntarily trembling over the side the steward advances and with a benevolent consolatory glance hands him—what? Some hot Cognac? No! hands him y^e gods' hands him a cup of tepid ginger and water!

Ginger? Do I smell ginger? suspiciously asked Stubb coming near. Yes this must be ginger peering into the as yet untried cup. Then

ing cannibal? Ginger!—what the devil is ginger?—sea-coal?—firewood?—lucifer matches?—tinder?—gun powder?—what the devil is ginger I say that you offer this cup to our poor Queequeg here?

There is some sneaking Temperance Society movement about this business he suddenly added now approaching Starbuck who had just come from forward. Will you look at that kannikin sir smell of it if you please. Then watching the mate's countenance he added The steward Mr Starbuck had the face to offer that calomel and jalap to Queequeg there this instant off the whale. Is the steward an apothecary sir? and may I ask whether this is the sort of bellows by which he blows back the breath into a half-drowned man?

I trust not said Starbuck it is poor stuff enough.

Aye ye steward cried Stubb we'll teach you to drug a harpooneer.

Stubb and Flask Kill a Fight Wale

"I don't know but I heard that gamboge ghost of a Fedallah saying so and he seems to know all about lup's charms But I sometimes think he'll charm the ship to no good at last I don't half like that chap Stubb Did you ever notice how that tusk of his is a sort of carved into a snake's head Stubb

stubb " If I ever I get a chance of a
one by look down
on of both hands—
in disguise Do you
believe that cock-and bull story about a man stowed away on
board ship? He's the devil I say The reason why you don't see his tail is
because he tucks it up out of sight he carries it coiled away in his pocket
I guess Blast him! now that I think of it he's always wanting oakum to
stuff into the toes of his boots

He sleeps in his boots don't he He hasn't got any hammock but I've

now do ye see

What's the old man have so much to do? Well, there's

Striking up a swap or a bargain. I suppose

Bargain —about what

"Why do ye see the old man is hard bent after that White Whale and the devil there is trying to come round him and get him to swap away his silver & ch or his soul or something of that sort and then he'll surrender Moby Dick."

Pooh! Stubb you are skylarking how can Fedallah do that?

I don't know Flask but the devil is a curious chap and a wicked one

h l c a b g y d e

I think I remember some such story as you were telling, said Flak, then at last the two boats were slowly advancing with their burdens towards the ship but I can't remember where

Did ye read it there. Elash? I guess so. Did I

No never saw such a book heard of it though But now tell m Stubb

An interval passed and the boats were dragged right towards the ship by the towster come to the hull that at first it seemed as if it meant it malice but suddenly going down in a maelstrom within three rods of the planks he wholly disappeared from view as if diving under the keel. Cut! cut! was the cry from the ship to the boats which for one instant seemed on the point of being brought with a deadly dash against the vessel's side. But having plenty of line yet in the tubs and the whale not sounding very rapidly they paid out abundance of rope and at the same time

all their might so was intensely one direction at once the contending strain threatened to take them under. But it was only a few feet advance they sought to gain. And they stuck to it till they did gain it when instantly a swift tremor was felt running like lightning along the keel as the strained line scraping beneath the ship suddenly rose to view under her bows snapping and quivering and so flinging off its drippings that the drops fell like bits of broken glass on the water while the whale beyond also rose to sight and once more the boats were free to fly. But the fagged whale abated his speed and blindly altering his course went round the stern of the ship towing the two boats after him so that they performed a complete circuit.

Meantime they hauled more and more upon their lines till close flanking him on both sides. Stubb answered Flask with lance for lance and thus round and round the Pequod the battle went while the multitudes of sharks that had before swum round the Sperm Whale's body rushed to the fresh blood that was spilled thirstily drinking at every new gash as the eager Israelites did at the new bursting fountains that poured from the smitten rock.

At last his spout grew thick and with a frightful roll and vomit he turned upon his back a corpse.

While the two headsmen were engaged in making fast cord to his flukes and in other ways getting the mass in readiness for towing some conversation ensued between them.

I wonder what the old man wants with this lump of foul hrd said Stubb not without some disgust at the thought of having to do with so ignoble a Leviathan.

Wants with it? said Flask coiling some spare line in the boat's bow did you never hear that the ship which but once

Stubb and Flask Kill a Right Whale

Stubb

Sink him! I never look at him at all but if ever I get a chance of a

believe that cock-and-bull story about him. He's the devil I say. The reason why you don't see his tail is because he tucks it up out of sight he carries it coiled away in his pocket. I guess. Blast him! now that I think of it he's always wanting oakum to stuff into the toes of his boots.

He sleeps in his boots don't he. He hasn't got any hammock but I've

Moby Dick

devil what he wanted. The devil switching his hoofs up and says I want John. What for? says the old governor. What business is that of yours says the devil getting mad — I want to use him. Take him says the governor.

towards the ship but I can't remember where

d Flask
burden

do you suppose that that devil you was speaking of just now was the same you say is now on board the *Pequod*?

Am I the same man that helped kill this whale? Doesn't the devil live for ever—who ever heard that the devil was dead? Did you ever see any parson wearing mourning for the devil? And if the devil has a hitch key to get into the admiral's cabin—don't you suppose he can crawl into a port hole? Tell me that Mr. Flask.

How old do you suppose Fedallah is? Stubb.

Do you see that mainmast there? pointing to the ship well that's the figure one—now take all the hoops in the *Pequod*'s hold and string 'em along in a row with that mast for oughts do you see well that wouldn't begin to be Fedallah's age. Nor all the coopers in creation couldn't show

boasted just now that you
good chance. Now if he's
so old as all those hoops of yours come to and if he is going to live for ever
what good will it do to pitch him overboard—tell me that?

Give him a good ducking anyhow.

But he'd crawl back.

Duck him again and keep ducking him.

Suppose he should take it into his head to duck you though—yes and drown you—what then?

I should like to see him try it. I'd give him such a pair of black eyes that he wouldn't dare to show his face in the admiral's cabin again for a long while—let alone down in the orlop there where he lives and hereabouts on the upper decks where he sneaks so much. Damn the devil Flask do you suppose I'm afraid of the devil? Who's afraid of him except the old governor who daren't catch him and put him in double-darbies as he deserves but lets him go about kidnapping people and signed a bond with him that all the people the devil kidnapped he'd roast for him. There's a governor!

Do you suppose Fedallah wants to kidnap Captain Ahab?

Do I suppose it? You'll know it before long Flask. But I am going now to keep a sharp lookout on him and if I see anything very suspicious going on I'll just take him by the nape of his neck and say—Look here Beelzebub you don't do it and if he makes any fuss by the Lord I'll make a

between his legs

And what will you do with the tail Stubb?

Do with it? Sell it for an ox whip when we get home—what else?

The *Sperm Whale's* Head—Contrasted View

Now do you mean what you say and have been saying all along, Stubb

Mean or not mean here we are at the ship

The boats were here haled to tow the whale on the larboard side where fluke-chains and other necessaries were already prepared for securing him

Didn't I tell you so said Flask yes you'll soon see this Right Whale's

fore the *Pequod* steeply

by the counterpoise of

both heads she regained her even keel ^{unwillingly} sorely strained you may well believe So when on one side you hoist in Locke's head you go over that way but now on the other side hoist in Kant's and you come back again but in very poor plight Thus some minds for ever keep trimming boat Oh ye foolish! throw all these thunderheads overboard and then you will float light and right

In disposing of the body of a Right Whale when brought alongside the ship the same preliminary proceedings commonly take place as in the case

æ 2 1

hand And Ahab chanced so to stand

hid if the Parsee's shadow was there at all it seemed only to blend with and lengthen Ahab's As the crew toiled on Laplandish speculations were bandied among them concerning all these passing things

Chapter 74

The *Sperm Whale's* Head—Contrasted View

HERE now are two great whales laying their heads together let us join them and lay together our own

the known varieties of the whale As the external difference between them is mainly observable in their heads and as a head of each is this moment hanging from the *Pequod's* side and as we may freely go from one to the other by merely stepping across the deck—where I should like to know will you obtain a better chance to study practical cetology than here

In the first place you are struck by the general contrast between these heads. Both are massive enough in all conscience but there is a certain mathematical symmetry in the Sperm Whale's which the Right Whale's sadly lacks. There is more character in the Sperm Whale's head. As you behold it you involuntarily yield the immense superiority to him in point of pertaining dignity. In the present instance too this dignity is heightened by the pepper and salt colour of his head at the summit giving token of advanced age and large experience. In short he is what the fishermen technically call a grey-headed whale.

Let us now note what is least dissimilar in these heads—namely the two most important organs the eye and the ear. Far back on the side of the head and low down near the angle of either whale's jaw if you narrowly search you will at least see a lashless eye which you would fancy to be a young colt's eye so out of all proportion is it to the magnitude of the head.

Now from this peculiar sideways position of the whale's eyes it is plain that he can never see an object which is exactly ahead no more than he can one exactly astern. In a word the position of the whale's eyes corresponds to that of a man's ears and you may fancy for yourself how it would fare with you did you sideways survey objects through your ears. You would find that you could only command some thirty degrees of vision in advance of

more behind it. If your bit
u with digger uplifted in
broad day you would not be able to see him any more than if he were stealing upon you from behind. In a word you would have two backs so to speak but at the same time also two fronts (side fronts) for what is it that makes the front of a man—what indeed but his eyes?

Moreover while in most other animals that I can now think of the eyes are so planted as imperceptibly to blend their visual power so as to produce one picture and not two to the brain the peculiar position of the whale's eyes effectually divided as they are by many cubic feet of solid head which towers between them like a great mountain separating two lakes in valleys this of course must wholly separate the impressions which each independent organ imparts. The whale therefore must see one distinct picture on this side and another distinct picture on that side while all between must be profound darkness and nothingness to him. Man may in effect be said to look out on the world from a sentry box with two joined sashes for his window. But with the whale these two sashes are separately inserted making two distinct windows but sadly impairing the view. This peculiarity of the whale's eyes is a thing always to be borne in mind in the fishery and to be remembered by the reader in some subsequent scenes.

A curious and most puzzling question might be started concerning this visual matter as touching the Leviathan. But I must be content with a

The *Sperm Whale's* Head—Contrasted View

hant. So long as a man's eyes are open in the light the act of seeing is involuntary that is, he cannot then help mechanically seeing whatever is before him. Nevertheless any one's experience will teach him

— to keep of things at one
completely to ex
all—at one and the
side and touch each

same instant of time never *shall* be able to see both at the same time. But if you now come to separate these two objects and surround each by a circle of profound darkness then in order to see one of them in such a manner as to bring your mind to bear on it, the other will be utterly excluded from your contemporaneous consciousness. How is it, then, with the whale? True both his eyes in themselves must simultaneously act but is his brain so much more comprehensive combining, and subtle than man's that he can at the same moment of time attentively examine two distinct prospects one on one side of him and the other in an exactly opposite direction. If he can then is it as marvellous a thing in him as if a man were able simultaneously to go through the demonstrations of two distinct problems in Euclid. Nor strictly investigated is there any incongruity in this comparison.

It may be but an idle whim but it has always seemed to me, that the extraordinary vacillations of movement displayed by some whales when beset by three or four boats the timidity and liability to queer frights so common to such whales I think that all this indirectly proceeds from the helpless perplexity of volition in which their divided and diametrically opposite powers of vision must involve them.

But the ear of the whale is full as curious as the eye. If you are an entire stranger to the whale you have two heads for hours and whatever and into what minute is it. It is

indeed a little behind the eye. With respect to their ears this important difference is to be observed between the *Sperm Whale* and the *Right Whale*. While the ear of the former has an external opening that of the latter is entirely closed and only covered over with a membrane so as to be quite imperceptible from without.

It is not curious that so vast a being as the whale should see the world through so small an eye and hear the thunder through an ear which is smaller than a human's. But if his eyes were broad as the lens of Herschel's great telescope and his ears capacious as the porches of cathedrals would that make him any keener of sight or sharper of hearing? Not at all—Why then do you try to enlarge your mind. Sublimate it.

Let us now take the lever and steam-engines we have at hand over the *Sperm Whale's* head that it may lie bottom up then ascend by a ladder to the summit have a peep down the mouth and were it not

that the body is now completely separated from it with a lantern we might descend into the great Kentucky Mammoth Cave of his stomach. But let us hold on here by this tooth and look about us where we are. What a really beautiful and chaste looking mouth! from floor to ceiling lined or rather papered with a glistening white membrane glossy as bridal satins.

But come out now and look at this portentous lower jaw which seems like the long narrow lid of an immense snuff box with the hinge at one end instead of one side. If you pry it up so as to get it overhead and expose its rows of teeth it seems a terrific portcullis and such alas! it proves to many a poor wight in the fishery upon whom these spikes fall with impaling force. But far more terrible is it to behold when fathoms down in the sea you see some sulky whale floating there suspended with his prodigious jaw some fifteen feet long hanging straight down at right angles with his body for all the world like a ship's jibboom. This whale is not dead he is only dispirited out of sorts perhaps hypochondriac and so supine that the hinges of his jaw have relaxed leaving him there in that ungainly sort of plight a reproach to all his tribe who must no doubt imprecate lockjaws upon him.

In most cases this lower jaw—being easily unhinged by a practised artist—is disengaged and hoisted on deck for the purpose of

st

With a long weary hoist the jaw is dragged on board as if it were an anchor and when the proper time comes—some few days after the other work—Queequeg Diggo and Tashtego being all accomplished dentists are set to drawing teeth. With a keen cutting spade Queequeg lances the gums then the jaw from aloft they drag oaks out of wild wood old whale much fashion. The jaw for building house.

Chapter 75

The Right Whale's Head—Contrasted View

Crossing the deck let us now have a good long look at the Right Whale's head.

As in general shape the noble Sperm Whale's head may be compared to a Roman war-chariot (especially in front where it is so broadly rounded) so at a broad view the Right Whale's head bears a rather inelegant resemblance to a gigantic galliot toed shoe. Two hundred years ago in old

The Right Whale's Head—Contrasted View

Dutch voyager likened its shape to that of a shoemaker's last. And in this same last or shoe that old woman of the nursery tale with the swarming brood might very comfortably be lodged she and all her progeny. In this great head it begins to assume different

1 this bonnet such
 ed your fancy has
 1 upon it in which
 1 this mighty monster is
 1 crown has been put to-
 his whale be a king he is
 xok at that hanging lower
 and pout by carpenter s
 eet deep a sulk and pout

measurement about twenty feet long and a foot deep a sulk and pour that will yield you some 500 gallons of oil and more

A story in a novel that this unfortunate whale should be hare-lipped

beach to gaze Over this my ASU C I A pp 3
the mouth Upon my word were I at Mackinaw I should take this to be
the inside of an Indian wigwam Good Lord! is this the rood that Jonah
went? The roof is about twelve feet high and runs to a pretty sharp angle
as if there were a regular ridge-pole there while these ribbed arched hairy
sides present us with those wondrous half vertical scimitar-shaped slats of

hills and ridges whereby some valiant men calculate the creature's age
 a the e of an oak by its circular rings Though the certainty of this
 r on is far from demonstrable yet it has the savour of analogical proba
 b lity At any rate, if we yield to it, we must grant a far greater age to the
 Right Whale than at first glance will seem reasonable

In old times there seems to have prevailed the most curious fancies concerning these blinds. One voyager in Purchas calls them the wondrous whiskers inside of the whale's mouth * another hogs bristles a third old gentleman in Hackluyt uses the following elegant language. There are about two hundred and fifty fins growing on each side of his upper chop

As whiskers
blinds or whatever you please furnish to the ladies their busks and other stiffening contrivances. But in this particular the demand has long been on the decline. It was in Queen Anne's time that the bone was in its glory, the farthingale being then all the fashion. And as those ancient dames moved about gaily though in the jaws of the whale as you may say even so in a shower with the like thoughtlessness do we now days fly under the same jaws for protection the umbrella being a tent spread over the same bone.

But now forget all about blinds and whiskers for a moment and standing in the Right Whale's mouth look around you refresh. Seeing all these colonnades of bone so methodically ranged about would you not think you were inside of the great Haarlem organ and gazing upon its thousand pipes? For a carpet to the organ we have a rug of the softest Turkey—the tongue which is glued as it were to the floor of the mouth. It is very fat and tender and apt to tear in pieces in hoisting it on deck. This particular tongue now before us at a passing glance I should say it was a six barreler that is it will yield you about that amount of oil.

Ere this you must have plainly seen the truth of what I started with—that the Sperm Whale and the Right Whale have almost entirely different heads. To sum up then in the Right Whale there is no great well of sperm no ivory teeth at all no long slender mandible of a lower jaw like the Sperm Whale's. Nor in the Sperm Whale are there any of those blinds of bone no huge lower lip and scarcely anything of a tongue. Again the Right Whale has two external spout holes the Sperm Whale only one.

Look your last now on these venerable hooded heads while they yet lie together for one will soon sink unrecorded in the sea the other will not be very long in following.

Can you catch the expression of the Sperm Whale's there. It is the same he died with only some of the longer wrinkles in the forehead seem now faded away. I think his broad brow to be full of a prairie like placidity born of a speculative indifference as to death. But mark the other head's expression. See that amazing lower lip pressed by accident against the vessel's

This reminds us that the Right Whale really has a sort of a whisker or rather a moustache consisting of a few scattered white hairs on the upper part of the outer end of the lower jaw. Sometimes those tufts impart a rather brigandish expression to his otherwise solemn countenance.

The Battering Ram

side so as firmly to embrace the jaw Does not this whole head seem to speak of an enormous practical resolution in facing death? This Right Whale I take to have been a Stoic: the Sperm Whale a Platonian who might have taken up Spinoza in his latter years

Chapter 76

The Battering-Ram

For nothing for the nonce the Sperm Whale's head I would have
mark its front aspect
investigate it now with

for ever remain an infidel as to one of the true events perhaps anywhere to be found in all recorded history

You observe that in the ordinary swimming position of the Sperm Whale the front of his head presents an almost wholly vertical plane to the water you observe that the lower part of that front slopes considerably backwards so as to furnish more of a retreat for the long socket which receives the boom like lower jaw you observe that the mouth is entirely under the head much in the same way indeed as though your own mouth were entirely under your chin Moreover you observe that the whale has no external nose and that what nose he has—his spout hole—is on the top of his head you observe that his eyes and ears are at the side of his head nearly one-third of his entire length from the front Wherefore you must now have perceived that the front of the Sperm Whale's head is a dead blind wall without a single organ or tender prominence of any sort what soever Furthermore you are now to consider that only in the extreme

you even the most delicate oil yet you are now to be apprised of the nature of the substance which so impregnably invests all that precious feminecy In some previous place I have described to you how the blubber raps the body of the whale as the rind wraps an orange Just the head but with this difference about the head this envelope is not so thick is of a boneless toughness incalculable by any man who has not handled it The severest pointed harpoon the sharpest lance darted by the strongest human arm impotently rebounds from it It is as though the head of the Sperm Whale were paved with horses' hoofs I do not think that any sensation lurks in it

Bethink yourself also of another thing When two large loaded India men chance to crowd and crush towards each other in the docks what do the sailors do? They do not suspend between them at the point of coming contact any merely hard substance like iron or wood No they hold there a large round wad of tow and cork enveloped in the thickest and toughest of ox hide That bravely and uninjured takes the jam which would have snapped all their oaken handspikes and iron crowbars By itself this sufficiently illustrates the obvious fact I drive at But supplementary to this it has hypothetically occurred to me that as ordinary fish possess what is called a swimming bladder in them capable at will of distension or contraction and as the Sperm Whale as far as I know has no such provision in him considering too the otherwise inexplicable manner in which he now depresses his head altogether beneath the surface and anon swims with it high elevated out of the water considering the unobstructed elasticity of its envelope considering the unique interior of his head it has hypothetically occurred to me I say that those mystical lung-celled honeycombs there may possibly have some hitherto unknown and unsuspected connection with the outer air so as to be susceptible to atmospheric distension and contraction If this be so fancy the irresistibleness of that might to which the most impalpable and destructive of all elements contributes

Now mark Unerringly impelling this dead impregnable uninjurable wall and this most buoyant thing within there swims behind it all a mass of tremendous life only to be inadequately estimated as piled wood is—by the cord and all obedient to one volition as the smallest insect So that when I shall hereafter detail to you all the specialties and concentrations of potency everywhere lurking in this expansive monster when I shall show you some of his more inconsiderable braining feats I trust you will have renounced all ignorant incredulity and be ready to abide by this that though the Sperm Whale stove a passage through the Isthmus of Darien and mixed the Atlantic with the Pacific you would not elevate one hair of your eyebrow For unless you own the whale you are but a provincial and sentimentalist in Truth But clear Truth is a thing for salmonder giants only to encounter how small the chances for the provincials then? What befell the weakling youth lifting the dread goddess's veil at Lais?

Chapter 77

The Great Heidelburgh Tun

Now comes the Baling of the Case But to comprehend it aright you must know something of the curious internal structure of the thing operated upon

Regarding the Sperm Whale's head as a solid oblong you may on an

The Great Heidelberg Tun

inclined plane sideways divide it into two quoin^s * whereof the lower is the bony structure forming the cranium and jaws and the upper an unc-
tuous mass wholly free from bones its broad forward end forming the
expanded vertical apparent forehead of the whale At the middle of the
forehead horizontally subdivide this upper quoin and then you have two
almost equal parts which before were naturally divided by an internal wall
of a thick tendinous substance

The lower subdivided part called the junk is one immense honeycomb
of oil formed by the crossing and re-crossing, in a ten thousand infiltrated
of a network of white fibres throughout its whole extent. The upper
part is the
Tun of

pieces for the Heidelberg Tun

that of Heidelberg was always replenished with the most excellent of the
wines of the French valleys so the tun of the whale contains by far the
most precious of all his oily vinages namely the highly prized spermaceti,
in its absolutely pure limpid and odorous state. Nor is this precious
oil ever found unalloyed in any other part of the creature. Though in
the
Tun of

as it is otherwise irrevocably lost in the ticklish business of securing
that you can

Tun of

of a fine pelisse forming the inner surface of the Sperm Whale's case.

It will have been seen that the Heidelberg Tun of the Sperm Whale
embraces the entire length of the entire top of the head and since—as has
been elsewhere set forth—the head embraces one-third of the whole length
of the creature then setting that length down at eighty feet for a good-sized
whale you have more than twenty-six feet for the depth of the tun when
it is lengthwise hoisted up and down against a ship's side

Tun of

timely stroke should invade the sanctuary and wastingly let out its invaluable contents. It is this decapitated end of the herd also which is at last elevated out of the water and retained in that position by the enormous cutting tickles whose hempen combinations on one side make quite a wilderness of ropes in that quarter.

Thus much being said attend now. I pray you to that marvellous and—in this particular instance—almost fatal operation whereby the Sperm Whale's great Heidelburgh Tun is tapped.

Chapter 78

Cistern and Buckets

NIMBLE as a cat Tashtego mounts aloft and without altering his erect posture runs straight out upon the overhanging mainyard arm to the part where it exactly projects over the hoisted tun. He has carried with him a light tackle called a whip consisting of only two parts travelling through a single sheaved block. Securing this block so that it hangs down from the yardarm he swings one end of the rope till it is caught and firmly held by a hand on deck. Then hand over hand down the other part the Indian drops through the air till dexterously he lands on the summit of the head. There—still high elevated above the rest of the company to whom he vivaciously cries—he seems some Turkish Muezzin calling the good people to prayers from the top of a tower. A short handled sharp spade being sent up to him he diligently searches for the proper place to begin breaking into the tun. In this business he proceeds very heedfully like a treasure-hunter in some old house sounding the walls to find where the gold is misoned in. By the time this cautious search is over a stout iron bound bucket precisely like a well bucket has been attached to one end of the whip while the other end being stretched across the deck is there held by two or three alert hands. These last now hoist the bucket within grasp of the Indian to whom another person has reached up a very long pole inserting this pole into the bucket. Tashitgo downward guides the bucket into the tun till it entirely disappears then giving the word to the seamen at the whip up

harder and deeper and deeper into the tun until some twenty feet of the pole have gone down.

Now the people of several tubs had been queered accident happen

C stern and Buckets

— — — his one-handed hold
whether the place
the Evil One him

where he stood was so treacherous and so
of it out so without stating his particular reason how

twin reciprocating bucket in a ventable well dropped
into this great Tun of Heidelburgh and with a horrible only gurgling went
clean out of sight!

Man overboard! cried Daggo who amid the general consternation
first came to his senses. Swing the bucket this way! and putting one foot
into it so as the better to secure his slippery hand hold on the whip itself
the hoisters ran him high up to the top of the head almost before Tashtego
could reach its interior bottom. Meantime there was a terrible

revealing by those struggles the perilous depth to which he had sunk.

At this instant while Daggo on the summit of the head was clearing
the whip—which had somehow got foul of the great cutting tackles—a
sharp cracking noise was heard and to the unspeakable horror of all one
saw the head burst out and with a vast

giving way and the head
head

would still remain suspended in the air
rammed down the bucket into the now collapsed well meaning that the
buried harpooneer should grasp it and so be hoisted out.

In heaven's name man cried Stubb are you ramming home a car
trudge there?—Avast! How will that help him jamming that iron bound
bucket on top of his head? Avast will ye!

Stand clear of the tackle! cried a voice like the bursting of a rocket
Almost in the same instant with a thunder boom the enormous mass

leapt and now over the water—Daggo through a thick mist of spray was
dimly beheld clinging to the pendulous tackles while poor buried alive
Tashtego was sinking utterly down to the bottom of the sea! But hardly had

the blinding vapour cleared away when a naked figure with a boarding sword in its hand was for one swift moment seen hovering over the bulwarks. The next a loud splash announced that my brave Queequeg had dived to the rescue. One packed rush was made to the side and every eye counted every ripple as moment followed moment and no sign of either the sinker or the diver could be seen. Some hands now jumped into a boat alongside and pushed a little off from the ship.

Ha! ha! cried Daggoo all at once from his now quiet swinging perch overhead and looking farther off from the side we saw an arm thrust upright from the blue waves a sight strange to see as an arm thrust forth from the grass over a grave.

Both! both!—it is both!—cried Daggoo again with a joyful shout and soon after Queequeg was seen boldly striking out with one hand and with the other clutching the long hair of the Indian. Drawn into the waiting boat they were quickly brought to the deck but Tishego was long in coming to and Queequeg did not look very brisk.

Now how had this noble rescue been accomplished? Why diving after the slowly descending head Queequeg with his keen sword had made side lunges near its bottom so as to scuttle a large hole there then dropping his sword had thrust his long arm far inwards and upwards and so hauled

plished in the teeth too of the most untoward and apparently hopeless impediments which is a lesson by no means to be forgotten.

I know that this queer adventure of the Gray Herders will be sure to

considering the exceeding slipperiness of the curb of the Sperm Whale's well.

But peradventure it may be sagaciously urged how is this? We thought the tissued infiltrated head of the Sperm Whale was the lightest and most corky part about him and yet thou makest it sink in an element of a far greater specific gravity than itself. We have thee there. Not at all but I have ye for at the time poor Fash fell in the case had been nearly emptied of its lighter contents leaving little but the dense tendinous wall of the well—a double-welded hammered substance as I have before said much

The Prairie

heavier than the sea water and a lump of which sinks in it like lead almost. But the tendency to rapid sinking in this substance was in the present instance materially counteracted by the other parts of the head remaining undetached from it so that it sank very slowly and deliberately indeed affording Queequeg a fair chance for performing his agile obstetrics on the run as you may say. Yes it was a running delivery so I was

Now had Tashtego perished in that head it had been a very precious perishing smothered in the very whitest and daintiest of fragrant spermacci confined, hearsed and tombed in the secret inner chamber and sanctum sanctorum of the whale. Only one sweeter end can readily be recalled—the delicious death of an Ohio honey hunter who seeking honey in the crotch of a hollow tree found such exceeding store of it that leaning too far over it sucked him in so that he died embalmed. How many think we have likewise fallen into Plato's honey head and sweetly perished there.

Chapter 79

The Prairie

Let us now feel the bumps on the head of this Leviathan or phrenologist has as yet seem almost as hopeful as for Lavater to have scrutinised the wrinkles on the Rock of Gibraltar or for Gall to have mounted a ladder and manipulated the Dome of the Pantheon

all of the various faces
serpents and
on discernible
horns than man
hints touching the phrenological characteristics
Therefore though I am but ill qualified for a pioneer in the application of these pseudo-sciences to the whale I will do my endeavour I try all that I achieve what I can

Physiognomically regarded the Sperm Whale is an anomalous creature. He has no proper nose. And since the nose is the central and most conspicuous of the features and since it perhaps most modifies and finally controls the combined expression hence it would seem that its entire absence as an external appendage must very largely affect the countenance of the whale. For as in landscape gardening a spire cupola monument or tower of some sort is deemed almost indispensable to the completion of the scene so no face can be physiognomically in keeping without the elevated open-work bell of the nose. Dash the nose from Phidias's marble Jove and what remains? Nevertheless Leviathan is of so mighty a magnitude all his proportions are so stately that the same deficiency which in the sculp-

tured Jove was hideous in him is no blemish at all Nay it is an added grandeur A nose to the whale would have been impertinent As on your physiognomical voyage you sail round his vast head in your jolly boat your noble conceptions of him are never insulted by the reflection that he has a nose to be pulled A pestilent conceit which so often will insist upon obtruding even when beholding the mightiest royalty on his throne

In some particulars perhaps the most imposing physiognomical view to be had of the Sperm Whale is that of the full front of his head This aspect is sublime

In thought a fine human brow is like the East when troubled with the morning In the repose of the pasture the curled brow of the bull has a touch of the grand in it Pushing heavy cannon up mountain defiles the elephant's brow is majestic Human or animal the mystical brow is as that great golden seal affixed by the German emperors to their decrees It signifies— God done this day by my hand But in most creatures nay in man himself very often the brow is but a mere strip of alpine land lying along the snow line Few are the foreheads which like Shakespeare's or Melancthon's rise so high and descend so low that the eyes themselves seem clear eternal tideless mountain lakes and all above them in the forehead's wrinkles you seem to track the antlered thoughts descending there to drink as the Highland hunters track the snow prints of the deer But in the great Sperm Whale this high and mighty god like dignity inherent in the brow is so immensely amplified that gazing on it in that full front view you feel the Deity and the dread powers more forcibly than in beholding any other object in living nature For you see no one point precisely not one distinct feature is revealed no nose eyes ears or mouth no face he has none proper nothing but that one broad firmament of a forehead plaited with riddles dumbly lowering with the doom of boats and ships and men Nor in profile does this wondrous brow diminish though that way viewed its grandeur does not dominate upon you so In profile you plainly perceive that horizontal semi-crescentic depression in the forehead's middle which in man is Lavater's mark of genius

But how? Genius in the Sperm Whale? Has the Sperm Whale ever written a book spoken a speech? No his great genius is declared in his doing nothing particular to prove it It is moreover declared in his pyramidal silence And this reminds me that had the great Sperm Whale been known to the young Orient World he would have been deified by their child magician thoughts They deified the crocodile of the Nile &c

The Next

100 I hear the great Sperm Whale shall lord it.

microglyphics But there
is man's and every being's
life is but a passing fable

the implest peasant's face in is p
how may unlettered Ishmael hope to read the awful Chaldee of the sperm^{gs}
Whale's brow? I but put that brow before you Read it if you can

Chapter 80

The New

I - n. l. h. n. k. s. o. m. m. i. c. a. l. l. y. 7 Sphynx to the phrenologist

length. Unhinge the lower jaw and view it from the side view of a moderately inclined plane resting throughout on a level base. But in fish—as we have elsewhere seen—this inclined plane is angularly filled up and almost squared by the enormous superincumbent mass of the brain. At the high end the skull forms a crater to bed that

Like the innermost citadel within us, all that I have known some whalers
peremptorily deny that the Sperm Whale has any other brain than
that palpable semblance of one formed by the cubic yards of his sperm
running in strange folds, courses and convolutions to their
of his general might

creature living in intact state is an entire delusion. As for his true brain, you

found it with them and remarking the depressions on one part of its summit in philological phrase you would say—This man had no self-esteem and no veneration. And by those negations considered along with

the affirmative fact of his prodigious bulk and power you can best form to yourself the truest though not the most exalting conception of what the most exalted potency is.

But if from the comparative dimensions of the whale's proper brain you deem it incapable of being adequately charted then I have another idea for you. If you attentively regard almost any quadruped's spine you will be struck with the resemblance of its vertebrae to a strung necklace of dwarfed skulls all bearing rudimentary resemblance to the skull proper. It is a German conceit that the vertebrae are absolutely undeveloped skulls. But the curious external resemblance I take it the Germans were not the first men to perceive. A foreign friend once pointed it out to me in the skeleton of a foe he had slain and with the vertebrae of which he was inlaying in a sort of brisso-relievo the beaked prow of his canoe. Now I consider that the phrenologists have omitted an important thing in not pushing their investigations from the cerebellum through the spinal canal for I believe that much of a man's character will be found betokened in his back bone. I would rather feel your spine than your skull whoever you are. A thin joist of a spine never yet upheld a full and noble soul. I rejoice in my spine as in the firm audacious staff of that flag which I fling half out to the world.

Apply this spinal branch of phrenology to the *Sperm Whale*. His cranial cavity is continuous with the first neck vertebra and in that vertebra the bottom of the spinal canal will measure ten inches across being eight in height and of a triangular figure with the base downwards. As it passes through the remaining vertebrae the canal tapers in size but for a considerable distance remains of large capacity. Now of course this canal is filled with much the same stringently fibrous substance—the spinal cord—is the brain and directly communicates with the brain. And what is still more for many feet after emerging from the brain's cavity the spinal cord remains of an undecreasing girth almost equal to that of the brain. Under all these circumstances would it be unreasonable to survey and map out the whale's spine phrenologically? For viewed in this light the wonderful comparative smallness of his brain proper is more than compensated by the wonderful comparative magnitude of his spinal cord.

But leaving this hint to operate as it may with the phrenologists I would merely assume the spinal theory for a moment in reference to the *Sperm Whale's* hump. This august hump if I mistake not rises over one of the larger vertebrae and is therefore in some sort the outer convex mould of it. From its relative situation then I should call this high hump the organ of firmness or indomitableness in the *Sperm Whale*. And that the great monster is indomitable you will yet have reason to know.

Chapter 81

The Pequod Meets the Virgin

The predestinated day arrived and we duly met the ship *Jungfrau* Derick

Pacific he *Jungfrau* seemed quite eager to pay her respects

bows instead of the stern

What has he in his hand there? cried Starbuck pointing to something wavingly held by the German Impossible!—a lamp-feeder!

Not that said Stubb no no it's a coffee-pot Mr Starbuck he's coming our coffee is the German don't you see that big tin can there

out of oil and has come a begging

However curious it may seem for an oil ship to be borrowing oil on the whale-ground and however much it may invertedly contradict the old proverb

conduct a lamp-feeder as a task and a delusion

his side when whales were almost simultaneously raised from the mast heads of both vessels and so eager for the chase was Derick that without pausing to put his oilcan and lamp-feeder aboard he slew round his boat and made after the leviathan lamp-feeders

Now the game having risen to leeward he and the other three German boats that soon followed him had considerably the start of the *Pequod's* boat There were eight whales an average pod Aware of their danger they were going all abreast with great speed straight before the wind

the affirmative fact of his prodigious bulk and power you can best form to yourself the truest though not the most exultating conception of what the most exalted potency is

But if from the comparative dimensions of the whale's proper brain you deem it incapable of being adequately charted then I have another idea for you. If you attentively regard almost any quadruped's spine you will be struck with the resemblance of its vertebre to a string necklace of dwarfed skulls all bearing rudimental resemblance to the skull proper. It is a German conceit that the vertebre are absolutely undeveloped skulls. But the curious external resemblance I take it the Germans were not the first men to perceive. A foreign friend once pointed it out to me in the skeleton of a foe he had slain and with the vertebre of which he was inhaling in a sort of brisso-relievo the beaked prow of his canoe. Now I consider that the phrenologists have omitted an important thing in not pushing their investigations from the cerebellum through the spinal canal for I believe that much of a man's character will be found betokened in his back bone. I would rather feel your spine than your skull whoever you are. A thin joist of a spine never yet upheld a full and noble soul. I rejoice in my spine as in the firm audacious staff of that flag which I fling half out to the world.

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Chapter 81

The Pequod Meets the Virgin

THE predestinated day arrived and we duly met the ship *Jungfrau* Denck

Pacific

For some reason the *Jungfrau* seemed quite eager to pay her respects. While yet some distance from the *Pequod* he rounded to and dropping a boat her captain was impelled towards us impatiently tending in the bows instead of the stern.

What has he in his hand there? cried Starbuck, pointing to something wavingly held by the German. Impossible!—a lamp-feeder!

No that said Stubb no no it's a coffee-pot Mr Starbuck he's coming off to make us our coffee in the *Yarman* don't you see that big tin can there alongside of him—that's his boiling-water. Oh! he's all right, it's the *Yarman*.

Go along with you cried Flask. It's a lamp-feeder and an oil-can. He's out of oil and has come a-begging.

How ever curious it may seem for an oil-ship to be borrowing oil on the whale-ground and however much it may invertedly contradict the old proverb about carrying coals to Newcastle yet sometimes such a thing really happens and in the present case Captain Denck de Deer did indubitably

out at all
man soon
h turning
ks touch-
ness—his
man and

and made after the leviathan lamp-feeders.

Now the game had risen to leeward he and the other three German boats that soon followed him had considerably the start of the *Pequod* and her crew. There were eight boats an average pod. A part of their danger then was going all abreast with great speed straight before the wind

rubbing their flanks as closely as so many spans of horses in harness. They left a great wide wake as though continually unrolling a great wide parchment upon the sea.

Full in this rapid wake and many fathoms in the rear swam a huge humped old bull which by his comparatively slow progress as well as by the unusual yellowish incrustations overgrowing him seemed afflicted with the jaundice or some other infirmity. Whether this whale belonged to the pod in advance seemed questionable for it is not customary for such venerable Leviathans to be at all social. Nevertheless he stuck to their wake though indeed their back water must have retarded him because the white bone or swell at his broad muzzle was a dashed one like the swell formed when two hostile currents meet. His spout was short slow and laborious coming forth with a choking sort of gush and spending itself in torn shreds followed by strange subterranean commotions in him which seemed to have egress at his other buried extremity causing the waters behind him to upbubble.

'Who's got some paregoric?' said Stubb. 'He has the stomach ache. I'm afraid. Lord! think of having half an acre of stomach ache! Adverse winds are holding mad Christmas in him boys. It's the first foul wind I ever knew to blow from astern but look did ever whale saw so before? it must be he's lost his tiller.'

As an overladen Indiaman bearing down the Hindostan coast with a deck load of frightened horses creeps buries rolls and wallows on her way so did this old whale heave his aged bulk and now and then partly turning over on his cumbrous rib-ends expose the cause of his devious wake in the unnatural stump of his starboard fin. Whether he had lost that fin in battle or had been born without it it were hard to say.

that wounded arm

Give way or the

With one intent all the combined rival boats were pointed for this one fish because not only was he the largest and therefore the most valuable whale but he was nearest to them and the other whales were going with such great velocity moreover as almost to defy pursuit for the time. At this juncture the *Pequod's* keels had shot by the three German boats but lowered but from the great start he had had. Decker's boat still led the chase though every moment retarded by his foreign rivals. The only thing they feared was that from being already so nigh to his mark he would be enabled to dart his iron before they could completely overtake and pass him. As for Decker he seemed quite confident that this would be the case and occasionally with a denuding gesture shook his lamp feeder at the other boats.

The Pequod Meets the Virgin

"A dog!" cried Starbuck. "He mocks and
led for him not five minutes ago! —
e was greyhounds! Dog to it!"

I tell ye I will
religion to get mad but I'd like to eat that villainous Yarmen—pull—ye on t
ye Are you going to let that rascal beat ye? Do ye love brandy? A horse-head
of brandy then to the best man. Come why don't some of ye burst a
1 Who that been dropping an anchor overboard—we don't
no in the boat's

s
or

not

"Oh! see the suds he makes!" cried Flask, dancing up and down—What
a hump—oh do pile on the beef—lays like a log! Oh! my lads do spring—
slap-jacks and quobogs for supper you know my lads—baked clams and
muffins—oh do do spring—he's a hundred harreller—don't lose him now
—don't, oh don't—see that Yarmen—oh! ye pull for your duff my
lads—such a sog such a sogger! Don't ye lose 'em! There goes three
thousand dollars, men!—a bank!—a whole bank! The Bank of England!—
Oh do do do!—What's that Yarmen about now?"

At this moment Derick was in the act of pitching his lamp-feeder at the
advancing boats and also his oikan perhaps with the double view of
retarding his rivals way and at the same time economically accelerating
his own by the momentary impetus of the backward toss.

"The unmanly Dutch dogger!" cried Stubb. Pull now men like
fifty thousand line-of-battle ship-loads of red-haired devils. What d'ye say
Tashtego are you the man to snap your spine in two-and-twenty pieces for
the honour of old Gay Head? What d'ye say?

I say pull like god-dam—cried the Indian.

Fiercely but evenly incited by the taunts of the German the *Pequod's*
three boats now began ranging almost abreast and so disposed momen-
tarily neared him. In that fine loose chivalrous attitude of the headsmen
when drawing near to his prey the three men stood up proudly occasion-
ally backing the after oarsman with an exultating cry of "There he
rides now Hurrah for the white-ash breech! Don't win the Yarmen!"
Sail over him

"If Derick had, that spite of all their
righteous
deed of his
free his

hired and hale in consequence Derick's boat was nigh to capsiz-
ing and he thundering away at his men in a mighty rage—that was a
good time for Starbuck, Stubb and Flask. With a shout, they took a

mortal start forwards and slantingly ranged up on the German's quarter. An instant more and all four boats were diagonally in the whale's immediate wake while stretching from them on both sides was the forming swell that he made.

It was a terrific most pitiable

as to this
 what he broke he spasmodically sank in the sea or sideways rolled towards the sky his one beating fin. So have I seen a bird with clipped wing making affrighted broken circles in the air vainly striving to escape the piratical hawks. But the bird has a voice and with plaintive cries will make known her fear but the fear of this vast dumb brute of the sea was chained up and enchanted in him he had no voice save that choking respiration through his spiracle and this made the sight of him unspeakably pitiable while still in his amazing bulk portcullis jaw and omnipotent tail there was enough to appal the stoutest man.

bo
 -

no sooner did his harpooneer stand up for the stroke than all three tigers—Queequeg Tashtego Daggoo—instinctively spring to their feet and standing in a diagonal row simultaneously pointed their birds and darted over the head of the German harpooneer their three Nantucket irons entered the whale. Blinding vapours of foam and white fire! The three boats in the first fury of the whale's headlong rush bumped the German's aside with such force that both Derick and his baffled harpooneer spilled out and sailed over by the three flying keels.

Don't be afraid my butter boxes cried Stubb casting a passing glance upon them as he shot by. ye'll be picked up presently—all right—I saw some sharks astern—St Bernard's dogs you know—relieve distressed travellers. Hurrah! this is the way to sail now. Every keel—beam! Hurrah!—Here we go!

This puts me in mind of fa
 wheelspokes fly, when you fasten to him that way and there's danger of being pitched out too when you strike a hull. Hurrah! this is the way a fellow feels when he's going to Davy Jones—all a rush down an endless inclined plane! Hurrah! this whale carries the everlasting mail!

But the monster's run was a brief one. Suddenly sounded. With a grating r heads with such a force as to gouge in them while so fearful were the harpooneers that this rapid sounding would soon exhaust the

The Pequod Meets the Virgin

As thus might they caught repeated smoking
 — nodular strain
 ropes went

with the water white
 soon ceasing to sound for some time they remained in ui
 the position was a little ticklish But
 hold
 flesh

rising
 peril of the
 for it is but

thing it is to be ui
 time that the longer the stricken w stays under
 enormous surface

2000 square feet—
 hat an astonishing
 ere above ground
 atmospheric weight we ourselves
 in the air how vast then the burden of a whale bearing on his back a
 a column of two hundred fathoms of ocean! It must at least equal the
 weight of fifty atmospheres One whaleman has estimated it at the rate of
 twenty line-of battle ships with all their guns and stores and men on
 board

As the three boats lay there on that gently rolling sea gazing down into
 its eternal blue noon and as not a single groan or cry of any sort nay not
 so much as a ripple or a bubble came up from its depths what landsman
 in all that silence and placidity the utmost

three such thin threads the great Leviathan
 is needed? and to what? To three bits of
 is once so triumphantly said—
 or his head with fish spears?
 ot hold the spear the dart nor

the habergeon he esteemeth iron as straw the arrow cannot make him
 flee darts are counted as stubble he laugheth at the shaking of a spear!
 This the creature? this he? Oh! that unfulfilments should follow the proph
 ets For with the strength of a thousand thighs in his tail Leviathan has
 run his head under the mountains of the sea to hide him from the Pequod's
 fish-spears!

In that sloping afternoon sunlight the shadows that the three boats
 had

mortal start forwards and slantingly ranged up on the German's quarter. An instant more and all four boats were diagonally in the whale's immediate wake while stretching from them on both sides was the foaming swell that he made.

It was a terrific most pitiable and maddening sight. The whale was now a continual tormented of fright. Now to this hand now to that he yawled in his faltering flight and still at every billow that he broke he spasmodically sank in the sea or sideways rolled towards the sky his one beating fin. So have I seen a bird with clipped wing making affrighted broken circles in the air vainly striving to escape the piratical hawks. But the bird has a voice and with plaintive cries will make known her fear but the fear of this vast dumb brute of the sea was chained up and enchanted in him he had no voice save that choking respiration through his spiracle and this made the sight of him unspeakably pitiable while still in his amazing bulk portcullis jaw and omnipotent tail there was enough to appal the stoutest man who so pitied.

Seeing now that but a very few moments more would give the *Pequod's* boats the advantage and rather than be thus foiled of his game Derick chose to hazard what to him must have seemed a most unusually long dart ere the last chance would for ever escape.

But no sooner did his harpooneer stand up for the stroke than all three tigers—*Queequeg Tashtego Daggoo*—instinctively sprang to their feet and standing in a diagonal row simultaneously pointed their barbs and darted over the head of the German harpooneer their three Nantucket
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The Pequod Meets the Virgin

— but they caught repeated smoking
to the perpendicular strain
hence the three ropes went

— ten
hale
irful
as a little wick But
hold
flesh

from the back this it is that often with
again to meet the sharp lance of his foes Yet not to speak of the peril of the
thing, it is to be doubted whether this course is always the best for it is but
to resume that the longer the stricken whale stays under
enormous surface
2000 square feet—

the pressure of the water is such that an astonishing
atmospheric weight we ourselves stand up under even here above ground
in the air how vast then the burden of a whale bearing on his back a
a column of two hundred fathoms of ocean! It must at least equal the
weight of fifty atmospheres One whaleman has estimated it at the rate of
twenty line-of-battle ships with all their guns and stores and men on
board

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fish-spears!

In that sloping afternoon sunlight the shadows that the three boats

Stand by men he stirs cried Starbuck as the three lines suddenly vibrated in the water distinctly conducting upwards to them as by magnetic wires the life and death throbs of the whale so that every oarsman felt them in his seat The next moment relieved in great part from the downward strain at the bows the boats gave a sudden bounce upwards as a small icefield will when a dense herd of white bears are scared from it into the sea

Haul in! Haul in! cried Starbuck again he's rising

The lines of which hardly an instant before not one hand's breadth could have been gained were now in long quick coils flung back all dripping into the boats and soon the whale broke water within two ship's lengths of the hunters

His motions plainly denoted his extreme exhaustion In most land animals there are certain valves or floodgates in many of their veins whereby when wounded the blood is in some degree at least instantly shut off in certain directions Not so with the whale one of whose peculiarities it is to have an entire non valvular structure of the blood vessels so that when pierced even by so small a point as a harpoon a deadly drain is at once begun upon his whole arterial system and when this is heightened by the extraordinary pressure of water at a great distance below the surface his life may be said to pour from him in incessant streams Yet so vast is the quantity of blood in him and so distant and numerous its interior fountains that he will keep thus bleeding and bleeding for a considerable period even as in a drought a river will flow whose source is in the well springs of far-off and undiscernible hills Even now when the boats pulled upon this whale and perilously drew over his swaying flukes and the lances were darted into him they were followed by steady jets from the newly made wound which kept continually playing while the natural spout hole in his head was only at intervals however rapid sending its affrighted moisture into the air From this last vent no blood yet came because no vital part of him had thus far been struck His life as they significantly call it was untouched

As the boats now more closely surrounded him the whole upper part of his form with much of it that is ordinarily submerged was plainly revealed His eyes or rather the places where his eyes had been were beheld As strange misgrown masses gather in the knot holes of the noblest oaks when prostrate so from the points which the whale's eyes had once occupied now protruded blind bulbs horribly pitiable to see But pity there was none For all his old age and his one arm and his blind eyes he must die the death and be murdered in order to light the gay bridal and other merry makings of men and also to illuminate the solemn churches that preach unconditional inoffensiveness by all to all Still rolling in his blood at last he partially disclosed a strangely discoloured bunch or protuberance

the size of a bushel lay down on the flank.

A nice spot cried Flask, just let me prick him there once."

Arast! cried Starbuck there's no need of that!

But humane Starbuck was too late. At the instant of the dart an ulcerous jet hot from this cruel wound, and goaded by it into more than sufferable anguish, the whale now spouting thick blood with swift fury blindly darted at the craft, bespattering them and their glorying crews all over with showers of gore capazing Flask's boat and marring the bows. It was his death-stroke. For by this time so spent was he by loss of blood that he helplessly rolled away from the wreck he had made lay panting on his side unpoetically flapped with his stumped fin then over and over slowly revolved like a turning world turned up the white secrets of his belly lay like a log, and died. It was most piteous, that last expiring spout. As when by unseen hands the water is gradually drawn off from some muffled fountain and with half-suffled melancholy gurglings the spray column lowers and lowers to the ground—so the last, long dying spout of the whale.

~~~~~  
the arrival of the ship the body

long every boat was a buoy the sun  
ir-hes beneath them by the cords. By very heedful management when the ship drew nigh the whale was transferred to her side, and was strongly secured there by the stiffest fluke-chains, for it was plain that unless artificially upheld the body would at once sink to the bottom.

It so chanced that almost upon first cutting into him with the spade the entire length of a corroded harpoon was found imbedded in his flesh on the lower part of the bunch before described. But as the stumps of harpoons are frequently found in the dead bodies of captured whales with the flesh perfectly healed around them and no prominence of any kind to denote their place therefore, there must needs have been some other unknown reason in the present case fully to account for the ulceration alluded to. But still more curious was the fact of a lance-head of stone being found in him, not far from the buried iron the flesh perfectly firm about it. Who had darted that stone lance? And when? It might have been darted by some No. West Indian long before America was discovered.

What other marvels run in his e been rummaged out of this monstrous cabinet there is no telling. But a sudden stop was put to further discoveries, by the ship's being unprecedently dragged over several days to the sea on her way to the body's immensely increasing tendency to sink. However



command was given to break clear from it such was the immovable strain upon the timber heads to which the fluke-chains and cables were fastened that it was impossible to cast them off. Merelytime every thing in the *Pequod* was aslant. To cross to the other side of the deck was like walking up the steep gabled roof of a house. The ship groaned and gasped. Many of the ivory inlayings of her bulwarks and cabins were started from their places by the unnatural dislocation. In vain handspikes and crows were brought to bear upon the immovable fluke-chains to pry them adrift from the timber heads and so low had the whale now settled that the submerged ends could not be at all approached while every moment whole tons of ponderosity seemed added to the sinking bulk and the ship seemed on the point of going over.

Hold on hold on won't ye? cried Stubb to the body don't be in such a devil of a hurry to sink! By thunder men we must do something or go for it. No use prying there avast I say with your handspikes and run one of ye for a prayer book and a pen knife and cut the big chains.

Knife? Aye aye cried Queequeg and seizing the carpenter's heavy hatchet he leaned out of a porthole and steel to iron began slashing at  
- when  
tuning

went adrift the ship righted the carcase sank.

Now this occasional inevitable sinking of the recently killed Sperm Whale is a very curious thing nor has any fisherman yet adequately accounted for it. Usually the dead Sperm Whale floats with great buoyancy with its side or belly considerably elevated above the surface. If the only whales that thus sank were old meagre and broken hearted creatures their pads of lard diminished and all their bones heavy and rheumatic then you might with some reason assert that this sinking is caused by an uncommon specific gravity in the fish so sinking consequent upon this  
- but - R - no - a few - no - hales in the  
ly cut off in  
about them

even these brawny buoyant heroes do sometimes sink.

Be it said however that the Sperm Whale is far less liable to this accident than any other species. Where one of that sort go down twenty Right Whales do. This difference in the species is no doubt imputable in no small degree to the greater quantity of bone in the Right Whale his skeleton blinds alone sometimes weighing more than a ton from this incumbrance the Sperm Whale is wholly free. But there are instances where after the lapse of many hours or several days the sunken whale rises again more buoyant than in life. But the reason of this is obvious. Gases are generated in him he swells to a prodigious magnitude becomes a sort of animal balloon. A line-of-battle ship could hardly keep him under then. In the

## The Honour and Glory of Whaling

Shore Whaling on soundings among the Bays of New Zealand when a Right Whale gives token of sinking, they fasten buoys to him with plenty of lead, when his body has gone down they know where to look for

that a cry was heard from Jungfrau was gain lower in her boats though the only spout in sight was that of a Fin Back, belonging to the species of uncatchable whales, because of its incredible power of swimming. Nevertheless, the Fin Back's spout is so similar to the Sperm Whale's that by unskilful fishermen it is often mistaken for it. And consequently Denck and all his host were now in valiant chase of this uncatchable brute. The Legion crowding all sail made after her four young keels and thus they all disappeared far to leeward still in bold hopeful chase.

Oh! many are the Fin-Backs and many are the Dencks, my friend.

## Chapter 82

### The Honour and Glory of Whaling

THERE are some enterprises in which a careful disorderliness is the true method.

The more I dive into this matter of whaling, and push my researches up to the most inaccessible parts of the world, the more I am convinced that it is the most noble and the most useful of all human occupations.

brotherhood was not killed with any sword or spear. I have seen the all day days of our profession when we only bore arms to succour the distressed and not to fill men's lamp-feeders. Every one knows the fine story of Perseus and Andromeda how the lovely Andromeda the daughter of a

admirable artistic exploit, rarely achieved by the best harpooners of the present day inasmuch as this Leviathan was slain at the very first dart. And let no man doubt this Arkic story for in the ancient Joppa now Jaffa

the Romans took Joppa the same skeleton was carried to Italy in triumph.

What seems most singular and suggestively important in this story is this it was from Joppa that Jonah set sail

Akin to the adventure of Perseus and Andromeda—indeed by some supposed to be indirectly derived from it—is that famous story of St George and the Dragon which dragon I maintain to have been a whale for in many

sea saith Ezekiel hereby plainly meaning a whale in truth some versions of the Bible use that word itself Besides it would much subtract from the glory of the exploit had St George but encountered a crawling reptile of the land instead of doing battle with a great monster of the deep Any man may kill a snake but only a Perseus a St George a Coffin have the heart in them to march boldly up to a whale

Let not the modern printings of this scene mislead us for though the creature encountered by that valiant whaleman of old is vaguely represented of a griffin like shape and though the battle is depicted on land and the saint on horseback yet considering the great ignorance of those times when the true form of the whale was unknown to artists and considering that as in Perseus case St George's whale might have crawled up out of

ancientest drafts of the scene to hold this so-called dragon no other than the great Leviathan himself In fact placed before the strict and piercing truth this whole story will fare like that fish flesh and fowl idol of the Philistines Dagon by name who being planted before the ark of Israel his horse's head and both the palms of his hands fell off from him and only the stump or fishy part of him remained Thus then one of our own noble stamp even a whaleman is the tutelary guardian of England and by good rights we harpooneers of Nantucket should be enrolled in the most noble order of St George And therefore let not the knights of that honourable company (none of whom I venture to say have ever had to do with a whale like their great patron) let them never eye a Nantucketer with disdain since even in our woollen frocks and tarred trousers we are much better entitled to St George's decoration than they

Whether to admit Hercules among us or not concerning this I long remained dubious for though according to the Greek mythologies that antique Crockett and Kit Carson—that brawny doer of rejoicing good deeds was swallowed down and thrown up by a whale still whether that strictly makes a whaleman of him that might be mooted It nowhere appears that he ever actually harpooned his fish unless indeed from the inside Nevertheless he may be deemed a sort of involuntary whaleman at any rate the whale caught him if he did not the whale I claim him for

## Jonah Historically Regarded

one of our clan

But by the best contradictory authorities this Grecian story of Hercules and the whale is considered to be derived from the still more ancient Hebrew story of Jonah and the whale and *vice versa* certainly they are very similar. If I claim the demigod then why not the prophet?

And gods and prophets alone comprise the whole

the great gods themselves that would be

rehearsed from the Shaster which gives us the dread Vishnu one of the three persons in the god head of the Hindoos gives us this divine Vishnu himself for our Lord—Vishnu who by the first of his ten earthly incarnations has for ever set apart and sanctified the whale. When Brahma or the God of Gods saith the Shaster resolved to recreate the world after one of its periodical dissolutions he gave birth to Vishnu to preside over the work but the Vedas or mystical books whose perusal would seem to have been indispensable to Vishnu before beginning the creation and which therefore must have contained something in the shape of practical hints to young architects these Vedas were lying at the bottom of the waters so Vishnu became incarnate in a whale and sounding down in him to the uttermost depths rescued the sacred volumes. Was not this Vishnu a whaleman  
— a horse is called a horseman

number

7

## Chapter 83

### Jonah Historically Regarded

P  
of Jonah and the whale in  
distrust this his-  
re some sceptical

traditions one whit the less facts for all that

One old Sag Harbour whalman's chief reason for questioning the Hebrew story was this—He had one of those quaint old fashioned Bibles embellished with curious unscientific plates one of which represented Jonah's whale with two spouts in his head—a peculiarity only true with

Jebb's anticipative answer is ready. It is not necessary hints the Bishop

that we consider Jonah as tombed in the whale's belly but as temporarily

Jonah might have ensconced himself in a hollow tooth but on second thoughts the Right Whale is toothless

Another reason which Sag Harbour (he went by that name) urged for his want of faith in this matter of the prophet was something obscurely in reference to his incarcerated body and the whale's gastric juices But this objection likewise falls to the ground because a German exegetist supposed that Jonah must have taken refuge in the floating body of a *dead* whale—even as the French soldiers in the Russian campaign turned their dead horses into tents and crawled into them Besides it has been divined by other continental commentators that when Jonah was thrown overboard from the Joppa ship he straightway effected his escape to another vessel near by some vessel with a whale for a figure-head and I would add possibly called *The Whale* as some craft are nowadays christened the *Shark*, the *Gull* the *Eagle* Nor have there been wanting learned exegetists who have opined that the whale mentioned in the book of Jonah merely meant a life-preserver—an inflated bag of wind—which the endangered prophet swam to and so was saved from a watery doom Poor Sag Harbour therefore seems worsted all around But he had still another reason for his want of faith It was this if I remember right Jonah was swallowed by the whale in the Mediterranean Sea and after three days he was vomited up somewhere within three days journey of Nineveh a city on the Tigris very much more than three days journey across from the nearest point of the Mediterranean coast How is that?

But was there no other way for the whale to find the prophet within that short distance of Nineveh? Yes He might have carried him round by the way of the Cape of Good Hope But not to speak of the passage through

navigation of all Africa in three days not to speak of the Tigris and Euphrates near the site of Nineveh being too shallow for any whale to swim in Besides this idea of Jonah's weathering the Cape of Good Hope at so early a day would wrest the honour of the discovery of that great herdland from Bartholomew Diaz its reputed discoverer and so make modern history a liar

But all these foolish arguments of old Sag Harbour only evinced his foolish pride of reason—a thing still more reprehensible in him seeing that he had but little learning except what he had picked up from the sun and the sea I say it only shows his foolish impious pride and abominable devilish rebellion against the reverend clergy For by a Portuguese Catholic



It is furnished with a small rope called a warp of considerable length by which it can be hauled back to the hand after darting.

But before going further it is important to mention here that though the harpoon may be pitchpoled in the same way with the lance yet it is seldom done and when done is still less frequently successful on account of the greater weight and inferior length of the harpoon as compared with the lance which in effect become serious drawbacks. As a general thing therefore you must first get fast to a whale before any pitchpoling comes into play.

Look now at Stubb a man who from his humorous deliberate coolness and equanimity in the direst emergencies was specially qualified to excel in pitchpoling. Look at him he stands upright in the tossed bow of the flying boat wrapped in fleecy foam the towing whale is forty feet ahead. Handling the long lance lightly glancing twice or thrice along its length to see if it be exactly straight Stubb whistlingly gathers up the coil of the warp in one hand so as to secure its free end in his grasp leaving the rest unobstructed. Then holding the lance full before his waistband's middle he levels it at the whale when covering him with it he steadily depresses the butt end in his hand thereby elevating the point till the weapon stands fairly balanced upon his palm fifteen feet in the air. He reminds you somewhat of a juggler balancing a long staff on his chin. Next moment with a rapid nameless impulse in a superb lofty arch the bright steel spans the forming distance and quivers in the life spot of the whale. Instead of sparkling water he now spouts red blood.

'That drove the spigot out of him!' cries Stubb. 'Tis July's immortal Fourth all fountains must run wine to-day! Would now it were old Orleans whiskey or old Ohio or unspeakable old Monongahela! Then Tashitego lad I'd have ye hold a cannikin to the jet and we'd drink round it! Yery verily hearts alive we'd brew choice punch in the spread of his spout hole there and from that live punch bowl quaff the living stuff!

Again and again to such gamesome talk the dexterous dart is repeated the spear returning to its master like a greyhound held in skilful leash. The agonised whale goes into his flurry the tow line is slackened and the pitchpolar dropping astern folds his hands and mutely watches the monster die.

## Chapter 85

### *The Fountain*

THAT for six thousand years—and no one knows how many millions of ages before—the great whales should have been spouting all over the sea and sprinkling and mystifying the gardens of the deep as with so many sprinkling or mistifying pots and that for some centuries back thousands

## TI = Fountain

of the whale watching  
and yet that down  
past one o'clock p m  
should still remain a  
nothing but

hen look at this matter items con  
of their gills the  
is combined with  
and might live a  
wing to his

marked internal structure which gives  
beings the whale can only live by inhaling the disengaged air in the open  
atmosphere Wherefore the necessity for his periodical visits to the upper  
world But he cannot in any degree breathe through his mouth for in his  
ordinary attitude the Sperm Whale's mouth is buried at least eight feet  
beneath the surface and what is still more his windpipe has no connection  
with his mouth No he breathes through his spiracle alone and this is on  
the top of his head

If I say that in any creature breathing is only a function indispensable  
to vitality inasmuch as it withdraws from the air a certain element which  
being subsequently brought into contact with the blood imparts to the  
blood its vivifying principle I do not think I shall err though I may pos-  
sibly use some superfluous scientific words Assume it and it follows that

like vessel which vessels when it quits it  
ended with oxygenated blood So that for an hour or more a thousand  
fathoms in the sea he carries a surplus stock of vitality in him just as the  
camel crossing the waterless desert carries a surplus supply of drink for  
future use in its four supplementary stomachs The anatomical fact of this  
labour is indisputable and that the supposition founded upon it is

in going to the surface the Sperm Whale will continue there for a period of  
time exactly uniform with all his other unmolested risings Say he stays



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## The Fountain

vapour of the exhaled breath or whether that exhaled breath is mixed with water taken in at the mouth and discharged through the spiracle. It is certain that each communicates with the spouting canal.

Whale's food is far beneath the surface if he would. Besides if you regard him very closely and time him with your watch you will find that when unmolested there is an undeviating rhyme between the period of his jets and the ordinary periods of respiration.

What all this reasoning on the subject? Speak out!

plain things. I have ever found you puzzled as for this whale spout you might almost stand in it and yet be undecided as to what it is precisely.

The central body of it is hidden in the snowy sparkling mist enveloping it and how can you certainly tell whether any water falls from it when you are close enough to a whale to get a close view of his

moisture in the spout how do you know that they are not those identical drops from its vapour or how do you know that they are not those identical drops superficially lodged in the spout hole fissure which is counter sunk into the summit of the whale's head? For even when tranquilly swimming through the midday sea in a calm with his elevated hump sun-dried as a dromedary's in the desert even then the whale always carries a small basin of water on his head as under a blazing sun you will sometimes see a cavity in a rock filled up with rain.

Nor is it at all prudent for the hunter to be over-curious touching the

whether with some scientific object in view or out of idle curiosity. I have seen a piece peeled off from his cheek and arm. Wherefore among whalers the spout is deemed poisonous they try to evade it. Another thing I have heard it said and I do not much doubt it that if the jet is fairly spouted into your eyes it will blind you. The wisest thing the investigator can do then it seems to me is to let this deadly spout alone.

eleven minutes and jets seventy times that is respire seventy breaths then whenever he rises again he will be sure to have his seventy breaths over again to a minute Now if after he fetches a few breaths you alarm him so that he sounds he will be always dodging up again to make good his regular allowance of air And not till those seventy breaths are told will he finally go down to stay out his full term below Remark however that in different individuals these rates are different but in any one they are alike Now why should the whale thus insist upon having his spoutings out unless it be to replenish his reservoir of air ere descending for good? How obvious is it too that this necessity for the whale's rising exposes him to all the fatal hazards of the chase For not by hook or by net could this vast Leviathan be caught when sailing a thousand fathoms beneath the sunlight Not so much thy skill then O hunter as the great necessities that strike the victory to thee!

In man breathing is incessantly going on—one breath only serving for two or three pulsations so that whatever other business he has to attend to waking or sleeping breathe he must or die he will But the Sperm Whale only breathes about one seventh or Sunday of his time

It has been said that the whale only breathes through his spout hole if it could truthfully be added that his spouts are mixed with water then I opine we should be furnished with the reason why his sense of smell seems obliterated in him for the only thing about him that at all answers to his nose is that identical spout hole and being so clogged with two elements it could not be expected to have the power of smelling But owing to the mystery of the spout—whether it be water or whether it be vapour—no absolute certainty can as yet be arrived at on this head Sure it is nevertheless that the Sperm Whale has no proper olfactories But what does he want of them? No roses no violets no Cologne-water in the sea

Furthermore as his windpipe solely opens into the tube of his spouting canal and as that long canal—like the Grand Erie Canal—is furnished with a sort of locks (that open and shut) for the downward retention of air or the upward exclusion of water therefore the whale has no voice unless you insult him by saying that when he so strangely rumbles he talks through his nose But then again what has the whale to say? Seldom have I known any profound being that had anything to say to this world unless forced to stammer out something by way of getting a living Oh! happy that the world is such an excellent listener!

Now the spouting canal of the Sperm Whale chiefly intended as it is for the conveyance of air and for several feet laid along horizontally just beneath the upper surface of his head and a little to one side this curious canal is very much like a gas pipe laid down in a city on one side of a street But the question returns whether this gas pipe is also a water pipe in other words whether the spout of the Sperm Whale is the mere

## The Tail

The entire member seems a dense wall cut into it and you find that three distinct strata compose it —upper middle and lower The fibres in the upper and lower layers are long and horizontal those of the middle one very short and running crosswise between the side layers This trune structure as much as anything else which the stone in those wonderful sculptures

the whole bulk of the Leviathan is knit over with a warp and woof of such fibres and filaments which passing on either side the loins and running down into the flukes insensibly blend with them and largely contribute to their might so that in the tail the confluent measureless force of the whole whale seems concentrated to a point Could annihilation occur to matter this were the thing to do it

Nor does this—its amazing strength at all tend to cripple the graceful flexion of its motions where infantleness of ease undulates through a Titanism of power On the contrary those motions derive their most appalling

seemed as a Roman triumphal arch When Angelo paints even God the Father in human form mark what robustness is there And whatever they may reveal of the divine love in the Son the soft curled hermaphroditical Italian pictures in which his idea has been most successfully embodied these pictures so destitute as they are of all brawniness hint nothing of any power but the mere negative feminine one of submission and endurance which on all hands it is conceded form the peculiar practical virtues of his teachings

transcend it

Five great motions are peculiar to it First when used as a fin for progression Second when used as a mace in battle Third in sweeping Fourth in lobtailing Fifth in peaking flukes

First Being horizontal in its position the Leviathan's tail acts in a

Still we can hypothesise even if we cannot prove and establish. My hypothesis is this: that the spout is nothing but mist. And besides other reasons to this conclusion I am impelled by considerations touching the great inherent dignity and sublimity of the Sperm Whale. I recount him no common shallow being inasmuch as it is an undisputed fact that he is never found on soundings or near shores; all other whales sometimes are. He is both ponderous and profound. And I am convinced that from the heads of all ponderous profound beings such as Plato, Pyrrho, Jupiter, Dante, and so on, there always goes up a certain semi-visible steam while in the act of thinking deep thoughts. While composing a little treatise on Eternity, I had the curiosity to place a mirror before me, and ere long saw reflected there a curious involved wringing and undulation in the atmosphere over my head. The invariable moisture of my hair while plunged in deep thought, after six cups of hot tea in my thin shingled attic of an August noon, this seems an additional argument for the above supposition.

And how nobly it raises our conceit of the mighty misty monster to behold him solemnly sailing through a calm tropical sea, his vast mild head overhung by a canopy of vapour engendered by his incommunicable contemplations; and that vapour—as you will sometimes see it—glorified by a rainbow, as if Heaven itself had put its seal upon his thoughts. For divine rainbows do not visit the clear air; they only irradiate vapour. And so through all the thick mists of the dim doubts in my mind, divine intuitions now and then shoot, enkindling my fog with a heavenly ray. And for this I think God for all his doubts many deny, but doubts or denials few along with them have intuitions. Doubts of all things earthly, and intuitions of some things heavenly, this combination makes neither believer nor infidel, but makes a man who regards them both with equal eye.

## Chapter 86

### *The Tail*

OTHER poets have warbled the praises of the soft eye of the antelope, and the lovely plumage of the bird that never alights less celestial. I celebrate a tail.

Reckoning the largest sized Sperm Whale's tail to begin at that point of

shorting away to less than an inch in thickness. At the crotch or junction these flukes slightly overlap, then sideways recede from each other like wings leaving a wide vacancy between. In no living thing are the lines of beauty more exquisitely defined than in the crescentic borders of these

## The Tail

flukes At its utmost expansion in the full-grown whale the tail will considerably exceed twenty feet across

The entire member seems a dense webbed bed of welded sinews but cut into it and you find that three distinct strata compose it —upper middle and lower The fibres in the upper and lower layers, are long and — crosswise being nothing else  
 1 the middle  
 2 alter

nating with the stone in those wonderful towers of which undoubt edly contribute so much to the great strength of the masonry

But as if this vast local power in the tendinous tail were not enough the whole bulk of the Leviathan is knit over with a warp and woof of muscular fibres and filaments which passing on either side the loins and running down into the flukes insensibly blend with them and largely contribute to their might so that in the tail the confluent measureless force of the whole whale seems concentrated to a point Could annihilation occur to matter this were the thing to do it

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and then rapidly sprung backwards it is this which gives that singular darting leaping motion to the monster when furiously swimming. His side fins only serve to steer by.

Second It is a little significant that while one *Sperm Whale* only fights another *Sperm Whale* with his head and jaw nevertheless in his conflicts with man he chiefly and contemptuously uses his tail. In striking at a boat he swiftly curves away his flukes from it and the blow is only inflicted by the recoil. If it be made in the unobstructed air especially if it descend to its mark the stroke is then simply irresistible. No ribs of man or boat can withstand it. Your only salvation lies in eluding it but if it comes sideways through the opposing water then partly owing to the light buoyancy of the whale boat and the elasticity of its materials a cracked rib or a dashed

stopped

Third I cannot demonstrate it but it seems to me that in the whale the sense of touch is concentrated in the tail for in this respect there is a delicacy in it only equalled by the daintiness of the elephant's trunk. This delicacy is chiefly evinced in the action of sweeping when in maidenly gentleness the whale with a certain soft slowness moves his immense flukes from side to side upon the surface of the sea and if he feel but a sailor's whisker woe to that sailor's whiskers and all! What tenderness there is in that preliminary touch! Had this tail any prehensile power I should straightway bethink me of *Darmonodes* elephant that so frequented the flower market and with low salutations presented nosegays to damsels and then caressed their zones. On more accounts than one a pity it is that the whale does not possess this prehensile virtue in his tail for I have heard of yet another elephant that when wounded in the fight curved round his trunk and extracted the dart.

Fourth Stealing unawares upon the whale in the fancied security of the middle of solitary seas you find him unbent from the vast corpulence of his dignity and kitten like he plays on the ocean as if it were a hearth. But still you see his power in his play. The broad palms of his tail are fluted high into the air then smiting the surface the thunderous concussion resounds for miles. You would think a great gun had been discharged and if you noticed the light wreath of vapour from the spiracle at his other extremity you would think that that was the smoke from the touch hole.

Fifth As in the ordinary floating posture of the *Leviathan* the flukes lie considerably below the level of his back they are then completely out of

## The Tail

sight beneath the surface but when he is about to plunge into the deeps his entire flukes with at least thirty feet of his body are tossed erect in the air and so remain vibrating a moment till they downwards shoot out of view. Excepting the sublime *breach*—somewhere else to be described—this peaking of the whale's flukes is perhaps the grandest sight to be seen in all animated nature. Out of the bottomless profundities the gigantic tail seems spasmodically snatching at the highest heaven. So in dreams have I seen majestic Satan thrusting forth his tormented colossal claw from the flame to you if in that of Isaiah ship during a sunrise that crimsoned sky and sea, I once saw a *tail* of whales in the east, all heading towards the sun and for a moment vibrating in concert with *flukes*. As it seemed to me at the time such a grand embodiment

beings. For according to King Juba, the military *phantom* often hailed the morning with their trunks uplifted in the profoundest silence

the whale and the  
of the  
organs

on an equality much less the creatures to which they respectively belong

with the measureless crush and crash of the *Sperm Whale's* ponderous flukes, which in repeated instances have one after the other hurled entire boats with all their oars and crews into the air very much as an Indian juggler tosses his balls

The more I consider this mighty tail the more do I deplore my inability

beard hunters who have declared them akin to Free-Mason signs and symbols that the whale indeed by these methods intelligently conversed with

Though all comparison in the way of general bulk between the whale and the elephant is preposterous, inasmuch as in that particular the elephant stands in much the same respect to what that dog does to the elephant, nevertheless, there are not wanting some points of curious similitude among these is the spout. It is well known that the elephant will often draw up water or dust in his trunk, and then waving it, jet it forth in stream.



and then rapidly sprung backwards it is this which gives that singular dirting leaping motion to the monster when furiously swimming. His side-fins only serve to steer by.

Second. It is a little significant that while one Sperm Whale only fights another Sperm Whale with his head and jaw nevertheless in his conflicts with man he chiefly and contemptuously uses his tail. In striking at a boat he swiftly curves away his flukes from it and the blow is only inflicted by the recoil. If it be made in the unobstructed air especially if it descend to its mark the stroke is then simply irresistible. No ribs of man or boat can withstand it. Your only salvation lies in eluding it but if it comes sideways through the opposing water then partly owing to the light buoyancy of the whale-boat and the elasticity of its materials a cracked rib or a dashed plank or two a sort of stitch in the side is generally the most serious result. These submerged side blows are so often received in the fishery that they are accounted mere child's play. Someone strips off a frock and the hole is stopped.

Third. I cannot demonstrate it but it seems to me that in the whale the sense of touch is concentrated in the tail for in this respect there is a delicacy in it only equalled by the daintiness of the elephant's trunk. This delicacy is chiefly evinced in the action of sweeping when in maidenly gentleness the whale with a certain soft slowness moves his immense flukes from side to side upon the surface of the sea and if he feel but a sailor's whisker woe to that sailor whiskers and all. What tenderness there is in that preliminary touch! Had this tail any prehensile power I should straightway bethink me of Darmonodes elephant that so frequented the flower market and with low salutations presented nosegays to damsels and then crossed their zones. On more accounts than one a pity it is that the whale does not possess this prehensile virtue in his tail for I have heard of yet another elephant that when wounded in the fight curved round his trunk and extracted the dart.

Fourth. Sterling unawares upon the whale in the fancied security of the middle of solitary seas you find him unbent from the vast corpulence of his dignity and kitten like he plays on the ocean as if it were a hearth. But still you see his power in his play. The broad palms of his tail are flitted high into the air then smiting the surface the thunderous concussion resounds for miles. You would think a great gun had been discharged and if you noticed the light wreath of vapour from the spiracle at his other extremity you would think that that was the smoke from the touch hole.

Fifth. As in the ordinary floating posture of the Leviathan the flukes lie considerably below the level of his back they are then completely out of

## The Grand Armada

at the hands of European cruisers the audacity of these corsairs has of late been somewhat repressed yet ever at the present day we occasionally hear of English and American vessels which in those waters have been remorselessly boarded and pillaged.

With a fair fresh wind the *Pequod* was now drawing nigh to these straits Ahab purposing to pass through them into the Javan sea and thence cruising northwards over waters known to be frequented here and there by Sperm Whale sweep inshore by the Philippine Islands and

toiled in his pursuit but as he was most known to frequent and at a season when he might most reasonably be presumed to be haunting it

But how now in this zoned quest does Ahab touch no land does his crew drink air Surely he will stop for water Nay For a long time now the circus running sun has raced within his fiery ring and needs no sustenance but what's in himself So Ahab Mark this too in the whaler

And she is a fine old ship to be transferred to no cargo but her whole lake's contents bottled in her ample hold She is ballasted with utilities not all together with unusable pig-lead and kentledge She carries years water in her Clear old prime Nantucket water which when three years afloat the Nantucketer in the Pacific prefers to drink before the brackish fluid but yesterday rafted off in casks from the Peruvian or Indian streams. Hence it is, that while other ships may have gone to China from New York and back again touching at a score of ports the whale-ship in all that interval may not have sighted one grain of soil her crew having seen no man but floating seamen like themselves so that did you carry them the news that another flood had come they would only answer—"Well, boys here's the

Not as many Sperm Whales had been captured on the western coast

keep aside a talk But though the green palmv cliffs of the land so

well nigh entered the straits, when the customary cheering cry was heard

the world Nor are there wanting other motions of the whale in his general body full of strangeness and unaccountable to his most experienced assailant Dissect him how I may then I go but skin deep I know him not and never will But if I know not even the tuck of this whale how understand his head much more how comprehend his face when face he has none? Thou shalt see my back parts my tail he seems to say but my face shall not be seen But I cannot completely make out his back parts and hint what he will about his face I say again he has no face

## Chapter 87

### *The Grand Armada*

THE long and narrow peninsula of Malacca extending south-eastward from the territories of Burmah forms the most southerly point of all Asia In a continuous line from that peninsula stretch the long islands of Sumatra Java Bally and Timor which with many others form a vast mole or rampart lengthwise connecting Asia with Australia and dividing the long unbroken Indian Ocean from the thickly studded Oriental archipelagoes This rampart is pierced by several sally ports for the convenience of ships and whales conspicuous among which are the straits of Sunda and Malacca By the Straits of Sunda chiefly vessels bound to China from the West emerge into the China seas

Those narrow Straits of Sunda divide Sumatra from Java and standing midway in that vast rampart of islands buttressed by that bold green promontory known to seamen as Java Head they not a little correspond to the central gateway opening into some vast walled empire and considering the inexhaustible wealth of spices and silks and jewels and gold and ivory with which the thousand islands of that Oriental sea are enriched it seems a significant provision of nature that such treasures by the very formation of the land should at least bear the appearance however ineffectual of being guarded from the all grasping western world The shores of the Straits of Sunda are unsupplied with those domineering fortresses which guard the entrances to the Mediterranean the Baltic and the Propontus Unlike the Danes these Orientals do not demand the obsequious homage of lowered topsails from the endless procession of ships before the wind which for centuries past by night and by day have passed between the islands of Sumatra and Java freighted with the costliest cargoes of the East But while they freely waive a ceremonial like this they do by no means renounce their claim to more solid tribute

Time out of mind the piratical prows of the Malays lurking among the low shaded coves and islets of Sumatra have sallied out upon the vessels sailing through the straits fiercely demanding tribute at the point of their spears Though by the repeated bloody chastisements they have received

## The Grand Armada

Aloft there and n<sub>o</sub> wimps  
after us!

after us!  
As if too long lurking behind the headlands till the Pequod should fairly  
have rascally Asiatics were now in hot pursuit to  
ny

arm Ahab to and fro paced the  
re As with glass under  
ard turn beholding the  
ster one the bloodthirsty pirates chasing

Ahab's brow was left gaunt and ridged  
some stormy tide has been gnawing it without being able to drag the firm  
thing from its place

But thoughts like these troubled very few of the reckless crew and when after steadily dropping and dropping the pirates astern the *Pequod* at last shot by the vivid green Cockatoo Point on the Sumatra side emerging at last upon the broad waters beyond then the harpooneers seemed more to grieve that the swift whales had been gaining upon the ship than to rejoice that the ship had so victoriously gained upon the Malays. But still driving on in the wake of the whales at length they seemed abating their speed gradually the ship neared them and the wind now dying away word was passed to spring to the boats. But no sooner did the herd by some presumed wonderful instinct of the Sperm Whale become notified of the

doubled velocity

Stripped to our shirts and drawers we sprang to the whiteash and after several hours pulling were almost disposed to renounce the chase when a general pausing commotion among the whales gave animating token that they were now at last under the influence of that strange perplexity of inert irresolution which when the fishermen perceive it in the whale they say

from aloft and ere long a spectacle of singular magnificence saluted us

But here be it premised that owing to the unwearied activity with which of late they have been hunted over all four oceans the Sperm Whales instead of almost invariably sailing in small detached companies as in former times are now frequently met with in extensive herds sometimes embracing so great a multitude that it would almost seem as if numerous nations of them had sworn solemn league and covenant for mutual assistance and protection To this aggregation of the Sperm Whale into such immense caravans may be imputed the circumstance that even in the best cruising grounds you may now sometimes sail for weeks and months together without being greeted by a single spout and then be suddenly saluted by what sometimes seems thousands on thousands

Broad on both bows at the distance of two or three miles and forming a great semi-circle embracing one half of the level horizon a continuous chain of whale jets were up playing and sparkling in the noonday air Unlike the straight perpendicular twin jets of the Right Whale which dividing at top fall over in two branches like the cleft drooping boughs of a willow the single forward slanting spout of the Sperm Whale presents a thick curled bush of white mist continually rising and falling away to leeward

Seen from the *Pequod's* deck then as she would rise on a high hill of the sea this host of vapoury spouts individually curling up into the air and beheld through a blending atmosphere of bluish haze showed like the thousand cheerful chimneys of some dense metropolis descried of a balmy autumnal morning by some horseman on a height

As marching armies approaching an unfriendly defile in the mountains accelerate their march all eagerness to place that perilous passage in their rear and once more expand in comparative security upon the plain even so did this vast fleet of whales now seem hurrying forward through the straits gradually contracting the wings of their semi-circle and swimming on in one solid but still crescentic centre

Crowding all sail the *Pequod* pressed after them the harpooners handling their weapons and loudly cheering from the heads of their yet suspended boats If the wind only held little doubt had they that chased through these Straits of Sunda the vast host would only deploy into the Oriental seas to witness the capture of not a few of their number And

sail we sailed along driving these Leviathans before us when of a sudden the voice of Tashtego was heard loudly directing attention to something in our wake

Corresponding to the crescent in our van we beheld another in our

100 " some-  
come  
Let  
100 " 1

after us!

As if too long lurking behind the headlands till the *Pequod* should fairly have entered the straits these rascally Asiatics were now in hot pursuit to make up for their over-cautious delay. But when the swift *Pequod* with a fresh leading wind was herself in hot chase how very kind of these tawny philanthropists to assist in speeding her on to her own chosen pursuit — mere riding whips and rowels to her that they were. As with glass under arm Ahab to and fro paced the deck in his forward turn beholding the — chased and in the after one the bloodthirsty pirates chasing

some stormy tide has been gnawing it without being able to drag it  
thing from its place

But thoughts like these troubled very few of the reckless crew and when after steadily dropping and dropping the pirates astern the *Pequod* at last shot by the vivid green Cockatoo Point on the Sumatra side emerging at last upon the broad waters beyond then the harpooners seemed more to grieve that the swift whales had been gaining upon the ship than to rejoice that the ship had so victoriously gained upon the Malays. But still driving on in the wake of the whales at length they seemed abating their speed gradually the ship neared them and the wind now dying away

Stripped to our shirts and drawers we sprang to the whiteash and after several hours pulling were almost disposed to renounce the chase when a

from aloft and ere long a spectacle of singular magnificence

But here be it known that of late they have instead of almost always in small detached companies as in former times are now frequently met with in extensive herds sometimes embracing so great a multitude that it would almost seem as if numerous nations of them had sworn solemn league and covenant for mutual assistance and protection To this aggregation of the Sperm Whale into such immense caravans may be imputed the circumstance that even in the best cruising grounds you may now sometimes sail for weeks and months together without being greeted by a single spout and then be suddenly saluted by what sometimes seems thousands on thousands

Broad on both bows at the distance of two or three miles and forming a great semi-circle embracing one half of the horizon

And at the right Whale which divided at top fall over in two branches like the cleft drooping boughs of a willow the single forward slanting spout of the Sperm Whale presents a thick curled bush of white mist continually rising and falling away to leeward

Seen from the *Pequod's* deck then as she would rise on a high hill of the sea this host of vapoury spouts individually curling up into the air and beheld through a blending atmosphere of bluish haze showed like the thousand cheerful chimneys of some dense metropolis descried of a balmy autumnal morning by some horseman on a forest ride

And so did this vast fleet of whales now seem hurrying forward through the straits gradually contracting the wings of their semi-circle and swimming on in one solid but still crescentic centre

Crowding all sail the *Pequod* pressed after them the harpooners handling their weapons and loudly cheering from the heads of their yet suspended boats If the wind only held little doubt had they thus chased through these Straits of Sunda the vast host would only deploy into the Oriental seas to witness the capture of another Leviathan

Just before us when of a sudden the voice of Tashtego was heard loudly directing attention to something in our wake

Corresponding to the crescent in our van we beheld another in our

## The Grand Armada

into the frantic shoal you bid adieu to circumspect life and only exist in a delirious throb

As blind and deaf the whale plunged forward as if by sheer power of  
t t l. m lurch that had fastened to him as we thus

channels and straits knowing not at what we  
 crushed

heering off  
 lging away  
 ile all the

- - - - -  
 - - - - -  
 here was no time to  
 ough their wonted

duty was now altogether dispensed with m l attended to the shouting part of the business Out of the way Commodore! cried one to a great dromedary that of a sudden rose bodily to the surface and for an instant threatened to swamp us Hard down with your tail there! cried a second to another which close to our gunwale seemed calmly cooling himself with his own fan like extremity

All whaleboats carry certain curious contrivances originally invented by the Nantucket Indians called druggs Two thick squares of wood

a moment be fastened to a harpoon It is chiefly among galled whales that this drugg is used For then more whales are close round you than you can possibly chase at one time But Sperm Whales are not every day encountered while you may then you must kill all you can And if you cannot

it caught under one of the seats of the boat and in an instant tore it out and carried it at dropping the oarsman in the boat's bottom as the seat slid from under him On both sides the sea came in at the wounded planks but we stuffed two or three drawers and shirts in and so stopped the leaks for the time

It had been next to impossible to dart these drugged harpoons were it



he is gallied \* The compact martial columns in which they had been hitherto rapidly and steadily swimming were now broken up in one measureless rout and like King Porus elephants in the Indian battle with Alexander they seemed going mad with consternation In all directions expanding in vast irregular circles and aimlessly swimming hither and thither by their short thick spoutings they plainly betrayed their distraction of panic This was still more strangely evinced by those of their number who completely paralysed as it were helplessly floated like water-logged dismantled ships on the sea Had these Leviathans been but a flock of simple sheep pursued over the pasture by three fierce wolves they could not possibly have evinced such excessive dismay But this occasional timidity is characteristic of almost all herding creatures Though banding together in tens of thousands the lion-maned buffaloes of the West have fled before a solitary horseman Witness too all human beings how when herded together in the sheepfold of a theatre's pit they will at the slightest alarm of fire rush helter-skelter for the outlets crowding trampling jamming and remorselessly dashing each other to death Best therefore withhold any amazement at the strangely gallied whales before us for there is no folly of the beasts of the earth which is not infinitely outdone by the madness of men

Though many of the whales as has been said were in violent motion yet it is to be observed that as a whole the herd neither advanced nor retreated but collectively remained in one place As is customary in those crises the boats at once separated each making for some one lone whale on the outskirts of the shoal In about three minutes time Queequeg's harpoon was flung the stricken fish darted blinding spray in our faces and then running away with us like light steered straight for the heart of the herd Though such a movement on the part of the whale struck under such circumstances is in nowise unprecedented and indeed is almost always more or less anticipated yet does it present one of the more perilous vicissitudes of the fishery for as the swift monster drags you deeper and deeper

To gally or gallow is to frighten excessively—to confound with fright It is an old Saxon word It occurs once in *Shakespeare*.—

*The wrathful skes  
Gallow the very wan lers of the dark  
And make them keep their caves  
Lea Act 11 Scene 2*

To common land usages the word is now completely obsolete When the polite land man first hears it from the gaunt Nantucketer he is apt to set it down as one of the whaleman's self-derived savagenes Much the same it with any other land rocks with the Commonwealth That etymological Howards and Percys—are now democratised nay plebeianised so to speak in the New World

## The Grand Armada

still stranger world met our eyes as we gazed over the side. For suspended in those watery vaults floated the forms of the nursing mothers of the whales and those that by their enormous girth seemed shortly to become mothers. The lake as I have hinted was to a considerable depth exceedingly transparent and as human infants while suckling will calmly and from the breast as if leading two different lives at the

whales seem looking up towards us. On of Gulfweed in their new born sight. Floating on their sides the mothers also seemed quietly eyeing us. One of these little infants that from certain queer tokens seemed hardly a day old might have measured some fourteen feet in length and some six feet in girth. He was a little frisky though his body seemed scarce yet recovered from that irksome position it had so lately occupied in the maternal reticule: here tail to head and all ready for the final spring the unborn whale lies bent like a Tartar's bow. The delicate side-fins and the palms of his flukes still freshly retained the plaited crumpled appearance of a baby's ears newly arrived from foreign parts.

Line! line! cried Queequeg looking over the gunwale him fast! him fast!—Who line him Who struck —Two whale one big, one little!

What ails ye man cried Starbuck.

Look-e here said Queequeg pointing down

than by which the young cub seemed still tethered to its dam. Not seldom in the rapid vicissitudes of the chase this natural line with the maternal end loose becomes entangled with the hempen one so that the cub is thereby trapped. Some of the subtlest secrets of the seas seemed divulged to us in this enchanted pond. We saw young Leviathan amours in the deep.

And thus though surrounded by circle upon circle of consternations and

The Sperm whale as with all other species of the Leviathan but unlike most other fish breeds indifferently at all seasons after gestation which may probably be set down upon him has produced but one time though in some few known instances giving birth to an Esau and Jacob contingency provided for in suckling by two teats each situated on each side. It has anus but the breasts themselves

whales sail nor homin m.

then with the tapering force of his parting momentum we glided between two whales into the innermost heart of the shoal as if from some mountain torrent we had slid into a serene valley lake. Here the storms in the roaring glens between the outermost whales were heard but not felt. In this central expanse the sea presented that smooth satin like surface called sleek produced by the subtle moisture thrown off by the whale in his more quiet moods. Yes we were now in that enchanted calm which they say lurks at the heart of every commotion. And still in the distracted distance we beheld the tumults of the outer concentric circles and saw successive pods of whales eight or ten in each swiftly going round and round like multiplied spans of horses in a ring and so closely shoulder to shoulder that a Titanic circus rider might easily have overarched the middle ones and so have gone round on their backs. Owing to the density of the crowd of reposing whales more immediately surrounding the embayed axis of the herd no possible chance of escape was at present afforded us. We must watch for a breach in the living wall that hemmed us in the wall that had only admitted us in order to shut us up. Keeping at the centre of the lake we were occasionally visited by small tame cows and calves the women and children of this routed host.

Now inclusive of the occasional wide intervals between the revolving outer circles and inclusive of the spaces between the various pods in any one of those circles the entire area at this juncture embraced by the whole multitude must have contained at least two or three square miles. At any rate—though indeed such a test at such a time might be decenter—

as we were purposely locked up in this innermost fold and as if the wide extent of the herd had hitherto prevented them from learning the precise cause of us stopping or possibly being so young unsophisticated and every way innocent and inexperienced however it may have been these smaller whales—now and then visiting our becalmed boat from the margin of the lake—evinced a wondrous fearlessness and confidence or else a still becharmed panic which it was impossible not to marvel at. Like household dogs they came snuffling round us right up to our gunwales and touching them till it almost seemed that some spell had suddenly domesticated them. Queequeg patted their foreheads Starbuck scratched their backs with his lance but fearful of the consequences for the time refrained from darting it.

But far beneath this wondrous world upon the surface another and

came tumbling upon their inner centre as if to pile themselves up in one common mountain. Instantly Starbuck and Queequeg changed places, Starbuck taking the stern.

Oars! Oars! he intensely whispered, seizing the helm—grape your oars and clutch your souls now! My God, men stand by! Shove him off you Queequeg—the whale there!—prick him!—hit him! Stand up—stand up and stay so! Spring, men—pull, men—never mind their backs—scrape them!—scrape away!

The boat was now all but jammed between two vast black bulks, leaving a narrow Dardanelles between their long lengths. But by desperate endeavour we at last shot into a temporary opening, then going away rapidly and at the same time earnestly watching for another outlet. After many similar hair-breadth escapes we at last swiftly glided into what had just been one of the outer circles, but now crossed by random whales all violently making for one centre. This lucky salvation was cheaply pur-

air-eddy made by in the universal commotion now was it soon resolved itself into what seemed a systematic movement for having clumped

waif is a pennoned pole, two or three of which are carried by every boat and which when additional game is at hand are inserted upright into the floating body of a dead whale, both to mark its place on the sea and also as token of prior possession, should the boats of any other ship draw near.

The result of this lowering was somewhat illustrative of that sagacious saying in the Fishery—the more whales the less fish. Of all the drugged whales only one was captured. The rest contrived to escape for the time but only to be taken, as will hereafter be seen, by some other craft than the Pequod.

## Chapter 88

### *Schools and Schoolmasters*

THE previous chapter gave account of an immense body or herd of Sperm Whales, and there was also then given the probable cause inducing those vast aggregations.

No doubt though such great bodies are at times encountered yet as must have been seen even at the present day, small detached bands are occasion-

affrights did these inscrutable creatures at the centre freely and fearlessly indulge in all peaceful concerns yea serenely revelled in dalliance and delight But even so amid the tornadoed Atlantic of my being do I myself still for ever centrally disport in mute calm and while ponderous planets of unwaning woe revolve round me deep down and deep inland there I still bathe me in eternal mildness of joy

Meanwhile as we thus lay entranced the occasional sudden frantic spectacles in the distance evinced the activity of the other boats still engaged in drugging the whales on the frontier of the host or possibly carrying on the war within the first circle where abundance of room and some convenient retreats were afforded them But the sight of the enraged drugged whales now and then blindly darting to and fro across the circles was nothing to what at last met our eyes It is sometimes the custom when fast to a whale more than commonly powerful and alert to seek to hamstring him as it were by sundering or maiming his gigantic tail tendon It is done by darting a short handled cutting-spade to which is attached a rope for hauling it back again A whale wounded (as we afterwards learned) in this part but not effectually as it seemed had broken away from the boat carrying along with him half of the harpoon line and in the extraordinary agony of the wound he was now dashing among the revolving circles like the lone mounted desperado Arnold at the battle of Saratoga carrying dismay wherever he went

But agonising as was the wound of this whale and an appalling spectacle enough any way yet the peculiar horror with which he seemed to inspire the rest of the herd was owing to a cause which at first the intervening distance obscured from us But at length we perceived that by one of the unimaginable accidents of the fishery this whale had become entangled in the harpoon line that he towed he had also run away with the cutting spade in him and while the free end of the rope attached to that weapon had permanently caught in the coils of the harpoon line round his tail the cutting spade itself had worked loose from his flesh So that tormented to madness he was now churning through the water violently flailing with his flexible tail and tossing the keen spade about him wounding and murdering his own comrades

This terrific object seemed to recall the whole herd from their stationary fright First the whales forming the margin of our lake began to crowd a little and tumble against each other as if lifted by half spent billows from afar then the lake itself began faintly to heave and swell the submarine bridal-chambers and nurseries vanished in more and more contracting orbits the whales in the more central circles began to swim in thickening clusters Yes the long calm was departing A low advancing hum was soon heard and then like to the tumultuous masses of block ice when the great river Hudson breaks up in spring the entire host of whales

Grand Turks for these Grand Turks are too  
hence their unctuousness is small. As for the sons and the daughters they  
beet why those sons and daughters must take care of themselves at least  
with only the maternal help. For like certain other omnivorous roving  
lovers that might be named my Lord Whale has no taste for the nursery  
however much for the bower and so being a great traveller he leaves his  
anonymous babies all over the world every baby an exotic. In good time  
nevertheless, as the ardour of youth declines as years and dumps increase  
as reflection lends her solemn pauses in short as a general lassitude over  
takes the sated Turk then a love of ease and virtue supplants the love for  
Ottoman enters upon the repentant admonitory stage of life

lord and master of that school technically known as the schoolmaster it  
is therefore not in strict character however admirably satirical that after  
going to school himself he should then go abroad inculcating not what he  
learned there but the folly of it. His title schoolmaster would very natu-  
rally seem derived from the name bestowed upon the harem itself but some

days and what was the nature of those occult lessons he inculcated into  
some of his pupils


ness of waters and the best of wives she is though she keeps so many  
mysteries

at a place where the most dangerous to encounter excepting those won-  
drous grey-headed grizzled whales sometimes met and these will fight  
you like grim fiend exasperated by a penal gout.  
The Forty barrel bull schools are larger than the harem schools. Like a

ally observed embracing from twenty to fifty individuals each. Such bands are known as schools. They generally are of two sorts: those composed almost entirely of females and those mustering none but young vigorous males or bulls as they are familiarly designated.

In cavalier attendance upon the school of females you invariably see a male of full grown magnitude but not old, who upon any alarm evinces his gallantry by falling in the rear and covering the flight of his ladies. In truth, this gentleman is a luxurious Ottoman, swimming about over the watery world, surroundingly accompanied by all the solaces and endearments of the harem. The contrast between this Ottoman and his concubines is striking, because while he is always of the largest Leviathanic proportion

bulk of

dare say  a dozen yards around the waist. Nevertheless it cannot be denied that upon the whole they are hereditarily entitled to *en bon point*.

It is very curious to watch this harem and its lord in their indolent ramblings. Like fashionables they are for ever on the move in leisurely search of variety. You meet them on the Line in time for the full flower of the Equatorial feeding season, having just returned perhaps from spending the summer in the Northern seas, and so cherishing summer of all unpleasant weariness and warmth. By the time they have lounged up and down the promenade of the Equator awhile, they start for the Oriental waters in anticipation of the cool season there, and so evade the other excessive temperature of the year.

When serenely advancing on one of these journeys, if any strange suspicious sights are seen, my lord whale keeps a wary eye on his interesting family. Should any unwarrantably pert young Leviathan coming that way presume to draw confidentially close to one of the ladies, with what prodigious fury the Bashaw assails him, and chases him away! High times indeed, if unprincipled young rakes like him are to be permitted to invade the sanctity of domestic bliss, though do what the Bashaw will, he cannot keep the most notorious Lothario out of his bed, for alas! all fish bed in common. As ashore, the ladies often cause the most terrible duels among their rival admirers, just so with the whales, who sometimes come to deadly battle, and all for love. They fence with their long lower jaws, sometimes locking them together, and so striving for the supremacy, like elks that warriingly interweave their antlers. Not a few are captured having the deep scars of these encounters—furrowed heads, broken teeth, scolloped fins, and in some instances, wrenched and dislocated mouths.

But supposing the invader of domestic bliss to betake himself away, at the first rush of the harem's lord, then is it very diverting to watch that lord. Gently he insinuates his vast bulk among them, glides in and revels there.

connected with an occupied ship or boat by any medium at all connected with a fish-line or any other inch cable. It is wise a fish is a symbol of possession so long as the party waiving it plainly evince their ability at any time to take it alongside as well as their intention so to do.

These are scientific commentaries but the commentaries of the whalemén themselves sometimes consist in hard words and harder knocks—the Coke-upon Littleton of the fist. True, among the more upright and honourable whalemén allowances are always made for peculiar cases where it would be an outrageous moral injustice for one party to claim possession of a whale previously chased or killed by another party. But others are by no means so scrupulous.

Some fifty years ago there was a curious case of whale-trover litigated in England wherein the plaintiffs set forth that after a hard chase of a bale in the Northern seas, and when indeed they (the plaintiffs) had succeeded in harpooning the fish they were at last thrown in peril of their lives obliged to forsake not only their lines, but their boat itself. Ultimately the defendants (the crew of another ship) came up with the whale struck, killed, seized and finally appropriated it before the very eyes of the plaintiffs. And when those defendants were remonstrated with their captain snapped his fingers in the plaintiffs' teeth and assured them that by way of doryology to the deed he had done he would now retain their line.

Mr Erskine was counsel for the defendants. Lord Ellenborough was the judge. In the course of the defence the witty Erskine went on to illustrate his position by alluding to a recent criminal case wherein a gentleman

succeeded to say that though the gentleman had originally harpooned the lady and at once had her fast, and only by reason of the great stress of her plunging viciousness had at last abandoned her yet abandon her he did, so that she became loose-fish and therefore when a subsequent gentleman re-harpooned her the lady then became that subsequent gentleman's property along with whatever harpoon might have been found sticking in her.

Now in the present case Erskine contended that the examples of the bale and the lady were reciprocally illustrative of each other.

These pleadings and the counter pleadings being duly heard, the very learned judge in set terms decided, to wit.—That as for the boat, he



mob of young collegians they are full of fight fun and wickedness tumbling round the world at such a reckless rollicking rate that no prudent underwriter would insure them any more than he would a riotous lad at Yale or Harvard They soon relinquish this turbulence though and when about three-fourths grown break up and separately go about in quest of settlements that is harems

Another point of difference between the male and female schools is still more characteristic of the sexes Say you strike a Forty barrel bull poor devil! all his comrades quit him But strike a member of the harem school and her companions swim around her with every token of concern sometimes lingering so near her and so long as themselves to fall a prey

## Chapter 89

### *Fast Fish and Loose Fish*

THE allusion to the waifs and wail poles in the last chapter but one necessitates some account of the laws and regulations of the whale fishery of which the wail may be deemed the grand symbol and badge

It frequently happens that when several ships are cruising in company a whale may be struck by one vessel then escape and be finally killed and captured by another vessel and herein are indirectly comprised many minor contingencies all partaking of this one grand feature For example —after a weary and perilous chase and capture of a whale the body may get loose from the ship by reason of a violent storm and drifting far away to leeward be retaken by a second whaler who in a calm snugly tows it along side without risk of life or line Thus the most vexatious and violent disputes would often arise between the fishermen were there not some written or unwritten universal undisputed law applicable to all cases

Perhaps the only formal whaling code authorised by legislative enactment was that of Holland It was decreed by the States General in A.D. 1695 But though no other nation has ever had any written whaling law yet the American fishermen have been their own legislators and lawyers in this matter They have provided a system which for terse comprehensiveness surpasses Justinian's Pandects and the By laws of the

I A Fast Fish belongs to the party fast to it

II A Loose Fish is fair game for anybody who can soonest catch it

But what plays the mischief with this masterly code is the admirable brevity of it which necessitates a vast volume of commentaries to expound it

First What is a Fast Fish? Alive or dead a fish is technically fast when

## *Fast Fish and Loose Fish*

it is connected with an occupied ship or boat by any medium at all controllable by the occupant or occupants—a mast an oar a nine-inch cable a telegraph wire or a strand of cobweb it is all the same. Likewise a fish is technically fast when it bears a waif or any other recognised symbol of possession so long as the party waiving it plainly evince their ability at any time to take it alongside as well as their intention so to do.

These are scientific commentaries but the commentaries of the whalemens themselves sometimes consist in hard words and harder knocks—the Coke-upon Littleton of the fist. True among the more upright and honourable whalemens allowances are always made for peculiar cases where it would be an outrageous moral injustice for one party to claim possession of a whale previously chased or killed by another party. But others are by no means so scrupulous.

Some fifty years ago there was a curious case of whale-trover litigated in England wherein the plaintiffs set forth that after a hard chase of a whale in the Northern seas and when indeed they (the plaintiffs) had succeeded in harpooning the fish they were at last through peril of their

tiffs. And when those defendants were remonstrated with their captain snapped his fingers in the plaintiffs' teeth and assured them that by way of doxology to the deed he had done he would now retain their line harpoons and boat which had remained attached to the whale at the time of the seizure. Wherefore the plaintiffs now sued for the recovery of the value of their whale line harpoons and boat.

Mr Erskine was counsel for the defendants. Lord Ellenborough was the judge. In the course of the defence the witty Erskine went on to illustrate his position by alluding to a recent criminal case wherein a gentleman after in vain trying to bridle his wife's viciousness had at last abandoned her upon the seas of life but in the course of years repenting of that step he instituted an action to recover possession of her. He then proceeded to say that though the gentleman had originally harpooned the lady and at once had her fast and only by reason of the great stress of her plunging viciousness had at last abandoned her yet abandon her he did so that she became a loose-fish and therefore when a subsequent gentleman re-harpooned her the lady then became that subsequent gentleman's property along with whatever harpoon might have been found ticking in her.

Now in the present case Erskine contended that the examples of the whale and the lady were reciprocally illustrative of each other.

These pleadings and the counter pleadings being duly heard the very learned judge in set terms decided to wit—That as for the boat he

awarded it to the plaintiffs because they had merely abandoned it to save their lives but that with regard to the controverted whale harpoons and line they belonged to the defendant the whale because it was a Loose-Fish at the time of the final capture and the harpoons and line because when the fish made off with them it (the fish) acquired a property in those articles and hence anybody who afterwards took the fish had a right to them Now the plaintiffs afterwards took the fish ergo the aforesaid articles were theirs

A common man looking at this decision of the very learned Judge might possibly object to it But ploughed up to the primary rock of the matter the two great principles laid down in the twin whaling laws previously quoted and applied and elucidated by Lord Ellenborough in the above cited case these two laws touching Fast Fish and Loose Fish I say will on reflection be found the fundamentals of all human jurisprudence for notwithstanding its complicated tracery of sculpture the Temple of the Law like the Temple of the Philistines has but two props to stand on

Is it not a saying in every one's mouth Possession is half of the law that is regardless of how the thing came into possession? But often possession is the whole of the law What are the sinews and souls of Russian serfs and Republican slaves but Fast Fish whereof possession is the whole of the law? What to the rapacious landlord is the widow's last mite but a Fast Fish? What is yonder undetected villain's marble mansion with a door plate for a wife what is that but a Fast Fish? What is the ruinous discount which Mordecai the broker gets from poor Woebegone the bankrupt on a loan to keep Woebegone's family from starvation what is that ruinous discount but a Fast Fish? What is the Archbishop of Savesoul's income of £100 000 seized from the scant bread and cheese of hundreds of thousands of broken backed labourers what is that globular £100 000 but a Fast Fish? What are the Duke of Dunder's hereditary towns and hamlets but Fast Fish? What to that redoubted harpooner John Bull is poor Ireland but a Fast Fish? What to that apostolic hincer Brother Jonathan is Texas but a Fast Fish? And concerning all these is not Possession the whole of the law?

But if the doctrine of Fast Fish be pretty generally applicable the kindred doctrine of Loose Fish is still more widely so That is internationally and universally applicable

What was America in 1492 but a Loose Fish in which Columbus struck the Spanish standard by way of waiving it for his royal master and mistress? What was Poland to the Czar? What Greece to the Turk? What India to England? What at last will Mexico be to the United States? All Loose-Fish

What are the Rights of Man and the Liberties of the World but Loose-Fish? What all men's minds and opinions but Loose-Fish? What is the

## Chapter 90

## Heads or Tails

De balena vero sufficit si rex habeat caput et regina caudam

Bracton 1 3 c 3

**L**ATEN from the books of the Laws of England which taken along with  
 — — — of all whales captured by anybody on the coast of

— K I L b71 ing an apple 11

is to this day in force in  
an anomaly touching the  
of in a separate chap-  
the English railways to  
accommoda  
it the above-  
circumstance

that happened within the last two years

It seems that some honest mariners of Dover or Sandwich or some one

directly from the crown I believe all the royal emoluments incident to the Cinque Port territories become by assignment his By some writers this office is called a *sinecure* But not so Because the Lord Warden is busily employed at times in *fobbing* his perquisites which are his chiefly by virtue of that same *fobbing* of them

Now when these poor sunburnt mariners bare-footed and with their trousers rolled high up on their eely legs had wearily hauled their fat fish high and dry promising themselves a good £150 from the precious oil and bone and in fantasy sipping rare tea with their wives and good ale with

den s Upon this the poor mariners in their respectful consternation—so truly English—knowing not what to say fall to vigorously scratching their

heads all round meanwhile ruefully glancing from the whale to the stranger But that did in nowise mend the matter or it all soften the hard heart of the learned gentleman with the copy of Blackstone At length one of them after long scratching about for his ideas made bold to speak

Please sir who is the Lord Warden?

The Duke

But the Duke had nothing to do with taking this fish

It is his

It is his

Is the Duke so very poor as to be forced to this desperate mode of getting a livelihood?

It is his

I thought to relieve my old bedridden mother by part of my share of this whale

It is his

Won't the Duke be content with a quarter or a half?

It is his

In a word the whale was seized and sold and his Grace the Duke of Wellington received the money Thinking that viewed in some particular lights the case might by a bare possibility in some small degree be deemed under the circumstances a rather hard one an honest clergyman of the town respectfully addressed a note to his Grace begging him to take the case of those unfortunate mariners into full consideration To which my Lord Duke in substance replied (both letters were published) that he had already done so and received the money and would be obliged to the reverend gentleman if for the future he (the reverend gentleman) would decline meddling with other people's business Is this the still militant old man standing at the corners of the three kingdoms on all hands coercing alms of beggars?

It will readily be seen that in this case the alleged right of the Duke to

for it Says Plowden the whale so caught belongs to the King and Queen because of its superior excellence And by the soundest commentators this has ever been held a cogent argument in such matters

But why should the King have the head and the Queen the tail? A reason for that ye lawyers?

In his treatises on Queen Gold or Queen pinmoney an old King's Bench author one William Prynne thus discourseth 'Ye tail is ye

## The Pequod Meets the Rosebud

the whalebone  
of the Green  
this same bone  
for a sagacious  
presented with a

And An allegorical meaning may lurk here

There are two royal fish so styled by the English law writers—the whale and the sturgeon both royal property under certain limitations and nominally supplying the tenth branch of the crown's ordinary revenue. I know not that any other author has hinted of the matter but by inference it seems to me that the sturgeon must be divided in the same way as the whale the King receiving the highly dense and elastic head peculiar to that fish which symbolically regarded may possibly be humorously grounded upon some presumed congeniality. And thus there seems a reason in all things even in law.

## Chapter 91

### The Pequod Meets the Rosebud

In case it was to rake for Ambergris in the paunch of this Leviathan  
insufferable fetor denying not inquiry Sir T. Browne V. E.

It was a week or two after the last whaling scene recounted and when we were slowly sailing over a sleepy vapoury mudday sea that the many noses on the Pequod's deck proved more vigilant discoverers than the three pairs of eyes aloft. A peculiar and not very pleasant smell was smelt in the sea.

I will bet something now said Stubb that somewhere hereabouts are some of those drugged whales we tickled the other day. I thought they would keel up before long.

Presently the vapours in advance slid aside and there in the distance

hovered and swooped around in a mass that the whale-boys call  
must be that the fishermen call a blasted whale that is a whale that has  
died unmolested on the sea and so floated an unappropriated corpse. It  
may well be conceived what an unsavoury odour such a mass must exhale

Coming still nearer with the expiring breeze we saw that the French man had a second whale alongside and this second whale seemed even more of a nosegay than the first. In truth it turned out to be one of those problematical whales that seem to dry up and die with a sort of prodigious dyspepsia or indigestion leaving their defunct bodies almost entirely bankrupt of anything like oil. Nevertheless in the proper place we shall see that no knowing fisherman will ever turn up his nose at such a whale as this however much he may shun blasted whales in general.

The *Pequod* had now swept so nigh to the stranger that Stubb vowed he recognised his cuttle spade-pole entangled in the lines that were knotted round the tail of one of these whales.

There's a pretty fellow now! he banteringly laughed standing in the ship's bows. There's a jackal for ye! I well know that these Crappoes of Frenchmen are but poor devils in the fishery sometimes lowering their

enough to dip the captain's wick into aye we all know these things but look ye here's a Crappo that is content with our leavings the drugged whale there I mean aye and is content too with scraping the dry bones of that other precious fish he has there. Poor devil! I say pass round a hat some one and let's make him a present of a little oil for dear charity's sake. For what oil he'll get from that drugged whale there wouldn't be fit to burn in a jail no not in a condemned cell. And as for the other whale why I'll agree to get more oil by chopping up and trying out these three masts of ours than he'll get from that bundle of bones though now that I think of it it may contain something worth a good deal more than oil yes ambergris. I wonder now if our old man has thought of that. It's worth trying. Yes I'm in for it and so saying he started for the quarter-deck.

By this time the faint air had become a complete calm so that whether or no the *Pequod* was now fairly entrapped in the smell with no hope of escaping except by its breezing up again. Issuing from the cabin Stubb now called his boat's crew and pulled off for the stranger. Drawing across her bow he perceived that in accordance with the fanciful French taste the upper part of her stem piece was carved in the likeness of a huge drooping stalk was painted green and for thorns had copper spikes projecting

name of this aromatic ship

Though Stubb did not understand the *Bouton* part of the inscription yet the word *rose* and the bulbous figure-head put together sufficiently explained the whole to him.

## It is Pequod Meets the Rosebud

A wooden rosebud eh he cried with his hand to his nose that will  
 — — — — —

people on deck, he  
 us come close to the

s nose he bawled—

Bouton-de-Rose ahoy! are there any of you down d-Roses that speak  
 English?

Yes rejoined a Guernsey man from the bulwarks who turned out to  
 be the chief mate

"Well then my Bouton-de-Rosebud have you seen the White Whale  
 What whale

"The White Whale—a Sperm Whale—Moby Dick have you seen him  
 Never heard of such a whale Cachalo Blanche! White Whale—no

"Very good then good-bye now and I'll call again in a minute.

Then rapidly pulling back towards the *Pequod* and seeing Ahab lean-  
 over the quarter-deck rail awaiting his report he moulded his two hands  
 in a trumpet and shouted— No sir! No! Upon which Ahab retired, and  
 Stubb returned to the Frenchman.

He now perceived that the Guernsey man who had just got into the  
 chains, and was using a cutting-sword had slung his nose in a sort of bag

"What's the matter with your nose there said Stubb Broke it

"I wish it was broken or that I didn't have any nose at all," answered the  
 Guernsey man who did not seem to relish the job he was at very much  
 "But what are you holding yours for

"What in the devil's name do you want here roared the Guernsey  
 man, flinging in a sudden passion

"Oh! keep cool—cool yes that's the word why don't you pack those  
 whales in ice while you're working a'em But joking aside though do  
 you know Rosebud that it's all nonsense trying to get oil out of such  
 whales As for that dried-up one there he hasn't a gill in his whole carcass"

"I know that well enough, but don't see the captain here won't believe it  
 this is his first voyage he was a Cologne manufacturer before But come  
 aboard, and my ship will believe you if he won't me and so I'll get out of  
 this dirty scrape.

Anything to oblige me my sweet and pleasant fellow rejoined Stubb  
 and that he soon mounted to the deck. There a queer scene presented  
 itself The sailors in tasselled caps of red worsted, were getting the heavy  
 tackles in readiness for the whales. But they worked rather slowly and talked  
 very fast, and seemed in everything but a good humour All their noses up-



wardly projected from their faces like so many jib-booms. Now and then pairs of them would drop their work and run up to the masthead to get some fresh air. Some thinking they would catch the plague, dipped oakum in coal tar and at intervals held it to their nostrils. Others having broken the stems of their pipes almost short off at the bowl, were vigorously puffing tobacco smoke so that it constantly filled their olfactories.

Stubb was struck by a shower of outcries and anathemas proceeding from the captain's round house abaft and looking in that direction saw a fiery face thrust from behind the door which was held ajar from within. This was the tormented surgeon who after in vain remonstrating against the proceedings of the day had betaken himself to the captain's round house (*cabinet* he called it) to avoid the pest but still could not help yelling out his entreaties and indignations at times.

Marking all this Stubb argued well for his scheme and turning to the Guernsey man had a little chat with him during which the stranger mate expressed his detestation of his captain as a conceited ignoramus who had brought them all into so unsavoury and unprofitable a pickle. Sounding him carefully Stubb further perceived that the Guernsey man had not the slightest suspicion concerning the ambergris. He therefore held his peace on that head but otherwise was quite frank and confidential with him so that the two quickly concocted a little plan for both circumventing and satirising the captain without his at all dreaming of distrusting their sincerity. According to this little plan of theirs the Guernsey man under cover of an interpreter's office was to tell the captain what he pleased but as coming from Stubb and as for Stubb he was to utter any nonsense that should come uppermost in him during the interview.

By this time their destined victim appeared from his cabin. He was a small and dark but rather delicate-looking man for a sea-captain with large whiskers and moustache however and wore a red cotton velvet vest with watch seals at his side. To this gentleman Stubb was now politely introduced by the Guernsey man who at once ostentatiously put on the aspect of interpreting between them.

'What shall I say to him first?' said he.

'Why' said Stubb eyeing the velvet vest and the watch and seals 'you may as well begin by telling him that he looks a sort of babyish to me though I don't pretend to be a judge.'

'He says Monsieur' said the Guernsey man in French turning to his captain 'that only yesterday his ship spoke a vessel whose captain and chief mate with six sailors had all died of a fever caught from a blasted whale they had brought alongside.'

Upon this the captain started and eagerly desired to know more.

'What now?' said the Guernsey man to Stubb.

'Why since he takes it so easy tell him that now I have eyed him ere

## The Pequod Meets the Rosebud

“I’m quite certain that he’s no more fit to command a whale-ship than  
he’s a baboon  
the other whale the dried one  
Monsieur he conjures us  
to fit him

Instantly the captain ran forward and in a loud voice commanded his crew to desert from hoisting the cutting-tackles and at once cast loose the cables and chains confining the whales to the ship.

“What now,” said the Guernsey man when the captain had returned to them.

“Well—now that—that—in fact,  
perhaps somebody else.”  
been of any service to

us.  
Hearing this, the captain vowed that they were the grateful parties (meaning himself and mate) and concluded by inviting Stubb down into his cabin to drink a bottle of Bordeaux.

“He wants you to take a glass of wine with him,” said the interpreter.

“Thank him heartily, but tell him it’s against my principles to drink with the man I’ve diddled. In fact, tell him I must go.”

He says, Monsieur, that his principles won’t admit of his drinking; but that if Monsieur wants to live another day to drink, then Monsieur had best drop all four boats, and pull the ship away from these whales, for it’s so calm they won’t drift.

By this time Stubb was over the side and getting into his boat hauled the Guernsey man to this effect,—that having a long tow-line in his boat, he would do what he could to help them by pulling out the lighter whale of the two from the ship’s side. While the Frenchman’s boats then were engaged in towing the ship one way, Stubb benevolently towed away at his whale the other way, ostentatiously slackening out a most unusually long tow-line.

Presently a breeze sprang up. Stubb feigned to cast off from the whale, hoisting his boats, the Frenchman soon increased his distance, while the *Pequod* slid in between him and Stubb’s whale. Whereupon Stubb quickly pulled to the floating body and hailing the *Pequod* to give notice of his intentions, at once proceeded to reap the fruit of his unrighteous cunning.

screaming and yelling and fighting around them Stubb was beginning to look disappointed especially as the horrible nosegay increased when suddenly from out the very heart of this plague there stole a faint stream of perfume which flowed through the tide of bad smells without being absorbed by it as one river will flow into and then along with another without at all blending with it for a time

'I have it I have it' cried Stubb with delight striking something in the subterranean regions 'a purse! a purse!

Dropping his spade he thrust both hands in and drew out handfuls of something that looked like ripe Windsor soap or rich mottled old cheese very unctuous and savory withal You might easily dent it with your thumb it is of a hue between yellow and ash colour And this good friends is ambergris worth a gold guinea an ounce to any druggist Some six handfuls were obtained but more was unavoidably lost in the sea and still more perhaps might have been secured were it not for impatient Ahab's loud command to Stubb to desist and come on board else the ship would bid them good bye

## Chapter 92

### *Ambergris*

Now this ambergris is a very curious substance and so important as an article of commerce that in 1791 a certain Nantucket born Captain Coffin was examined at the bar of the English House of Commons on that subject For at that time and indeed until a comparatively late day the precise origin of ambergris remained like amber itself a problem to the learned Though the word ambergris is but the French compound for grey amber yet the two substances are quite distinct For amber though at times found on the sea-coast is also dug up in some far inland soils whereas ambergris is never found except upon the sea Besides amber is a hard transparent brittle odourless substance used for mouthpieces to pipes for beads and ornaments but ambergris is soft waxy and so highly fragrant and spicy that it is largely used in  
hair  
 powders and pomatum it to

Mecca for the same purpose and frankincense is carried to St Peter's in Rome Some wine merchants drop a few grains into claret to flavour it

Who would think then that such fine ladies and gentlemen should regale themselves with an essence found in the inglorious bowels of a sick whale! Yet so it is By some ambergris is supposed to be the cause and by others the effect of the dyspepsia in the whale How to cure such a dyspepsia it were hard to say unless by administering three or four bottle-loads of Brandreth's pills and then running out of harm's way as labourers do in blasting rocks

It is often to say that there were found in this ambergris certain  
the sailors  
note

Now that the incorruption of this must be found in the heart of such decay is this nothing? Bethink thee of that saying of St Paul in Corinthians about corruption and incorruption how that we are sown in dishonour but raised in glory And likewise call to mind that saying of Paracelsus about what it is that maketh the best musk Also forget not the strange fact that of all things of ill-savour Cologne water in its rudimental manufacturing stages is the worst

I should like to conclude the chapter with the above appeal but cannot owing to my anxiety to repel a charge often made against whalemén and which in the estimation of some already biassed minds might be considered as indirectly substantiated by what has been said of the Frenchman's two whales Else here in this volume the slanderous aspersion has been disproved that the vocation of whaling is throughout a slatternly untidy business But there is another thing to rebut They hint that all whales always smell bad Now how did this odious stigma originate

I opine that it is plainly traceable to the first arrival of the Greenland whaling ships in London more than two centuries ago Because those whalemén did not then and do not now try out their oil at sea as the

sheds and when the works were in full operation certainly gave forth no very pleasant savour But all this is quite different with a South Sea Sperm Whaler which in a voyage of four years perhaps after completely filling her hold with oil does not perhaps consume fifty days in the business of boiling out and in the state that it is casked, the oil is nearly scentless The

truth is that living or dead if but decently treated whales as a species are by no means creatures of ill odour nor can whalers be recognised as the people of the middle ages affected to detect a Jew in the company by the nose Nor indeed can the whale possibly be otherwise than fragrant when as a general thing he enjoys such high health taking abundance of exercise always out of doors though it is true seldom in the open air I say that the motion of a Sperm Whale's flukes above water dispenses a perfume as when a musk-scented lady rustles her dress in a warm parlour What then shall I liken the Sperm Whale to for fragrance considering his magnitude? Must it not be to that famous elephant with jewelled tusks and redolent with myrrh which was led out of an Indian town to do honour to Alexander the Great?

## Chapter 93

### *The Castaway*

It was but some few days after encountering the Frenchman that a most significant event befell the most insignificant of the *Pequod's* crew an event most lamentable and which ended in providing the sometimes madly merry and predestinated craft with a living and ever accompanying prophecy of whatever shattered sequel might prove her own

Now in the whale ship it is not every one that goes in the boats Some few hands are reserved called shipkeepers whose province it is to work the vessel while the boats are pursuing the whale As a general thing these shipkeepers are as hardy fellows as the men comprising the boats crews But if there happen to be an unduly slender clumsy or timorous wight in the ship that wight is certain to be made a shipkeeper It was so in the *Pequod* with the little negro Pippin by nickname Pip by abbreviation Poor Pip! ye have heard of him before ye must remember his tambourine on that dramatic midnight so gloomy jolly

In outer aspect Pip and Dough Boy made a match like a black pony and a white one of equal developments though of dissimilar colour driven in one eccentric span But while hapless Dough Boy was by nature dull and torpid in his intellects Pip though over-tender hearted was at bottom very bright with that pleasant genial jolly brightness peculiar to his tribe a tribe which ever enjoy all holidays and festivities with finer freer relish than any other race For blacks the year's calendar should show naught but three hundred and sixty five Fourth of Julys and New Year's Days Nor smile so while I write that this little black was brilliant for even blackness has its brilliancy behold yon lustrous ebony panelled in king's cabinets But Pip loved life and all life's perceivable securities so that the panic-stricking business in which he had somehow unaccountably become entrapped had most sadly blurred his brightness though as ere long will be

off to ten times the natural lustre

in Connecticut he had once enlivened many a fiddler's frolic on the green and at melodious eventide with his gay ha ha! had turned the round horizon into one star belled tambourine So though in the clear air of day suspended against a blue-veined neck the pure-watered diamond drop will healthful glow yet when the cunning jeweller would show you the diamond in its most impressive lustre he lays it against a gloomy ground and then lights it up not by the sun but by some unnatural gases Then come out those fiery effulgences infernally superb then the evil-blazing diamond once the divinest symbol of the crystal skies looks like some crown jewel stolen from the King of Hell But let us to the story

It came to pass that in the ambergris affair Stubb's after-oarsman chanced so to sprain his hand as for a time to become quite maimed and temporarily Pip was put into his place

The first time Stubb lowered with him Pip evinced much nervousness but happily for that time escaped close contact with the whale and therefore came off not altogether discreditably though Stubb observing him took care afterwards to exhort him to cherish his courageousness to the ———— he often find it needful

pened in this instance to be right under poor Pip's sea

consternation of the moment caused him to leap paddle in hand out of the boat and in such a way that part of the slack whale line coming again t his chest he breasted it overboard with him so as to become entangled in it when at last plumping into the water That instant the stricken whale started on a fierce run the line swiftly straightened and pres o' poor Pip came all foaming up to the chocks of th boat remorselessly dragged there by the line which had taken several turns around his chest and neck

Tashtego stood in the bows He was full of the fire of the hunt He hated Pip for a poltroon Snatching the boat knife from his sheath he suspended its sharp edge over the lire and turning towards Stubb exclaimed interrogatively Cut Meantime Pip's blue chok'd face plainly looked Do for God's sake! All passed in a flash In less than half a minute this entire thing happened

Damn him, cut! roared Stubb and so the whale was lost and Pip was saved

So soon as he recovered himself the poor little negro was sailed by ———— he never saw him again

him much wholesome advice. The substance was: Never jump from a boat. Pip except—but all the rest was indefinite, as the soundest advice ever is. Now, in general, *Stick to the boat* is your true motto in whaling; but cases will sometimes happen when *Leap from the boat* is still better. Moreover

Stubb suddenly dropped an advice, and concluded with a peremptory command: *Stick to the boat, Pip*; or, by the Lord, I won't pick you up if you jump. mind that. We can't afford to lose whales by the likes of you: a whale would sell for thirty times what you would, Pip, in Alabama. Bear that in mind, and don't jump any more. Hereby, perhaps, Stubb indirectly hinted that though man loved his fellow, yet man is a money-making animal, which propensity too often interferes with his benevolence.

But we are all in the hands of the Gods, and Pip jumped again. It was under very similar circumstances to the first performance, but this time he did not breast out the line, and hence, when the whale started to run, Pip was left behind on the sea, like a hurried traveller's trunk. Alas! Stubb was but too true to his word. It was a beautiful, bounteous blue day, the spangled sea calm and cool, and flatly stretching away all round to the horizon, like gold beater's skin hammered out to the extremest. Bobbing up and down in that sea, Pip's ebony head showed like a head of cloves. No boat-knife was lifted when he fell so rapidly astern. Stubb's inexorable brick was turned upon him, and the whale was winged. In three minutes a whole mile of shoreless ocean was between Pip and Stubb. Out from the centre of the sea, poor Pip turned his crisp, curling black head to the sun, another lonely castaway, though the loftiest and the brightest.

Now, in calm weather, to swim in the open ocean is as easy to the practised swimmer as to ride in a spring carriage ashore. But the awful lonesomeness is intolerable. The intense concentration of self in the middle of such a heartless immensity, my God! who can tell it? Mark how, when sailors in a dead calm bathe in the open sea—mark how closely they hug their ship, and only coast along her sides.

But had Stubb really abandoned the poor little negro to his fate? No, he did not mean to, at least. Because there were two boats in his wake, and he supposed, no doubt, that they would of course come up to Pip very quickly, and pick him up, though indeed such considerateness towards oarsmen jeopardised through their own timidity, is not always manifested by the hunters in all similar instances, and such instances not unfrequently occur almost invariably in the fishery, a coward, so-called, is marked with the same ruthless detestation peculiar to military wives and armies.

But it so happened that those boats, without seeing Pip, suddenly spying whales close to them on one side, turned and gave chase, and Stubb's boat was now so far away, and he and all his crew so intent upon his fish

### A Squeeze of the Hand

that Pip's ringed horizon began to expand around him miserably By the merest chance the ship itself at last rescued him but from that hour the little negro went about the deck an idiot such at least they said he was The sea had jeeringly kept his finite body up but drowned the infinite of his soul Not drowned entirely though Rather earned down alive to wondrous depths where strange shapes of the unwarped primal world  
and the merman Wisdom  
as ever juvenile

called him mad. So man's insanity is heaven's sense and all mortal reason man comes at last to that celestial thought which to reason is absurd and frantic and weal or woe feels then uncompromised indifferent as his God.

For the rest blame not Stubb too hardly. The thing is common in that fishery, and in the sequel of the narrative it will then be seen what like abandonment befell myself.

## Chapter 94

### A Squeeze of the Hand

THAT whale of Stubbs so dearly purchased was duly brought to the Pequod's side where all those cutting and hoisting operations previously detailed were regularly gone through even to the baling of the Heidelberg Tun or Case

While some were occupied with this latter duty, others were employed in dragging away the larger tubs so soon as filled with the sperm and when the proper time arrived this same sperm was carefully manipulated ere going to the try works of which anon

It had cooled and crystallised to such a degree that when with several others I sat down before a large Constantine's bath of it I found it strangely concreted into lumps here and there rolling about in the liquid part. It was our business to squeeze these lumps back into fluid. A sweet and unctuous duty! No wonder that in old times this sperm was such a favourite cosmetic. Such a clearer! such a sweetener! such a softener! such a delicious mollifier! After having my hands in it for only a few minutes my fingers felt like eels and began, as it were to serpentine and spiralise.

As I sat there at my ease cross legged on the deck after the bitter exertion at the windlass under a blue tranquil sky the ship under indolent sail and gliding so serenely along as I bathed my hands among these soft gentle globules of infiltrated tissues woven almost within the hour as they richly broke to my fingers and discharged all their opulence like



fully ripe grapes their wine as I snuffed up that uncontaminated aroma — literally and truly like the smell of spring violets I declare to you that for the time I lived as in a musky meadow I forgot all about our horrible oath in that inexpressible sperm I washed my hands and my heart of it I almost began to credit the old Paracelsan superstition that sperm is of rare virtue in allaying the heat of anger while bathing in that bath I felt divinely free from all ill will or petulance or malice of any sort whatsoever

Squeeze! squeeze! squeeze! all the morning long I squeezed that sperm till I myself almost melted into it I squeezed that sperm till a strange sort of insanity came over me and I found myself unwittingly squeezing my co-labourers hands in it mistaking their hands for the gentle globules Such an abounding affectionate friendly loving feeling did this avocation beget that at last I was continually squeezing their hands and looking up into their eyes sentimentally as much as to say — Oh! my dear fellow beings why should we longer cherish any social acerbities or know the slightest ill humour or envy! Come let us squeeze hands all round nay let us all squeeze ourselves into each other let us squeeze ourselves universally into the very milk and sperm of kindness

Would that I could keep squeezing that sperm for ever! For now since by many prolonged repeated experiences I have perceived that in all cases man must eventually lower or at least shift his conceit of attainable felicity not placing it anywhere in the intellect or the fancy but in the wife the heart the bed the table the saddle the fireside the country now that I have perceived all this I am ready to squeeze ease eternally In thoughts of the visions of the night I saw long rows of angels in paradise each with his hands in a jar of spermaceti

Now while discoursing of sperm it behooves me to speak of other things akin to it in the business of preparing the Sperm Whale for the try works

First comes white-horse so called which is obtained from the tapering part of the fish and also from the thicker portions of his flukes It is tough with congealed tendons—a wad of muscle—but still contains some oil After being severed from the whale the white horse is first cut into portable oblongs etc going to the mincer They look much like blocks of Berkshire marble

Plum pudding is the term bestowed upon certain fragmentary parts of the whale's flesh here and there adhering to the blanket of blubber and

ground dotted with spots of the deepest crimson and purple It is plums of rubies in pictures of citron Spite of reason it is hard to keep yourself from eating it I confess that once I stole behind the foremast to try it It

## 1 Squeeze of the Hand

tasted something as I should conceive a royal cuilet from the thigh of Louis le Gros might have tasted supposing him to have been killed the first day after the venison season and that particular venison season contemporaneous with the fine vintage of the vineyards of Champagne

ruptured membranes of the case

Gurry so called is a term properly belonging to flight whalemén but sometimes incidentally used by the Sperm fishermen It designates the dark glutinous substance which is scraped off the back of the Greenland or those inferior souls

the vocabulary

but as appears in the dictionary the nipper is a short firm strip of tendinous stuff cut from the tapering part of Leviathan's tail it averages an inch in thickness and for the rest is about the size of a finger it operates like a lure

it once

to descend into the blubber room and have a good time mates. This place has previously been mentioned as the receptacle for the blanket pieces when stripped and hoisted from the whale When the proper time arrives for cutting up its contents this apartment is a scene of terror to all eyes especially by night On one side lit by a dull lantern a space has been left clear for the workmen They generally go in pairs—a pike-and-gaff man and a spade-man The whaling-pike is similar to a frigate's

the spade-man stands on the sheet itself perpendicularly chopping it into the portable horse-pieces This spade is sharp as hone can make it the spademan's feet are shoeless the thing he stands on will sometimes irresistibly slide away from him like a sledge If he cuts off one of his own toes or one of his assistants would you be very much astonished? Toes are scarce among veteran blubber room men

fully ripe grapes their wine as I snuffed up that uncontaminated aroma — literally and truly like the smell of spring violets I declare to you that for the time I lived as in a musky meadow I forgot all about our horrible oath in that inexpressible sperm I washed my hands and my heart of it I

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# Chapter 96

by her try works joining with oak and hemp in constituting the camp  
It is as if from the open field a brickkiln were transported to her planks  
between the foremast and mainmast the

some ten feet by eight square and we will  
penetrate the deck but the masonry is firmly secured to the surface by  
ponderous knees of iron bracing it on all sides and screwing it down to the  
timbers On the flanks it is cased with wood and at top completely  
covered by a large sloping battened hatchway Removing this hatch we  
expose the great try pots two in number and each of several barrels capac-  
ity When not in use they are kept remarkably clean Sometimes they are  
polished with soapstone and sand till they shine within like silver punch  
bowls During the night watches some cynical old sailors will crawl into  
them and coil themselves away there for a nap While employed in polish-  
ing them—one man in each pot side by side—many confidential com-  
munications are carried on over the iron lips It is a place also for profound  
mathematical meditation It was in the left hand try pot of the *Pequod*  
that I was first indirectly  
the  
ely

the same time.

Removing the fireboard from the front of the try works the bare masonry  
of that side is exposed penetrated by the two iron mouths of the furnaces  
directly underneath the pots These mouths are fitted with heavy doors of  
iron The intense heat of the fire is prevented from communicating itself  
to the deck, by means of a shallow reservoir extending under the entire  
enclosed surface of the works By a tunnel inserted at the rear this reservoir  
is kept replenished with water as fast as it evaporates There are no external  
chimneys they open direct from the rear wall And here let us go back for  
a moment

It was about nine o'clock at night that the *Pequod's* try works were first  
started on this present voyage. It belonged to Stubb to oversee the business

All ready there? Off hatch then and start her You cook fire the

wood After that no wood is used except as a means of quick ignition to

# Chapter 95

## The Cassock

HAD you stepped on board the *Peconic*

you would have seen there lying along lengthwise in the lee-scuppers Not the wondrous cistern in the whale's huge head not the prodigy of his unhinged lower jaw not the miracle of his symmetrical tail none of these would so surprise you as half a glimpse of that unaccountable cone—longer than a Kentuckian is tall nigh a foot in diameter at the base and jet black as Yoyo the ebony idol of Queequeg And an idol indeed it is or rather in old times its likeness was Such an idol as that found in the secret groves of Queen Maachah in Judea and for worshipment

the nineteenth chapter of the First Book

Look at the sailor called the mincer who now comes along and assisted by two allies heavily blacked with bowed shoulk a dead comrade for now proceeds cylindrically pelted of a boar's tusk gives it a good bang hangs it well when removing some three feet of it towards the pointed extremity and then cutting two slits for arm holes at the other end he lengthwise slips himself bodily into it The mincer now stands before you invested in the full canonicals of his calling Immemorial to all his order this investiture alone will adequately protect him while employed in the peculiar functions of his office

That office consists in mincing the horse pieces of blubber for the pots an operation which is conducted at a curious wooden horse planted endwise against the bulwarks and with a capricious tub beneath it into which the minced pieces drop fast as the sheets from a rapt orator's desk Arrayed in decent black occupying a conspicuous pulpit intent on Bible leaves what a candidate for an archbishopric what a lad for a Pope were this mincer!

\* Bible leaves! Bible leaves! This is the It enjoins him to be careful and cut his as by so doing the business of boiling is considerably increased besides per-

## The Try Works

of her monomaniac commander's soul

So seemed it to me as I stood at her helm and for long hours silently  
and the way of this fire-ship on the sea Wrapped for that interval  
the madness the ghastly  
apes before me ever  
hundred visions in my  
ible drowsiness which  
soul as soon as I began to visit  
ever would come over me at a midnight helm

But that night in particular a strange (and ever since inexplicable)  
thing occurred to me Starting from a brief standing sleep I was horribly  
conscious of something fatally wrong The jawbone tiller smote my side

ther apart but spite

by though it seemed but a minute since I had been watching the card by  
the steady binnacle lamp illumining it Nothing seemed before me but  
a jet gloom now and then made ghastly by flashes of redness Uppermost  
was the impression that whatever swift rushing thing I stood on was not

hands grasped the tiller but with

how in some enchanted way inverted My God! what is the matter with  
me? thought I Lo! in my brief sleep I had turned myself about and was  
fronting the ship stern with my back to her prow and the compass In an

urgency of being brought by the lee!

Look not too long in the face of the fire O man! Never dream with thy  
hand on the helm! Turn not thy back to the compass accept the first hint  
of the hushing tiller believe not the artificial fire when its redness makes  
all things look ghastly To-morrow in the natural sun the skies will be

Nevertheless the sun hides not Virginia's Dismal Swamp nor Pome-  
scursed Campagna nor wide Sahara nor all the millions of miles of  
deserts and of griefs beneath the moon The sun hides not the ocean which  
the dark side of this earth and which is two-thirds of this earth So there-  
fore that mortal man who hath more of joy than sorrow in him that mortal  
man cannot be true—not true or undeveloped With books the same The  
truest of all men is the Man of Sorrows and the truest of all books is

the staple fuel. In a word, after being tried out, the crisp, shriveled blubber, now called scraps or fritters, still contains considerable of its unctuous properties. These fritters feed the flames. Like a plithoric burning martyr, or a self-consuming misanthrope, once ignited, the whale supplies his own fuel and burns by his own body. Would that he consumed his own smoke! for his smoke is horrible to inhale, and inhale it you must, and not only that, but you must live in it for the time. It has an unspeakable wild Hindoo odour about it, such as may lurk in the vicinity of funeral pyres. It smells like the left wing of the day of judgment; it is an argument for the pit.

By midnight the works were in full operation. We were clear from the carcase; sail had been made; the wind was freshening; the wild ocean darkness was intense. But that darkness was licked up by the fierce flames, which at intervals forked forth from the sooty flues, and illuminated every lofty rope in the rigging, as with the famed Greek fire. The burning ship drove on, as if remorselessly commissioned to some vengeful deed. So the pitch and sulphur freighted brigs of the bold Hydriote Canaris, issuing from their midnight harbours, with broad sheets of flame for sails, bore down upon the Turkish frigates, and folded them in conflagrations.

The hatch, removed from the top of the works, now afforded a wide hearth in front of them. Standing on this were the Tartarean shapes of the pagan harpooners, always the whale ship's stokers. With huge pronged poles they pitched hissing masses of blubber into the scalding pots, or stirred up the fires beneath, till the snaky flames darted, curling out of the doors to catch them by the feet. The smoke rolled away in sullen heaps. To every pitch of the ship there was a pitch of the boiling oil, which seemed all eagerness to leap into their faces. Opposite the mouth of the works, on the farther side of the wide wooden hearth, was the windlass. This served for a sea sofa. Here lounged the watch, when not otherwise employed, looking into the red heat of the fire, till their eyes felt scorched in their heads. Their tawny features, now all begrimed with smoke and sweat, their matted beards, and the contrasting barbaric brilliancy of their teeth, all these were strangely revealed in the capricious emblazonings of the works. As they narrated to each other their unholy adventures, their tales of terror told in words of mirth, as their uncivilised laughter forked upwards out of them, like the flames from the furnace, as to and fro, in their front, the harpooners wildly gesticulated with their huge pronged forks and dippers, as the wind howled on, and the sea leaped, and the ship groaned and dived, and yet steadfastly shot her red hell further and further into the blackness of the sea and the night, and scornfully champed the white bone in her mouth, and viciously spat round her on all sides, then the rushing *Pequod*, freighted with savages, and laden with fire, and burning a corpse, and plunging into that blackness of darkness, seemed the material counterpart

# Chapter 98

## Stowing Down and Clearing Up

ALREADY HAS it been related how the great Leviathan is far off despatched from the masthead how he is chased over the watery moors and slaughtered in the valleys of the deep how he is then towed alongside and beheaded and how (on the principle which entitled the head man of old to the garments in which the beheaded was killed) his great padded surcoat becomes the property of his executioner how in due time he is condemned to the pots and how his sperm-oil and bone pass unscathed through the fire. But now it remains to conclude the last chapter of this part of the description by rehearsing—singing if I may—the romantic proceeding of decanting off his oil into the casks and striking them down into the hold where once again Leviathan returns to his native profundities sliding along beneath the surface as before but, alas! never more to rise and blow

and so he six barrel

way and

that in the midnight sea the enormous waves pound and heaved over end for end and sometimes perilously scoot across the slippery deck, like so many land-slides till at last man-handled and stayed in their course and all round the hoops rap rap go as many hammers as can play upon them for now ex officio every sailor is a cooper

At length when the last pint is casked and all is cool then the great hatchways are unsealed the boards of the ship are thrown open and driven go the casks to their final rest in the sea. This done the hatches are replated and hermetically closed like a closet walled up

In the sperm fishery this is perhaps one of the most remarkable incidents in all the business of whaling. One day the planks stream with frechets of blood and oil on the sacred quarter-deck enormous masses of the whale's head are profanely piled, great rusty casks lie about as in a brewery yard the smoke from the try-works has bevoored all the bulwarks the mariners go about suffused withunctuousness the entire ship seems a great Leviathan himself while on all hands the din is deafening

But a day or two after you look about you and prick your ears in this self-same ship and were it no for the tell-tale boats and try-works you would all but swear you trod some silent merchant vessel with a most scrupulously neat commander. The unmanufactured sperm oil possesses a singularly cleansing virtue. This is the reason why the decks never look so blue just after what they call an affair of oil. Besides, from the shies of the burned scraps of the whale a potent lye is readily made and whenever any drossiness from the back of the whale remains clinging to the side that lye quickly exterminates it. Hands go diligently along the bulwarks



Solomon's and Ecclesiastes is the fine-hammered steel of woe. All is  
 vanity. ALL. This wilful world hath not got hold of unchristian Solomon's  
 crossing  
 Young  
 are-free

lifetime swears by Rabelais as passing wise and therefore jolly—not that  
 man is fitted to sit down on tombstones and break the green damp mould  
 with unfathomably wondrous Solomon.

But even Solomon he says the man that wandereth out of the way of  
 understanding shall remain (i.e. even while living) in the congregation  
 of the dead. Give not thyself up then to fire lest it invert thee and den  
 thee as for the time it did me. There is a wisdom that is woe but there is a  
 woe that is madness. And there is a Catskill eagle in some souls that can  
 alike dive down into the blackest gorges and soar out of them again and  
 become invisible in the sunny spaces. And even if he for ever flies within  
 the gorge that gorge is in the mountains so that even in his lowest swoop  
 the mountain eagle is still higher than other birds upon the plain even  
 though they soar.

## Chapter 97

### The Lamp

HAD you descended from the *Pequod's* try works to the *Pequod's* fore-  
 castle where the off-duty watch were sleeping for one single moment  
 you would have almost thought you were standing in some illumined  
 shrine of canonised kings and counsellors. There they lay in their triangu  
 lar oaken vaults each mariner a chiselled muteness a score of lamps flash  
 ing upon his hooded eyes.

In merchantmen oil for the sailor is more scarce than the milk of queens.  
 To dress in the dark and eat in the dark and stumble in darkness to his  
 pallet this is his usual lot. But the whaleman as he seeks the food of light  
 so he lives in light. He makes his berth an Aladdin's lamp and lays him  
 down in it so that in the pitchiest night the ship's black hull still houses  
 an illumination.

See with what entire freedom the whaleman takes his handful of lamps  
 —often but old bottles and vials though—to the copper cooler at the try  
 works and replenishes them there as mugs of ale at a vat. He burns too  
 the purest of oil in its unmanufactured and therefore unvitiated state  
 a fluid unknown to solar lunar or astral contrivances ashore. It is sweet  
 as early grass butter in April. He goes and hunts for his oil so as to be sure  
 of its freshness and genuineness even as the traveller on the prairie hunts  
 up his own supper of game.

# Chapter 99

## The Doubloon

ERE now it has been related how Ahab was wont to pace his quarter-deck making regular turns at either limit the binnacle and mainmast but in the multiplicity of other things requiring narration it has not been added how that sometimes in these walks when most plunged in his mood he was wont to pause in turn at each spot and stand there strangely eyeing the particular object before him When he halted before the binnacle with its iron riveted on the pointed needle in the compass that glance shot its riveted glance fastened upon the riveted gold coin the same aspect of nailed firmness only dashed with a certain wild longing if not hopefulness.

But one morning turning to pass the doubloon he seemed to be newly attracted by the strange figures and inscriptions stamped on it as though now for the first time beginning to interpret for himself in some monomaniac way whatever significance might lurk in them And some certain significance lurks in all things else all things are little worth and the round world itself but an empty cipher except to sell by the cartload as ——— with Milky Way

Some where out of  
er golden sands,  
the head waters of many a Pactolus flows and usually now nailed amidst all the rustiness of iron bolts and the verdigris of copper spikes yet untouchable and immaculate to any foulness it still preserved its Quito glow Nor though placed amongst a ruthless crew and every hour passed by ruthless hands and through the livelong nights shrouded with thick darkness which might cover any pilfering approach nevertheless every sunrise found the doubloon where the sunset left it last For it was set apart and sanctified to one awe-striking end and however wanton in their sailor ways one and all the mariners revered it as the white whale's talisman Sometimes they talked it over in the weary watch by night wondering whose it was to be at last and whether he would ever live to spend it

Now those noble golden coins of South America are as medals of the sun and trophic token pieces Here palms alpacas and volcanoes suns discs and stars ecliptics horns-of plenty and rich banners waving are in luxuriant profusion stamped so that the precious gold seems almost to derive an added preciousness and enhancing glories by passing through those fancy mints, so Spanishly poetic

It so chanced that the doubloon of the Pequod was a most wealthy example of these things On its round border it bore the letters, REPUB-

and with buckets of water and rags restore them to their full tidiness. The soot is brushed from the lower rigging. All the numerous implements which have been in use are likewise faithfully cleansed and put away. The great hatch is scrubbed and placed upon the try works, completely hiding the pots. Every cask is out of sight, all tackles are coiled in unseen nooks, and when by the combined and simultaneous industry of almost the entire ship's company, the whole of this conscientious duty is at last concluded, then the crew themselves proceed to their own ablutions, shift themselves from top to toe, and finally issue to the immaculate deck, fresh and all aglow, as bridegrooms new leaped from out the daintiest Holland.

Now, with elated step, they pace the planks in twos and threes, and humorously discourse of parlours, sofas, carpets, and fine crimbries, propose to mat the deck, think of having hangings to the top, object not to taking tea by moonlight on the piazza of the fore-castle. To hint to such muscled mariners of oil and bone and blubber, were little short of audacity. They know not the thing you distinctly allude to. Away, and bring us napkins!

But mark aloft there, at the three mastheads, stand three men intent on spying out more whales, which, if caught, infallibly will again soil the old oaken furniture, and drop at least one small grease spot somewhere. Yes, and many is the time when, after the severest uninterrupted labours, which know no night, continuing straight through for ninety-six hours, when from the boat, where they have swelled their wrists with all day rowing on the Line—they only step to the deck to carry vast chairs, and heave the heavy windlass, and cut and slash, yet, and in their very sweat-rings to be smoked and burned anew by the combined fires of the equatorial sun and the equatorial try works, when, on the heel of all this, they have finally bestirred themselves to cleanse the ship, and make a spotless dairy-room of it, many is the time the poor fellows, just buttoning the necks of their clean frocks, are startled by the cry of *There she blows!* and away they fly to fight another whale, and go through the whole weary thing again. Oh! my friends, but this is man-killing! Yet this is life. For hardly have we mortals, by long toilings extracted from this world's vast bulk its small but valuable sperm, and then, with weary patience, cleansed ourselves from its defilements, and learned to live here in clean tabernacles of the soul, hardly is this done, when—*There she blows!*—the ghost is spouted up, and away we sail to fight some other world, and go through young life's old routine again.

Oh! the metempsychosis! Oh! Pythagoras, that in bright Greece, two thousand years ago, did die, so good, so wise, so mild, I sailed with thee along the Peruvian coast last voyage—and foolish as I am, taught thee, a green simple boy, how to splice a rope!

## The Doubloon

your doubloons of Peru your doubloons of Chili your doubloons of Bolivia  
your doubloons of Papevan with plenty of gold moidores and pistoles, and  
yes and half joes, and quarter joes. What then should there be in this  
doubloon of the Equator that is so killing wonderful? By Golconda! let  
me read it once. Halloa! here's sign and wond' is truth! That now is what  
old Bowditch in his *Epyome* calls the zodiac, and what my almanac below  
calls *d'no*. I'll get the almanac and as I have heard devil can be raised with  
curves here with the Massachusetts calendar Here's the book. Let's  
see now Signs and wonders and the sun he's always among 'em Hem,  
hem, hem here they are—here they go—all alive—Aries, or the Ram Taur-  
nus or the Bull—and Jurum! here's Gemini himself or the Twins Well the  
sun he wheels among 'em Ave here on the coin he's just crossing the  
threshold between two of twelve stung-rooms all in a row Book! you lie  
there the fact is, your books must know your places. You'll do to give us the  
bare words and facts, but we come in to supply the thoughts That's my  
small experience so far as the Massachusetts calendar and Bowditch's nav-  
igation and Daboll's arithmetic go Signs and wonders, eh Pity if there is  
no more signs and wonders! There's a clue  
to it! Look you Doubloon

after and now I'll read  
it off straight out of the book Come Almanac! To begin there's Aries,  
or the Ram—lecherous dog, he begets us then Taurus, or the Bull—he  
bumps us the first thing then Gemini or the Twins—that is, Virtue and  
Vice we try to reach Virtue when lo! comes Cancer the Crab, and drags  
us back, and here going from Virtue Leo a roaring Lion lies in the path—  
he gives a few fierce bites and surly dabs with his paw we escape and  
hail Virgo, the Virgin! that's our first love we marry and think to be happy  
for we when pop comes Libra or the Scales—happiness weighed and  
found wanting and while we are very sad about that Lord! how we sud-  
denly jump as Scorpio or the Scorpion stings us in rear we are curing  
the wound when we have come the arrows all round Sagittarius, or the  
Archer is amusing himself As we pluck out the shafts, stand aside! here's  
the battering-ram, Capricornus, or the Goat full tilt, he comes rushing  
and headlong we are tossed when Aquarius, or the Water bearer pours  
out his holy deluge and drowns us and to wind up with Pisces, or the  
Fishes, we leap There's a sermon now writ in high heaven and the sun  
gives through it every year and yet comes out of it all alive and hearty

cries So, so he's beginning

LICA DEL ECUADOR QUITO So this bright coin came from a country planted in the middle of the world and beneath the great equator and named after it and it had been cast midway up the Andes in the unwaning clime that knows no autumn Zoned by those letters you saw the likeness of three Andes summits from one a flame a tower on another on the third a crowing cock while arching over all was a segment of the partitioned Zodiac the signs all marked with their usual cabalistics and the keystone sun entering the equinoctial point at Libra

Before this equatorial coin Ahab not unobserved by others was now pausing

There's something ever egotistical in mountain tops and towers and all other grand and lofty things look here—three peaks as proud as Lucifer The firm tower that is Ahab the volcano that is Ahab the courageous the undaunted and victorious fowl that too is Ahab all are Ahab and this round gold is but the image of the rounder globe which like a magician's urn but mirrors back his own mysterious those who ask the world to solve them it cannot solve itself Methinks now this coined sun wears a ruddy face but see! aye he enters the sign of storms the equinox! and but six months before he wheeled out of a former equinox at Aries! From storm to storm! So be it then Born in throes 'tis fit that man should live in pains and die in pangs! So be it then! Here's stout stuff for woe to work on So be it then

must have  
himself  
leaning against the bulwarks The old man seems to it a Belshazzar's awful writing I have never marked the coin inspectingly He goes below let me read A dark valley between three mighty heaven abiding peaks that almost seem the Trinity in some faint earthly symbol So in this vale of Death God girds us round and over all our gloom the Sun of Righteousness still shines a beacon and a hope If we bend down our eyes the dark vale shows her mouldy soil but if we lift them the bright sun meets our glance half way to cheer Yet oh the great sun is no fixture and if at midnight we gaze for him in vain ly to me I will quit it

There now's the old Mogul soliloquised Stubb by the try works 'he's been twigg'ing it and there goes Starbuck from the same and both with faces which I should say might be somewhere within nine fathoms long And all from looking at a piece of gold which did I have it now on Negro Hill or in Corlaer's Hook I did not look at it very long ere spending it Humph! in my poor insignificant opinion I regard this as queer I have seen doubloons before now in my voyagings your doubloons of old Spain

## Leg and Arm

"I look, you look he looks we look ye look they look

"Well that's funny

And I you and he and we ye and they are all bats and I'm a crow especially when I stand a top of this pine tree here Caw! caw! caw! caw! caw! caw! Ain't I a crow? And where's the scarecrow? There he stands two bones stuck into a pair of old trousers and two more poked into the sleeves of an old jacket

"Wonder if he means me?—complimentary!—poor lad!—I could go hang

Here's the ship's navel this doubloon here and unscrew it. But unscrew your navel and what's the consequence? Then

a pine tree once and found a silver ring grow'n over in it some old darkey's wedding-ring. How did it get there? and so they'll say in the resurrection when they come to fish up this old mast and find a doubloon lodged in it

hey hey hey Jenny Jenny! and get your hoe-cake done

## Chapter 100

### Leg and Arms

*The Pequod of Nantucket meets the Samuel Enderby of London*

SHIP ahoy! Hast seen the White Whale

So cried Ahab once more hailing a ship showing English colours bearing down under the stern Trumpet to mouth the old man was standing in his hoisted quarter boat his ivory leg plainly revealed to the stranger captain who was carelessly reclining in his own boat's bow. He was a darkly tanned burly good-natured fine-looking man of sixty or thereabouts dressed in a spacious roundabout that hung round him in festoons of blue pilot-cloth and one empty arm of this jacket streamed behind him like the brodered arm of a hussar's surcoat

Hast seen the White Whale?

See you this and withdrawing it from the folds that had hidden it, he held up a white arm of sperm whale bone terminating in a wooden head like a mallet

Man my boat! cried Ahab impetuously and tossing about the oars near him—Stand by to lower!

I see nothing here but a round thing made of gold and whoever raises a certain whale this round thing belongs to him So what's all this staring been about? It is worth sixteen dollars that's true and it two cents the cigar that's nine hundred and sixty cigars I won't smoke dirty pipes like Stubb but I like cigars and here's nine hundred and sixty of them so here goes Flasl aloft to spy 'em out

Shall I call that wise or foolish now if it be really wise it has a foolish look to it yet if it be really foolish then has it a sort of wiseish look to it But avast here comes our old Manxman—the old horse-driver he must have been that is before he took to the sea He luffs up before the doubloon halloo and goes round on the other side of the mast why there's a horseshoe nailed on that side and now he's back again what does that mean? Hark! he's muttering—voice like an old worn-out coffee-mill Prick ears and listen!

If the White Whale be raised it must be in a month and a day when the sun stands in some <sup>1</sup> <sup>1</sup> <sup>1</sup> marks they were taught hagen Now in what <sup>1</sup> there it is right opposite the gold And what's the horseshoe sign? The lion is the horseshoe sign—the roaring and devouring lion Ship old ship! my old head shakes to think of thee

There's another rendering now but still one text All sorts of men in one kind of world you see Dodge again! here comes Queequeg—<sup>7</sup> all tattoo-<sup>C</sup>

in the thigh or in the chin or in the bowels I suppose as the old women talk Surgeon's Astronomy in the back country And by Jove he's found something there in the vicinity of his thigh—I guess it's Sagittarius or the Archer No he don't know what to make of the doubloon he takes it for an old button off some king's trousers But aside again! here comes that ghost-devil Fedallah tail coiled out of sight as usual oakum in the toes of his pumps as usual What does he say with that look of his? Ah only makes a sign to the sign and bows himself there is a sun on the coin—fire worshipper depend upon it Ho! more and more This way comes Pip—poor boy! would he had died or I he's half horrible to me He too has been watching all of these interpreters—myself included—and look now he comes to read with that unearthly idiot face Stand away again and hear him Hark!

I look you look he looks we look ye look they look

Upon my soul he's been studying Murray's Grammar! Improving his mind poor fellow! But what's that he says now—hist!

I look you look he looks we look ye look they look

Why he's getting it by heart—hist! again

## Leg and Arm

scope, there I saw him on the Line last season

And he took that arm off did he asked Ahab now sliding down from the carcan, and resting on the Englishman's shoulder as he did so

Aye he was the cause of it at least and that leg, too

"Spun me the yarn said Ahab "how was it

"It was the first time in my life that I ever cruised on the Line, began the Englishman "I was ignorant of the White Whale at that time. Well one day we lowered for a pod of four or five whales and my boat fastened to one of them a regular circus horse he was too that went milling and milling round so that my boat's crew could only trim dish by sitting all their stems on the outer gunwale Presently up breaches from the bottom of the sea a bounding great whale with a milky-white head and hump all cross feet and wrinkles.

"It was he! it was he!" cried Ahab suddenly letting out his suspended breath.

And harpoons sticking in near his starboard fin

Aye, aye—they were mine—my irons cried Ahab exultingly—"but on."

"Give me a chance then said the Englishman good humouredly "Well, this old great-grandfather with the white head and hump runs all foam in o the pod, and goes to snapping furiously at my fast line

Aye, I see!—wanted to part it; free the fast fish—an old trick—I know him.

"How? was exactly continued the one-armed commander "I do not know but in bounding the line, it got foul of his teeth caught there somehow but we didn't know it then so that when we afterwards pulled on the line bounce we came plump on to his hump! instead of the other whale's

say sir in my  
seemed to be in  
he too. it was  
for a pull on a  
mate's boat—Mr  
untop—the cap-

all befogged and bedeadened with black foam—the whale's tail loomed up out of it, perpendicular in the air like a marble steeple. No



In less than a minute without quitting his little craft he and his crew were dropped to the water and were soon alongside of the stranger. But here a curious difficulty presented itself. In the excitement of the moment Ahab had forgotten that since the loss of his leg he had never once stepped on board of any vessel at sea but his own and then it was always by an ingenious and very handy mechanical contrivance peculiar to the *Pequod* and a thing not to be rigged and shipped in any other vessel at a moment's warning. Now it is no very easy matter for anybody—except those who are almost hourly used to it like whalemén—to clamber up a ship's side from a boat on the open sea for the great swells now lift the boat high up towards the bulwarks and then instantaneously drop it half way down to the keelson. So deprived of one leg and the strange ship of course being altogether unsupplied with the kindly invention Ahab now found himself abjectly reduced to a clumsy landsman again hopelessly eyeing the uncertain changeable height he could hardly hope to attain.

It has before been hinted perhaps that every little untoward circumstance that befell him and which indirectly spring from his luckless mishap almost invariably irritated or exasperated Ahab. And in the present instance all this was heightened by the sight of the two officers of the strange ship leaning over the side by the perpendicular ladder of nailed cleats there and swimming towards him a pair of tastefully ornamented manropes for at first they did not seem to bethink them that a one-legged man must be too much of a cripple to use their sea brusters. But this awkwardness only lasted a minute because the strange captain observing at a glance how affairs stood cried out *I see I see!—a vast heaving there! Jump boys and swing over the cutting tackle*

As good luck would have it they had had a whale alongside a day or two previous and the great tackles were still aloft and the massive curved blubber hook now clean and dry was still attached to the end. This was quickly lowered to Ahab who at once comprehending it all slid his solitary thigh into the curve of the hook (it was like sitting in the fluke of an anchor or the crotch of an apple tree) and then giving the word held himself fast and at the same time also helped to hoist his own weight by pulling hand over hand upon one of the running parts of the tackle. Soon he was carefully swung inside the high bulwarks and gently landed upon the capstan head. With his ivory arm frankly thrust forth in welcome the other captain advanced and Ahab putting out his ivory leg and crossing the ivory arm (like two sword fish blades) cried out in his walrus way

*Aye aye hearty! let us shake bones together!—an arm and a leg!—an arm that never can shrink & ye see and a leg that never can run. Where didst thou see the White Whaler—how long ago?*

The White Whale said the Englishman pointing his ivory arm towards the east and taking a rueful sight along it as if it had been a tele-

## Leg and Arm

"I never drink—

"Well," cried the captain, "he never drinks it—it's a sort of fits to him—fresh water throws him into the hydrophobia—but go on—go on with the arm-story."

"Yes, I may as well," said the surgeon coolly. "I was about observing sir, before Captain Boomer's facetious interruption, that spite of my best and severest endeavours, the wound kept getting worse and worse—the truth was, sir, it was as ugly a gaping wound as surgeon ever saw—more than two feet and several inches long—I measured it with the lead line. In short, it grew black—I knew what was threatened—and off it came. But I had no hand in shipping that wretched arm there—that thing is against all rule—poulticing it with the marling-spike—that is the captain's work, not mine; he ordered the carpenter to make it—he had that club-hammer there put to the end to knock some one's brains out with—I suppose, as he tried mine once. He flies in diabolical passions sometimes. Do you see this dent, sir—removing his hat, and brushing aside his hair, and exposing a bowl like cavity in his skull, but which bore not the slightest scary trace, or any token of ever having been a wound—well, the captain there will tell you how that came here—he knows."

"No I don't," said the captain, "but his mother did—he was born with it. Oh, you solemn rogue—you—your Bungler! was there ever such another Bungler in the warring world? Bungler when you die you ought to die in pickle—you dog—you should be preserved to future ages, you rascal!"

"I didn't see him again for some time—in fact, as I before hinted, I didn't then know what whale it was that had served me such a trick, till some time—

— we heard about Moby Dick—

"Twice

But could not fasten

"Didn't want to try—aimed one limb enough? What should I do without this other arm? And I'm thinking Moby Dick doesn't bite so much as he swallows."

"Well, then," interrupted Bungler, "give him your left arm for bait to

man's arm. And he knows it too. So that's what you take for the White Whale's malice—he only has a shyness. For he never means to swallow

leaving each half in splinters and flukes first the white hump bricked through the wreck as though it was all chips We all struck out To escape his terrible flailings I seized hold of my harpoon pole sticking in him and for a moment clung to that like a sucking fish But a combing sea dashed me off and at the same instant the fish taking one good dart forwards went down like a flash and the barb of that cursed second iron towing along near me caught me here (clapping his hand just below his shoulder) yes caught me just here I say and bore me down to Hell's flames I was thinking when when all of a sudden thank the good God the barb ripped its way along the flesh—clear along the whole length of my arm—came out nigh my wrist and up I floated—and that gentleman there will tell you the rest (by the way captain—Dr Bungerships surgeon Bungerships my lad—the captain) Now Bungerships boy spin your part of the yarn

The professional gentleman thus familiarly pointed out had been all the time standing near them  
 gentlemanly rank on board  
 one he was dressed in a sad  
 trousers and had thus far been dividing his attention between a marling spike he held in one hand and a pill box held in the other occasionally casting a critical glance at the ivory limbs of the two crippled captains But at the superiors introduction of him to Ahab he politely bowed and

and taking

ie one-armed

captain addressing Ahab go on boy

Stood our old Sammy off to the northward to get out of the blazing hot weather there on the Line But it was no use—I did all I could sat up with him nights was very severe with him in the matter of diet—

Oh very severe! chimed in the patient himself then suddenly altering his voice drinking hot rum toddies with me every night till he couldn't see to put on the bandages and sending me to bed half seas over about three o'clock in the morning Oh ye stars! he sat up with me indeed and was very severe in my diet Oh! a great wicher and very dietetically severe is Dr Bungerships (Bungerships you dog laugh out! why dont ye? You know you re n precious jolly rascal) But here's ahead boy I'd rather be killed by you than kept alive by any other man

My captain you must have ere this perceived respected sir—said the imperturbable godly looking Bungerships slightly bowing to Ahab—is apt to be factious at times he spins us many clever things of that sort But I may as well say—*en passant* as the French remark—that I myself—that is to say Jack Bungerships late of the reverend clergy—in a strict total abstinence

house which in my poor whaleman's opinion comes not far behind the united royal houses of the Tudors and Bourbons in point of real historical interest. How long, prior to the year of our Lord 1775, this great whaling house was in existence my numerous fish documents do not make plain

ward had in large fleets pursued that Leviathan but only in the North and South Atlantic not elsewhere. Be it distinctly recorded here that the Nantucketers were the first among mankind to harpoon with civilised steel the great Sperm Whale and that for half a century they were the only people of the whole globe who so harpooned him

In 1778 a fine ship the *Amelia* fitted out for the express purpose and at the sole charge of the vigorous Enderbys boldly rounded Cape Horn

mediate auspices and partly I think at their expense the British Government was induced to send the sloop-of-war *Rattler* on a whaling voyage of discovery into the South Sea. Commanded by a naval post-captain the

cruise and it was thus that the great Japanese Whaling-Ground first became generally known. The *Syren* in this famous voyage was commanded by a Captain Coffin a Nantucketer

All honour to the Enderbys therefore whose house I think exists to the present day

short life to them and a jolly death. And that fine gam I had—long very long, after old Ahab touched her planks with his ivory heel—it maddened me, and the devil re-  
h'd flip? Yes, and



2 — — — — — of Low  
pots to  
candles  
book as

sure me that "Dan Coopman" did not mean "The Cooper" but "The Merchant. In short this ancient and learned Low Dutch book treated of the commerce of Holland and among other subjects contained a very interesting account of its whale fishery. And in this chapter it was, headed "Smeer or Fat" that I found a long detailed list of the outfits for the Leaders and cell rs of 180 sail of Dutch whalersmen from which list as translated by Dr Snodhead I transcribed the following

50 000 lbs of beef  
60 000 lbs Friesland pork  
150 000 lbs of sock fish  
550 000 lbs of biscuit  
72 000 lbs of soft bread  
— 800 firkins of butter  
20 000 lbs Texel and Leyden cheese  
144 000 lbs cheese (probably an inferior article)  
550 ankers of Geneva  
10 800 barrels of beer

Most statistical tables are parchingly dry in the reading; not so in the present case however & here the reader is flooded with whole pipes barrels quarts and gills of good gin and good cheer

At the time I devoted three days to the studious digesting of all this beer

pooneer in that ancient Greenland and Spitzbergen whale fishery. In the first place the amount of butter and Texel and Leyden cheese consumed seems amazing. I impute it though to their naturally unctuous natures being rendered still more unctuous by the nature of their vocation and especially by their pursuing their game in those frigid Polar Seas on the very coasts of that Esquimaux country where the convivial natives pledge each other in bumpers of train oil

The quantity of beer too is very large 10 800 barrels. Now as those polar fisheries could only be prosecuted in the short summer of that climate so that the whole cruise of one of these Dutch whalersmen including the short time they have

when the squall came (for it squally off there by Patagonia) and all hands—visitors and all—were called to reef topsails we were so top-heavy that we had to swing each other aloft in bow lines and we ignorantly furled the skirts of our jackets into the sails so that we hung there reefed fast in the howling gale a warning example to all drunken tars. However the masts did not go overboard and by and by we scrambled down so sober that we had to pass the slip again though the savage salt spray bursting down the fore-castle scuttle rather too much diluted and pickled it to my taste.

The beef was fine—tough but with body in it. They said it was bull beef others that it was dromedary beef but I do not know for certain how that

I symmetrically glob-

I could feel them and

I you stooped over too

far forward you risked their pitching out of you like billiard balls. The bread—but that couldn't be helped besides it was an anti-scorbutic in short the bread contained the only fresh fare they had. But the fore-castle was not very light and it was very easy to step over into a dark corner when you ate it. But all in all taking her from truck to helm considering the

to hat band

But why was it think ye that the *Samuel Enderby* and some other English whalers I know of—not all though—were such famous hospitable ships that passed round the beef and the bread and the can and the joke and were not soon weary of eating and drinking and laughing? I will tell you. The abounding good cheer of these English whalers is matter for historical research. Nor have I been at all sparing of historical whale research when it has seemed needed.

The English were preceded in the whale fishery by the Hollanders Zealanders and Danes from whom they derived many terms still extant in the fishery and what is yet more their fat old fashions touching plenty to eat and drink. For 'tis a general thing the English merchant ship scrimps her crew but not so the English whaler. Hence in the English this thing of whaling good cheer is not normal and natural but incidental and particular and therefore must have some special origin which is here pointed out and will be still further elucidated.

During my researches in the Leviathanic histories I stumbled upon an ancient Dutch volume which by the musty whaling smell of it I knew must be about whalers. The title was *Dein Coopman* wherefore I concluded that this must be the invaluable memoirs of some Amsterdam cooper in the fishery as every whale ship must carry its cooper. I was reinforced in this opinion by seeing that it was the production of one Fitz Swackham

Think you I let that chance go without using my boat hatchet and jack  
knife and breaking the seal and reading all the contents of that young cub?  
A J C my ex ct Knowledge of the bones of the Leviathan in their J L J

For being at Tranque years ago when attached to the u u p r -  
Almors I was invited to spend part of the Arsacidean holidays with the  
Lord of Tranque at his retired palm villa at Pupella a seaside glen not very  
f - - - - - low called Bamboo-Town his capital

d Tranquo being gifted  
had brought together in

Pupella whatever rare things the more ingenious of his people could in-  
vent; chiefly carved woods of wonderful devices chiselled shells inlaid  
spears, costly paddles aromatic canoes and all these distributed among  
what ever natural wonders, the wonder freighted tribute-rendering waves  
had cast upon his shores.

Chief among these latter was a great Sperm Whale which after an un-  
usually long ranging gale had been found dead and stranded with his head  
against a cocoa nut tree whose plumage-like tufted droopings seemed his  
verdant jet. When the vast body had at last been stripped of its fathom-deep  
enfoldings and the bones become dust dry in the sun then the skeleton  
was carefully transported up the Pupella glen where a grand temple of  
lordly palms now sheltered it.

The ribs were hung with trophies the vertebrae were carved with  
Arsacidean annals in strange hieroglyphics in the skull the priests kept  
up an unextinguished aromatic flame so that the mystic head again sent  
forth its vapoury spout while suspended from a bough the terrific lower  
jaw vibrated over all the devotees like the hair hung sword that so af-  
frighted Damocles.

active. I know the lacings of the leaves the great sun seemed a flying  
shuttle weaving the unweaned verdure Oh busy weaver! unseen weaver!  
—pause!—one word—what flows the fabric what palace may it deck?  
wherefore all these ceaseless toilings Speak, weaver!—stay thy hand!—but  
one single word with thee! Nay—the shuttle flies—the figures float from  
forth the loom the freshest ru him carpet for ever slides away The weaver  
god, he weaves and by that ea ring is he deafened that he hears no mortal  
voice, and by that humming, we too who look on the loom are deafened



two barrels of beer per man for a twelve weeks allowance exclusive of his fair proportion of that 550 ankers of gin. Now whether these gin and beer harpooners—so fuddled as one might fancy them to have been—were the right sort of men to stand up in a boat's head and take good aim at flying whales this would seem somewhat improbable. Yet they did aim at them and hit them too. But this was very far North, be it remembered where beer agrees well with the constitution. Upon the Equator in our southern fishery beer would be apt to make the harpooner sleepy at the masthead and boozy in his boat and grievous loss might ensue to Nantucket and New Bedford.

But no more enough has been said to show that the old Dutch whalers of two or three centuries ago were high livers and that the English whalers have not neglected so excellent an example. For say they when cruising in an empty ship if you can get nothing better out of the world get a good dinner out of it at least. And this empties the decanter.

## Chapter 102

### *A Bower in the Arsacides*

HITHERTO in descriptively treating of the Sperm Whale I have chiefly dwelt upon the marvels of his outer

loose  
before you in this ultimatum that is to

But how now Ishmael? How in it that you a mere oarsman in the fishery pretend to know aught about the subterranean parts of the whale? Did erudite Stubb mounted upon your capstan deliver lectures on the anatomy of the Cetacea and by help of the windlass hold up a specimen rib for exhibition? Explain thyself Ishmael. Can you land a full-grown whale on your deck for examination as a cook dishes a roast pig? Surely not. A veritable witness have you hitherto been Ishmael but have a care how you seize the privilege of Jonah alone the privilege of discoursing upon the joists and beams the risters ridgepole sleepers and under pinnings making up the framework of Leviathan and belike of the tallow vats dairy rooms butteries and cheeses in his bowels.

I confess that since Jonah few whalers have penetrated very far beneath the skin of the adult whale nevertheless I have been

## *Measurement of the Whale's Skeleton*

In both cases, the stranded whales to which these two skeletons belonged, were originally claimed by their proprietors upon similar grounds King Tranquo seizing his because he wanted it and Sir Clifford because he was lord of the seignories of those parts. Sir Clifford's whale has been articulated throughout so that like a great chest of drawers you can open and shut him, in all his bony cavities—spread out his ribs like a gigantic fan—and swing all day upon his lower jaw. Locks are to be put upon some of his trap-doors and shutters and a footman will show round future visitors with a bunch of keys at his side.

The skeleton dimensions I shall now proceed to set down are copied verbatim from my right arm where I had them tattooed as in my wild wanderings at that period there was no other secure way of preserving such valuable statistics. But as I was crowded for space, and wished the other parts of my body to remain a blank page for a poem I was then composing—at least, what untattooed parts might remain—I did not trouble myself with the odd inches nor indeed should inches at all enter into a congenial admeasurement of the whale.

## Chapter 103

### *Measurement of the Whale's Skeleton*

IN THE first place I wish to lay before you a particular plain statement touching the living bulk of this Leviathan whose skeleton we are briefly to exhibit. Such a statement may prove useful here

Leviathan to make him at all budge to any landsman's imagination?

Having already in various ways put before you his skull spout hole jaw teeth, tail, forehead fins and divers other parts, I shall now simply point out what is most interesting in the general bulk of his unobstructed bones. But as the colossal skull embraces so very large a proportion of the entire extent of the skeleton as it is by far the most complicated part and as nothing is to be repeated concerning it in this chapter you must not fail to carry it in your mind, or under your arm, as we proceed otherwise you will not gain a complete notion of the general structure we are about to view

and only when we escape it shall we hear the thousand voices that speak through it. For even so it is in all material factories. The spoken words that are inaudible among the flying spindles—those same words are plainly heard without the walls, bursting from the opened casements. Thereby have villainies been detected. Ah, mortal! then be heedful for so in all this din of the great world's loom thy subtlest thinkings may be overheard afar.

Now amid the green life restless loom of that Arsacidean wood the great white worshipped skeleton lay lounging—a gigantic idler! Yet as the ever woven verdant warp and woof intermixed and hummed around him the mighty idler seemed the cunning weaver himself all woven over with the vines every month assuming greener fresher verdure but himself a skeleton. Life folded Death. Death trellised Life the grim god wined with youthful Life and begat him curly headed glories.

Now when with royal Tranquo I visited this wondrous whale and saw

of vertu. He laughed. But more I marvelled that the priests should swear that smoky jet of his was genuine. To and fro I paced before this skeleton—

emerged from the opening where I entered. I saw no living thing within naught was there but bones.

Cutting me a green measuring rod I once more dived within the skeleton. From their arrow slit in the skull the priests perceived me taking the altitude of the final rib. How now! they shouted. Darest thou measure this our god! That's for us. Aye priests—well how long do you make him then? But hereupon a fierce contest rose among them concerning feet and inches they cracked each other's sconces with their yard sticks—the great skull echoed—and seizing that lucky chance I quickly concluded my own admeasurements.

These admeasurements I now propose to set before you. But first be it recorded that in this matter I am not free to utter any fancied measurement I please. Because there are skeleton authorities you can refer to to test my accuracy. There is a Leviathanic Museum they tell me in Hull England one of the whaling ports of that country where they have some fine specimens of fin backs and other whales. Likewise I have heard that in the museum of Manchester in New Hampshire they have what the proprietors call the only perfect specimen of a Greenland or Right Whale in the United States. Moreover at a place in Yorkshire England Burton Constable by name a certain Sir Clifford Constable has in his possession the skeleton of a Sperm Whale but of moderate size by no means of the full-grown magnitude of my friend King Tranquos.

## The Fossil Whale

L 1 1 on are not

is in width something

The smallest, where the spine tapers away into the tail is only two inches in width and looks something like a white billiard ball. I was told that there were still smaller ones but they had been lost by some little cannibal urchins, the priest's children who had stolen them to play marbles with. Thus we see how that the spine of even the hugest of living things tapers off a little more simple child's play.

## Chapter 104

### The Fossil Whale

I

... most common of theme whereon  
you could not  
an imperial folio  
and the yards he  
volutions of his

measures, where they lie in him like great cables and sawsers coiled away in the subterranean orlop-deck of a line-of-battle ship.

Since I have undertaken to manhandle this Leviathan it behoves me to approve myself omnisciently exhaustive in the enterprise not overlooking the minutest seminal germs of his blood and spinning him out to the utmost coil of his bowels. Having already described him in most of his

... am my

1

sp-  
ch

poorly terms might justly be deemed unwarrantably grandiloquent but when Leviathan is the text, the case is altered. Fain am I to stagger to this course under the weightiest words of the dictionary. And here be it said that whenever it has been convenient to consult one in the course of these dissertations I have invariably used a huge quarto edition of Johnson expressly purchased for that purpose because that famous lexicographer's uncommon personal bulk more fitted him to compile a lexicon to be used by a whole author like me.

One often hears of writers that rise and swell with their subject, though it may seem but an ordinary one. How then with me, writing of this Leviathan. Unconsciously my chirography expands into placard capitals. Give me a condor's quill! Give me Vesuvius crater for an inkstand! Friends, hold my arms. For in the mere act of penning my thoughts of this Leviathan, they weary me and make me faint with their outreaching comprehensiveness of sweep as if to include the whole circle of the sciences and

In length the Sperm Whale's skeleton at Tranque measured seventy two feet so that when fully invested and extended in life he must have been ninety feet long — length compared with back bone Attached to this back bone for something less than a third of its length was the mighty circular basket of ribs which once enclosed his vitals

To me this vast ivory ribbed chest with the long unrelieved spine extending far away from it in a straight line not a little resembled the embryo hull of a great ship new laid upon the stocks when only some twenty of her naked bow ribs are inserted and the keel is otherwise for the time but a long disconnected timber

The ribs were ten on a side The first to begin from the neck was nearly six feet long the second third and fourth were each successively longer till you came to the climax of the fifth or one of the middle ribs which measured eight feet and some inches From that part the remaining ribs diminished till the tenth and last only spanned five feet and some inches In general thickness they all bore a seemingly correspondence to their length The middle ribs were the most arched In some of the Arctides they are used for beams whereon to lay footpath bridges over small streams

In considering these ribs I could not but be struck anew with the circumstance so variously repeated in this book that the skeleton of the whale is by no means the mould of his invested form The largest of the Tranque ribs one of the middle ones occupied that part of the fish which in life is greatest in depth Now the greatest depth of the invested body of this particular whale must have been at least sixteen feet whereas the corresponding rib measured but little more than eight feet So that this rib only conveyed half of the true notion of the living magnitude of that part

But more for the ample hints I here saw but a few disordered joints and in place of the weighty and majestic but boneless flukes an utter blank!

How vain and foolish then thought I for timid untravelled man to try to comprehend aright this wondrous whale by merely poring over his dead attenuated skeleton stretched in this peaceful wood No Only in the heart of quickest perils only when within the eddying of his angry flukes only on the profound unbounded sea can the fully invested whale be truly and

can consider it is with a crine enterprise But now it's done

## The Fossil Whale

extraordinary creatures which the mutations of the globe have blotted out of existence

When I stand among these mighty Leviathan skeletons skulls tusks jaws ribs and vertebræ all characterised by partial resemblances to the existing breeds of sea monsters but at the same time bearing on the other

Saturn's grey chaos rolls over me and I view into those Polar eternities when wedged bastions of ice pressed hard upon what are now the Tropics and in all the 5000 miles of this world's circumference not an inhabitable hand's breadth of land was visible Then the whole world was the whale's and king of creation he left his wake along the present lines of the Andes and the Himalayas Who can show a ds with the un

speaking terrors of the whale which living been but a must needs exist after all human ages are over

But not alone has this Leviathan left his pre-adamite traces in the stercor-type plates of nature and in limestone and marl bequeathed his ancient bust but upon Egyptian tablets whose antiquity seems to claim for them an almost fossiliferous character we find the unmistakable print of his fin In an apartment of the great temple of Denderah some fifty years ago there was discovered upon the granite ceiling a sculptured and painted planisphere abounding in centaurs griffins and dolphins similar to the gro

the antiquity  
own by the

that by a secret Power bestowed by God upon the temple no Whale can pass it without immediate death But the truth of the Matter is that on either side of the Temple there are Rocks that shoot two Miles into the Sea They keep a Whale's rib lying upon the Ground the Head of which cannot This Rib is said to have lain there a hundred Years before I saw it Their Historians affirm that a

all the generations of whales and men and mastodons past present and to come with the whole is the virtue  
duce a mighty book you must choose a mighty theme No great and enduring volume can ever be written on the flea though many there be who have tried it

Ere entering upon the subject of Fossil Whales I present my credentials as a geologist by stating that in my miscellaneous time I have been a stonemason and also a great digger of ditches canals and wells wine-vaults cellars and cisterns of all sorts Likewise by way of preliminary I desire to remind the reader that while in the earlier geological strata there are found the fossils of monsters now almost completely extinct the subsequent relics discovered in what are called the Tertiary formations seem the connecting or at any rate intercepted links between the antechronical creatures and those whose remote posterity are said to have entered the Ark All the Fossil Whales hitherto discovered belong to the Tertiary period which is the last preceding the superficial formations And though none of them precisely answer to any known species of the present time they are yet sufficiently akin to them in general respects to justify their taking rank as Cetacean fossils

Detached broken fossils of pre adamite whales fragments of their bones and skeletons have within thirty years past at various intervals been

disinterred in the Rue Dauphine in Paris a short street opening almost directly upon the palace of the Tuileries and bones disinterred in excavating the great docks of Antwerp in Napoleon's time Cuvier pronounced these fragments to have belonged to some utterly unknown Leviathanic species

But by far the most wonderful of all cetacean relics was the almost complete vast skeleton of an extinct monster found in the year 1841 on the plantation of Judge Creagh in Alabama The awe stricken credulous slaves in the vicinity took it for the bones of one of the fallen angels The Alabama doctors declared it a huge reptile and bestowed upon it the name of *Brasilotaurus* But some specimen bones of it being taken across the sea to Owen the English anatomist it turned out that this alleged reptile was a whale though of a departed species—a significant illustration of the fact

the whale fur  
So Owen rechristened the monster *Zeuglodon* and in his paper read before the London Geological Society pronounced it in substance one of the most

## Does The Whale's Magnitude Diminish?

cannot understand how it is that while the Egyptian mummies that were buried thousands of years before even Pliny was born do not measure so much in their coffins as a modern Kentuckian in his socks and while the cattle and other animals sculptured on the oldest Egyptian and Nineveh monuments are in the proportions in which they are drawn just as plainly

all this I will not admit that we have degenerated

But still another inquiry remains one often agitated by the more recent Nantucketers Whether owing to the almost omniscient lookouts

the moot point is whether Leviathan can long endure so wide a chase and not at last be exterminated from the sea by his last pipe and

Comparing the humped herds of whales with the humped herds of buffalo which not forty years ago overspread by tens of thousands the prairies of Illinois and Missouri and shook their iron manes and scowled

the hunted whale cannot now escape speedy extinction

But you must look at this matter in every light Though so short a period ago—not a good lifetime—the census of the buffalo in Illinois exceeded the census of men now in London and though at the present day not one horn or hoof of them remains in all that region and though the cause of this wondrous extermination was the spear of man yet the far different nature of the whale-hunt peremptorily forbids so inglorious an end to the Leviathan Forty men in one ship hunting the Sperm Whale for forty-eight months think they have done extremely well and thank God if at last they carry home the oil of forty fish Whereas in the days of the old Canadian and Indian hunters and trappers of the West when the far west (in whose sunset suns still rise) was a wilderness and a virgin the same number of mounted men for the same number of months mounted on horses instead of sailing in ships would have slain not forty but forty thousand and more buffaloes in fact that if need were could be statistically stated

Nor considered aught does it seem any argument in favour of the gradual extinction of the Sperm Whale for example that in former years (the latter part of the last century say) these Leviathans in small pods were encountered much oftener than at present and in consequence the



Prophet who prophesied of Mahomet came from this Temple and some do not stand to assert that the Prophet Jonas was cast forth by the Whale at the Base of the Temple

In this Afric Temple of the Whale I leave you reader and if you be a Nantucketer and a whaler you will silently worship there

## Chapter 105

*Does the Whale's Magnitude Diminish?—Will He Perish?*

INASMUCH then as this Leviathan comes floundering down upon us from the head waters of the Eternities it may be fitly inquired whether in the long course of his generations he has not degenerated from the original bulk of his sires

But upon investigation we find that not only are the whales of the present day superior in magnitude to those whose fossil remains are found in the Tertiary system (embracing a distinct geological period prior to man) but of the whales found in that Tertiary system those belonging to its latter formations exceed in size those of its earlier ones

Of all the pre-adamite whales yet exhumed by far the largest is the Alabama one mentioned in the last chapter and that was less than seventy feet in length in the skeleton Whereas we have already seen that the tape-measure gives seventy-two feet for the skeleton of a large-sized modern whale And I have heard on whaler's authority that some whales have been

But may we not suppose that in previous geological periods may it not be that since Adam's time they have degenerated?

Assuredly we must conclude so if we are to credit the accounts of such gentlemen as Pliny and the ancient naturalists generally For Pliny tells us of whales that embraced acres of living bulk and Aldrich

Turner the English naturalist says that one was three hundred and sixty feet And Lacépède the French naturalist in his elaborate history of whales in the very beginning of his work (page 3) sets down the Right Whale at one hundred metres three hundred and twenty-eight feet And this work was published so late as A.D. 1825

But will any whaler believe these stories? No The whale of to-day is I believe because I

## Does The Whale's Magnitude Diminish?

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ure so  
le the  
neveh  
— — —

cattle and other animals sculptured on the oldest Egyptian

all this I will not admit that it  
degenerated

But still another inquiry remains one often agitated by the more recondite Nantucketers Whether owing to the almost omniscient lookouts at the mastheads of the whale ships now penetrating even through Behning's Straits and into the remotest secret drawers and lockers of the world and the thousand harpoons and lances darted along all continental coasts the moot point is whether Leviathan can long endure so wide a chase and so remorseless a havoc whether he must not at last be exterminated from the waters and the last whale like the last man smoke his last pipe and then himself evaporate in the final puff

Comparing the humped herds of whales with the humped herds of buffalo which not forty years ago overspread by tens of thousands the prairies of Illinois and Missouri and shook their iron manes and scowled with their thunder-clotted brows upon the sites of populous river capitals where now the polite broker sells you land at a dollar an inch in such a comparison an irresistible argument would seem furnished to show that the hunted whale cannot now escape speedy extinction

But you must look at this matter in every light Though so short a period ago—not a good lifetime—the census of the buffalo in Illinois exceeded the census of men now in London and though at the present day not one horn or hoof of them remains in all that region and though the cause of this wondrous extermination was the spear of man yet the far different nature of the whale-hunt peremptorily forbids so inglorious an end to the Leviathan Forty men in one ship hunting the Sperm Whale for forty-eight months think they have done extremely well and thank God if at last they carry home the oil of forty fish Whereas in the days of the old Canadian and Indian hunters and trappers of the West when the far west (in whose sunset suns still rise) was a wilderness and a virgin the same number of moccasined men for the same number of months mounted on horses instead of sailing in ships would have slain not forty but forty thousand and more buffaloes in fact that if need were could be statistically stated

Nor considered aught does it seem any argument in favour of the gradual extinction of the Sperm Whale for example that in former years (the latter part of the last century say) these Leviathans in small pods were encountered much oftener than at present and in consequence the

voyages were not so prolonged and were also much more remunerative. Because as has been elsewhere noticed those whales influenced by some views to safety now swim the seas in immense caravans so that to a large degree the scattered solitaires, yokes and pods and schools of other days are now aggregated into vast but widely separated unfrequent armies. That is all. And equally fallacious seems the conceit that because the so-called whale-bone whales no longer haunt many grounds in former years abounding with them hence that species also is declining. For they are only being driven from promontory to cape and if one coast is no longer enlivened with their jets then be sure some other and remoter strand has been very recently startled by the unfamiliar spectacle.

Furthermore concerning these last mentioned Leviathans they have two firm fortresses which in all human probability will for ever remain impregnable. And as upon the invasion of

of the  
citadels  
come  
Decem

But  
cachalot  
the ha  
though  
have been annually slain on the nor west coast by the Americans alone yet there are considerations which render even this circumstance of little or no account as an opposing argument in this matter.

Natural as it is to be somewhat incredulous  
of the more enormous creatures of the globe  
the historian of Goa when he tells us that at  
took 4000 elephants that in those

for thousands of years by  
the East—if they still survive there

we are to consider that from the presumed great longevity  
of whales their probably attaining the age of a century and more therefore  
at any one period of time several distinct  
temporary. And what that is  
all the graveyards cemeteries  
live bodies of all the men

at 11 who were alive seventy

## Ahab's Leg

five years ago and adding this countless host to the present human population of the globe

Wherefore for all these things we account the whale immortal in his species. However perishable in his individuality. He swam the seas before his continents broke water. he once swam over the site of the Turkies

to kill off its rats then the eternal winter  
upon the topmost crest of the equatorial flood spout his frothed defiance  
to the skies.

## Chapter 106

### Ahab's Leg

That morning which Captain Ahab had quitted the *Samuel* with some small violence to energy upon a thwart of his boat that his ivory leg had received a halt-splintering shock. And when after gaining his own deck and his own pivot hole there he so vehemently wheeled round with an urgent command to the steersman (it was as ever something about his not steering inflexibly enough) then the already shaken ivory received such an additional twist and wrench that though it still remained entire and to all appearances lusty yet Ahab did not deem it entirely trustworthy.

And indeed it seemed small matter for wonder that for all his perils and hardships he had not been very long dead been found one night lying prone upon the ground and insensible by some unknown and

entirely cured

ancestry and posterity of Grief go further than the ancestry and posterity of Joy. For not to hint of this that it is an inference from certain canonic teachings that while some natural enjoyments here shall have no children born to them for the other world but, on the contrary shall be followed by the joy-childlessness of all hell's despair whereas some guilty mortal

miseria shall still fertily beget to themselves an eternally progressive progeny of griefs beyond the grave not at all to hunt of this there still seems an inequality in the deeper analysis of the thing For thought Ahab while even the highest earthly felicities ever have a certain unsignifying pettiness lurking in them but at bottom all heart woes a mystic significance and in some men an archangelic grandeur so do their diligent tracings-out not belie the obvious deduction To trail the genealogies of these high mortal miseries carries us at last among the sourceless primogenitures of the gods so that in the face of all the glad haymaking suns and soft smothering

The ineffaceable sad birth

Unwittingly here a secret has been divulged which perhaps might more properly in set way have been disclosed before. With many other particulars concerning Ahab always had it remained a mystery to some why it was that for a certain period both before and after the sailing of the *Pequod* he had hidden himself away with such Grand Lama like exclusiveness and for that one interval sought speechless refuge as it were among the marble senate of the dead. Captain Peleg's bruited reason for this thing appeared by no means adequate though indeed as touching all Ahab's deeper part every revelation is null and void.

ashore who for any reason possessed the <sup>temporary</sup> dropping circle

up the knowledge of this thing from others and hence it was that not till a considerable interval had elapsed did it transpire upon the *Pequod's* decks

But be all this as it may let the unseen ambiguous synod in the air or the vindictive princes and potentates of fire have to do or not with earthly Ahab yet in this present matter of his leg he took plain practical procedures—he called the carpenter

And when that functionary appeared before him he bade him without delay set about making a new leg and directed the mates to see him supplied with all the studs and joists of jaw nory (Sperm Whale) which had thus far been accumulated on the voyage in order that a careful selection of the stoutest clearest-grained stuff might be secured This done the carpenter received orders to have the leg completed that night and to provide all the fittings for it independent of those pertaining to the distrusted

### The Carpenter

one in use. Moreover, the ship's forge was ordered to be hoisted out of its temporary idleness in the hold and to accelerate the affair, the blacksmith was commanded to proceed at once to the forging of whatever iron contrivances might be needed.

## Chapter 107

## The Career of

SEAT himself sultanically among the moons of Saturn and take high abstracted man alone and he seems a wonder a grandeur and a woe But from the same point take mankind in mass, and for the most part they seem a mob of unnecessary duplicates both contemporaries and hereditary But most humble though he was, and far from furnishing an example of the high, humane abstraction the *Pequod's* carpenter was no duplicate hence he now comes in person on this stage.

Like all sea-going ship carpenters and more especially those belonging to whaling vessels, he was, to a certain off handed practical extent alike experienced in numerous trades and callings collateral to his own the carpenter's pursuit being the ancient and out branching trunk of all those numerous handicrafts which more or less have to do with wood as an auxiliary material. But besides the application to him of the generic remark above this carpenter of the *Pequod* was singularly efficient in those thousand nameless mechanical emergencies continually recurring in a large ship upon a three or four years voyage in uncivilised and far-distant seas. For not to speak of his readiness in ordinary duties—repairing stove-boats, spring spars, reforming the shape of clumsy-bladed oars inserting bull-eyes in the deck, or new tree-nails in the side planks and other miscellaneous matters more directly pertaining to his special business he was moreover unhesitatingly expert in all manner of confining aptitudes, both useful and capricious.

The one grand stove where he enacted all his various parts so manifold was his vice-bench, a long, rude ponderous table furnished with several rows of different sizes, and both of iron and of wood. At all times except when whals were alongside, this bench was securely lashed athwartships against the rear of the try works.

carve out of clean shaved rods of right whale bone and cross beams of  
seem whale now the carpenter makes a pagoda looking cage for it. An  
artisan sprays his work the carpenter conceals a soothing lozenge. Stubb  
longed for remission states to be painted upon the blade of his even ear  
scrubbing each ear in his big vice of wood the carpenter symmetrically sup

plies the constellation. A sailor takes a fancy to wear sharkbone earrings the carpenter drills his ears. Another has the toothache the carpenter outs pincers and clapping one hand upon his bench bids him be seated there but the poor fellow unmanageably winces under the unconcluded operation whirling round the handle of his wooden vice the carpenter signs him to clap his jaw in that if he would have him draw the tooth.

Thus this carpenter was prepared at all points and alike indifferent and without respect in all. Teeth he accounted bits of ivory heads he deemed but top blocks men themselves he lightly held for capstans. But while now upon so wide a field thus variously accomplished and with such liveliness of expertness in him too all this would seem to argue some uncommon vacuity of intelligence. But not precisely so. For nothing was this man more remarkable than for a certain impersonal stolidity as it were impersonal I say for it so shaded off into the surrounding infinite of things that it seemed one with the general stolidity discernible in the whole visible world which while pauselessly active in uncounted modes still eternally holds its peace and ignores you though you dig foundations for cathedrals. Yet was this half horrible stolidity in him involving too as it appeared an all rimifying heartlessness—yet was it oddly dashed at times with an old crutch like antediluvian wheezing humorousness not unstreaked now and then with a certain grizzled wittiness such as might have served to pass the time during the midnight watch on the bearded fore-castle of Noah's ark. Was it that this old carpenter had been a lifelong wanderer whose much rolling to and fro not only had gathered no moss but what is more had rubbed off whatever small outward clings might

by instinct or simply because he had been tutored to it or by any intermixture of all these even or uneven but merely by a kind of deaf and dumb spontaneous literal process. He was a pure manipulator his brain if he had ever had one must have early oozed along into the muscles of his fingers. He was like one of those unreasoning but still highly useful *mul-tum in parvo* Sheffield contrivances assuming the exterior—though a little swelled—of a common pocket knife but containing not only blades of

they were

Yet as previously hinted this omni tooled open-and-shut carpenter

## Ahab and the Carpenter

was after all no mere machine of an automaton. If he did not have a common soul in him, he had a subtle something that somehow anomalously did his duty. What that was, whether essence of quicksilver or a few drops of hartshorn, there is no telling. But there it was, and there it had abided for now some sixty years or more. And this it was, this same unaccountable cunning life-principle in him, this it was, that kept him a great part of the time soliloquising; but only like an unreasoning wheel, which also humbly soliloquises, or rather his body was a sentry box and this soliloquiser on guard there, and talking all the time to keep himself awake.

## Chapter 108

### Ahab and the Carpenter

#### THE DECK—FIRST NIGHT WATCH

(Carpenter standing before his vice bench, aided by the light of two lanterns busily filing the iron-joint for the leg, which joint is firmly fixed in the

DRAT the file, and drat the bone! That is hard which should be soft, and that is soft which should be hard. So we go, who file old jaws and shinbones. Let's try another. Ave, now, this works better (*sneezes*). Halloo, this bone du t is (*sneezes*)—why it is (*sneezes*)—yes it is (*snee-es*)—bless my soul, it won't let me speak! This is what an old fellow gets now for working in dead lumber. Saw a live tree, and you don't get this dust, amputate a live bone, and you don't get it (*sneezes*). Come, come, you old Smut, there, bear a hand, and let's have that ferule and buckle-screw. I'll be ready for them presently. Lucky now (*sneezes*) there's no knee-joint to make, that might puzzle a little, but a mere hunchbone—why it's easy as making hop-poles, only I should like to put a good finish on. Time, time, if I but only had the time, I could turn him out as neat a leg now as ever (*snee-es*) scraped to a lady in a parlour. Those buckskin legs and calves of legs I've seen in shop windows wouldn't compare at all. They soak water, they do, and of

somebody else, that's certain.

AHAB

(Advancing)

(During the entire scene the carpenter continues sneezing at times.)  
Well, manmaker!



## Moby Dick

Just in time sir If the captain pleases I will now mark the length Let me measure sir

Measured for a leg<sup>1</sup> good Well it's not the first time About it! There  
keep thy finger on it This is a cogent vice thou hast here carpenter let me  
feel its grip once So so it does pinch some

Oh sir it will break bones—beware beware!

No fear I like ~

that can hold m

mean—what's he

He must be forging the buckle screw sir now

Right It's a partnership he supplies the muscle part He makes a fierce red flame there!

Aye sir he must have the white heat for this kind of fine work

Um m So he must I do deem it now a most meaning thing that that  
old Greek Prometheus who made men they say should have been a  
blacksmith and animated them with fire for the first made in fire must  
perish like the soot flies! This must

the young man that buckle tell him to forge a pair of steel shoulder blades  
there's a pedlar aboard with a crushing pack

Sir?

Hold while Prometheus is about it I'll order a complete man after a desirable pattern Imprimis fifty feet high in his socks then chest modelled after the Thames Tunnel then legs & the ~  
then ~

to sit on top of his head to illuminate in words. Here take the order and away

Now what's he speaking about and who's he speaking to I should like to know? Shall I keep standing here? (*aside*)

'Tis but indifferent architecture to make a blind dome here's one No  
no no I must have a lantern

I lo ho! That s it hey? Here are two sir one will serve my turn

What art thou thrusting that thief-catcher into my face for man?  
Thrusted light is worse than presented pistols

I thought sir that you spoke to carpenter

Carpenter? why that's—but no—a very tidy and I may say in extremely gentlemanlike sort of business thou art in here carpenter—or wouldst thou rather work in clay?

Sir?—Clay? clay sir That's mud we leave clay to ditchers sir

The fellow's impious! What art thou sneezing about?

Bone is rather dusty sir

Take the hint then and when thou art dead never bury thyself under



says Stubb he's queer—queer queer and keeps dinning it into Mr Starbuck all the time—queer sir—queer queer very queer Ah! Yes now that I think of bone for a wife! And this about one hell—how a sort of like T out into under the her of legs as a tender hearted old lady uses her roly poly old coach horses But Ah! oh he's a hard driver Look driven one he other for bc I I So so chisel file and sand paper now!

## Chapter 109

### *Ahab and Starbuck in the Cabin*

ACCORDING to usage they were pumping the ship next morning and lo! no inconsiderable oil came up with the water the casks below must have sprung a bad leak Much concern was shown and Starbuck went down into the cabin to report this unfavourable affair \*

Now from the South and West the Pequod was drawing nigh to Formosa and the Bashee Isles between which lies one of the tropical outlets from the China waters into the Pacific And so Starbuck found Ahab with a general chart of the Oriental archipelagoes spread before him and another separate one representing the long eastern coasts of the Japanese islands—Nippon Matsmai and Sikoke With his snow white new ivory leg braced against the screwed leg of his table and with a long pruning hook of a jack knife in his hand the wondrous old man with his back to the gangway door was wrinkling his brow and tracing his old courses again

In Sperm wh lar semi weekly d water wh ch after the casks are sought to be kept dully tight while by the langed character of the withdrawn water the manners readily detect any serious leakage in the precious cargo

*Ahab and Starbuck in the Cabin*

"Who's there?" hearing the footstep at the door but not turning round to it. "On deck! Begone!"

"Captain Ahab mistakes it is I. The oil in the hold is leaking, sir. We must up Burtons and break out."

"Up Burtons and break out? Now that we are nearing Japan, heave-to here for a week to tinker a parcel of old hoops?"

"Either do that, sir, or waste in one day more oil than we may make good in a year. What we come twenty thousand miles to get is worth saving, sir."

"So it is, so it is, if we get it."

"I was speaking of the oil in the hold, sir."

"And I was not speaking or thinking of that at all. Begone! Let it leak! I'm all leak myself. Aye! leaks in leaks! not only full of leaky casks but those leaky casks are in a leaky ship, and that's a far worse plight than the Pequod's man. Let I don't stop to plug my leak for who can find it in the deep-loaded hull or how hope to plug it even if found in this life's howling gale? Starbuck! I'll not have the Burtons hoisted."

"What will the owners say, sir?"

"Let the owners stand on Nantucket beach and outyell the Typhoons. What cares Ahab? Owners, owners? Thou art always prating to me, Starbuck, about those miserly owners as if the owners were my conscience. But look ye, the only real owner of anything is its commander, and hark ye, my conscience is in this ship's keel.—On deck!"

Captain Ahab said the reddening mate moving further into the cabin with a daring so strangely respectful and cautious that it almost seemed not only every way seeking to avoid the slightest outward manifestation of itself but within also seemed more than half distrustful of itself, a better man than I might well pass over in thee what he would quickly enough resent in a younger man, aye, and in a happier Captain Ahab!

"Devils! Dost thou then so much as dare to critically think of me?—On deck!"

"Aye, sir, not yet. I do entreat. And I do dare, sir—to be forbearing!"

— 12 25

you  
the  
he  
not  
thou  
wouldst but laugh but let Ahab beware of Ahab beware of thyself old  
man

says Stubb he's queer—queer queer and keeps dinning it into Mr Starbuck all the time—queer sir—queer queer very queer And here's his leg! Yes now that I think of it here's his bedfellow! has a stick of whale's jaw bone for a wife! And this is his leg he'll stand on this What was that now about one leg standing in three places and all three places standing in one hell—how was that? Oh! I don't wonder he looked so scornful at me! I am a sort of strange thoughted sometimes they say but that's only haphazard like Then a short little old body like me should never undertake to wade out into deep waters with tall heron built captains the water chucks you under the chin pretty quick and there's a great cry for lifeboats And here's the heron's leg! long and slim sure enough! Now for most folks one pair of legs lasts a lifetime and that must be because they use them mercifully as a tender hearted old lady uses her roly poly old coach horses But Ahab oh he's a hard driver Look driven one leg to death and spained the other for life and now wears out bone legs by the cord Hailor there you Smut! bear a hand there with those screws and let's finish it! What a leg this is! It looks like a real live leg filed down to nothing but the core he'll be standing on this to-morrow he'll be taking altitudes on it Hailor! I almost forgot the little oval slate smoothed ivory where he figures up the latitude So so chisel file and sand paper now!

## Chapter 109

### *Ahab and Starbuck in the Cabin*

ACCORDING to usage they were pumping the ship next morning and lo! no inconsiderable oil came up with the water the casks below must have sprung a bad leak Much concern was shown and Starbuck went down into the cabin to report this unfavourable affair \*

Now from the South and West the *Pequod* was drawing nigh to Formosa and the Bashee Isles between which lies one of the tropical outlets from the China waters into the Pacific And so Starbuck found Ahab with a general chart of the Oriental archipelagoes spread before him and another separate one representing the long eastern coasts of the Japanese islands—Nippon Matsmai and Sikoke With his snow white new ivory leg braced against the screwed leg of his table and with a long pruning hook of a jack knife in his hand the wondrous old man with his back to the gangway door was wrinkling his brow and tracing his old courses again

In Sperm whale men with any considerable quantity of oil on board it is a regular semi weekly duty to conduct a hose into the hold and drench the casks with seawater which afterwards at varying intervals is removed by the ship's pumps Hereby the casks are sought to be kept damply tight while by the changed character of the withdrawn water the mariners readily detect any serious leakage in the precious cargo

## Queequeg in his Coffin

To be short among whitemen  
 so called

L.      h erraneous  
          e to their  
          ie holders,

Poor Queequeg! when the ship was about half disembowelled you should have stooped over the hatchway and peered down upon him there: he stripped to his woollen drawers the tattooed savage was crawling about amid that dampness and slime, like a green spotted lizard at the bottom of a well. And a well or an ice-house it somehow proved to him poor poor where strange to say for all the heat of his sweatings he caught a terrible chill which lapsed into a fever and at last, after some days suffering, laid him in his hammock close to the very sill of the door of death. How he wasted and wasted away in those few long-lingering days,

But as  
 never  
 soft

ness of lustre, and mildly but deeply journeyed on in his sickness a wondrous testimony to that immortal health in him which could not die, or be weakened. And like circles on the water which as they

the  
 ou as  
 n his

face as any beheld who were bystanders when Zoroaster died. For what ever is truly wondrous and fearful in man never yet was put into words or books. And the drawing near of Death which alike levels all alike impresses all with a last revelation which only an author from the dead could adequately tell. So that—let us say it again—no dying Chaldee or Greek had higher and holier thoughts than those whose mysterious shades

h mmetly lay in his

towards his destined heaven

Not a man of the crew but gave him up and as for Queequeg himself what he thought of his case was forcibly shown by a curious favour he asked. He called one to him in the grey morning watch when the day was just breaking and taking his hand said that while in Nantucket he had chanced to see certain little canoes of dark wood like the rich war

goes for not only do they believe that the stars are isles but that far

He waves brave but nevertheless obeys most careful bravery that murmured Ahab as Starbuck disappeared. 'What's that he said—Ahab beware of Ahab—there's something there!' Then unconsciously using the musket for a staff with an iron brow he paced to and fro in the little cabin but presently the thick plaits of his forehead relaxed and returning the gun to the rack he went to the deck.

The ship moved slowly. She had a dead calm.

I

main hold

It were perhaps vain to surmise exactly why it was that as respecting Starbuck Ahab thus acted. It may have been a flash of honesty in him or mere prudential policy which under the circumstance imperiously forbade the slightest symptom of open disaffection however transient in the important chief officer of his ship. However it was his orders were executed and the Burtons were hoisted.

## Chapter 110

### *Queequeg in his Coffin*

UPON searching it was found that the casks last struck into the hold were perfectly sound and that the leak must be further off. So it being calm weather they broke out deeper and deeper disturbing the slumbers of the huge ground tier butts and from that black midnight sending those gigantic moles into the daylight above. So deep did they go and so ancient and corroded and weedy the aspect of the lowermost puncheons that you almost looked next for some mouldy corner stone cask containing coins of Captain Noah with copies of the posted placards vainly warning the infatuated old world from the flood. Tierce after tierce too of water and bread and beef and shooks of staves and iron bundles of hoops were hoisted out till at last the piled decks were hard to get about and the hollow hull echoed under foot as if you were treading over empty crabscombs and reeled and rolled in the sea like an air freighted demijohn. Top heavy was the ship as a dinnerless student with all Aristotle in his head. Well was it that the Typhoons did not visit them then.

Now at this time it was that my poor pagan companion and first bosom friend Queequeg was seized with a fever which brought him nigh to his endless end.

Be it said that in this vocation of whaling *sinecures* are unknown dignity and danger go hand in hand till you get to be captain the higher you rise the harder you toil. So with poor Queequeg who as harpooner must not only face all the rage of the living whale but—as we have elsewhere seen—mount his dead back in a rolling sea and finally descend into

signed to be replaced in his hammock

But ere this was done Pip who had been slyly hovering near by all this while drew nigh to him where he lay and with soft sobbings took him by

holding his tambourine

beaches are only beat with water must think he's in those far  
must be very sad for  
a-dig dig dig! Now

the scuttle that in  
ient tonques and that  
holly for  
their  
n this

strange sweetness of his lunacy brings heavenly  
heavenly homes Where learned he that but there?—Hark! he speaks  
again but more wildly now

Form two and two! Let's make a General of him! Ho where's his har-  
poon? Lay it across here—dig-a-dig dig dig! huzza! Oh for a game-cock  
now to sit upon his head and crow! Queequeg dies game!—mind ye that  
Queequeg dies game!—take ye good heed of that Queequeg dies game!  
I say game game game! but base little Pip he died a coward died all  
a-shiver—out upon Pip! Hark ye if ye find Pip tell all the Antilles he's a  
runaway a coward a coward a coward! Tell them he jumped from a whale  
boat! I'd never beat my tambourine over base Pip and haul him General if  
he were once more diving here No no! shame upon all cowards—shame  
upon them! Let em go drown like Pip that jumped from a whale-boat  
Shame! shame!

During all this Queequeg lay with closed eyes as if in a dream Pip was  
led away and the sick man was replaced in his hammock

But now that he had apparently made every preparation for death now  
that his coffin was proved a good fit Queequeg suddenly rallied soon there  
seemed no need of the carpenter's box and thereupon when some ex-  
pressed their delighted surprise he in substance said that the cause of his  
sudden convalescence was this—at a critical moment he had just recalled  
a little duty ashore which he was leaving undone and therefore had



beyond all visible horizons their own mild uncontinented seas interflow with the blue heavens and so form the white breakers of the milky way—after saying this he added that he shuddered at the thought of being buried in his hammock according to the usual sea-custom tossed like some

but uncertain steering and much leeway adown the dim ages

Now when this strange circumstance was made known aft the carpenter was at once commanded to do Queequeg's bidding whatever it might include There was some heathenish coffin-coloured old lumber aboard which upon a long previous voyage had been cut from the aboriginal groves of the Lackaday Islands and from these dark planks the coffin was recommended to be made No sooner was the carpenter apprised of the order than taking his rule he forthwith with all the indifferent promptitude of his character proceeded into the fore-castle and took Queequeg's measure with great accuracy regularly chalking Queequeg's person as he shifted the rule

Ah! poor fellow! he'll have to die now ejaculated the Long Island sailor

Going to his vice-bench the carpenter for convenience sake and general reference now transferringly measured on it the exact length the coffin was to be and then made the transfer permanent by cutting two notches as its extremities This done he marshalled the planks and his tools and to work

When the last nail was driven and the lid duly planed and fitted he lightly shouldered the coffin and went forward with it enquiring whether they were ready for it yet in that direction

Overhearing the indignant but half humorous cries with which the people on deck began to drive the coffin away Queequeg to every one's consternation commanded that the thing should be instantly brought to

Leaning over in his hammock Queequeg long regarded the coffin with an attentive eye He then called for his harpoon had the wooden stock drawn from it and then had the iron part placed in the coffin along with one of the paddles of his boat All by his own request also biscuits were then ranged round the sides within a flask of fresh water was placed at the head and a small bag of woody earth scriped up in the hold at the foot and a piece of sail-cloth being rolled up for a pillow Queequeg now en

his com  
ld one to

## The Black mill

... es and Porters Fields of all four continents the waves should rise and  
— " — of many shades and

To any meditative Magian rover this scene is a book  
ever after be the sea of his adoption. It rolls the midmost waters of the  
world the Indian Ocean and Atlantic being but its arms. The same waves  
wash the shores of the new built Californian towns but yesterday planted  
by the recentest race of men and have the faded but still gorgeous skirts of  
Asiatic lands, older than Abraham while all between float milk ways  
of coral isles and low lying endless unknown Archipelagoes and impen-  
etrable Japans. Thus this mysterious divine Pacific zones the world's  
whole bulk about makes all coasts one bay to it seems the tide-beating  
heart of earth. Lifted by those eternal swells you needs must own the  
J D

inhaled the salt breath of the new found sea that sea in which the hated  
White Whale must even then be swimming. Launched at length upon  
these almost final waters and gliding towards the Japanese cruising-  
ground the old man's purpose intensified itself. His firm lips met like the  
lips of a vice the Delta of his forehead's veins swelled like overlaiden brooks  
in his very sleep his ringing cry ran through the vaulted hull. Stern all!  
the White Whale pouts thick blood!

## Chapter 112

### The Blacksmith

Availing himself of the mild summer-cool weather that now reigned in  
L

ringbol's by the foremast being now almost incessantly invoked by the  
headsman and harpooners and bowsmen to do some little job for them  
alter or repairing or new shaping their various weapons and boat  
furniture  
be served  
jealously  
this old man's was a patient hammer welded by a patient arm. No mur

changed his mind about dying he could not die yet he averred They asked him then whether to live or die was a matter of his own sovereign will and pleasure He answered certainly In a word it was Queequeg's conceit that if a man made up his mind to live mere sickness could not kill him nothing but a whale or a gale or some violent ungovernable unintelligent destroyer of that sort

Now there is this noteworthy difference between savage and civilised that while a sick civilised man may be six months convalescing generally

speaking -- my  
for  
leap  
ing  
boat and poisoning a harpoon pronounced himself fit for a fight

With a wild whimsiness he now used his coffin for a sea-chest and emptying into it his canvas bag of clothes set them in order there Many spare hours he spent in carving the lid with all manner of grotesque figures

glyphic marks had written out on his body a complete theory of the heavens and the earth and a mystical treatise on the art of attaining truth so that Queequeg in his own proper person was a riddle to unfold a wondrous work in one volume but whose mysteries not even himself could read though his own live heart beat against them and these mysteries were therefore destined in the end to moulder away with the living parchment whereon they were inscribed and so be unsolved to the last And this thought it mutation of his when queeg— Oh devil

## Chapter 111

### *The Pacific*

WHEN gliding by the Bashee Isles we emerged at last upon the great South Sea were it not for other things I could have greeted my dear Pacific with uncounted thanks for now the long supplication of my youth was answered that serene ocean rolled eastwards from me a thousand leagues of blue

There is one knows not what sweet mystery about this sea whose gently awful stirrings seem to speak of some hidden soul beneath like those fabled undulations of the Ephesian sod over the buried evangelist St John And meet it is that over these sea pastures wide-rolling watery

## The Forge

and more between and each blow every day grew fainter than the  
he was so frozen at the window with tearless eyes, glitteringly

the low churchyard grass her children twice followed her mother and  
the braceless familyless old man staggered off a vagabond in crape his  
ever woe unrepented his grey head a scorn to flaxen curls!

Death seems the only desirable sequel for a career like this but Death  
is only a luncheon in the region of the strange Untied it is but the first  
station to the possibilities of the immense Pemmican the Wild the  
Water the Unshored therefore to the death longing eyes of such men  
who will have left in them some minor compunctions against suicide  
does the all-contributed and all-receptive ocean alluringly spread forth his  
whole plan of unimaginable taking terrors and wonderful new life  
adventures and from the hearts of infinite Pacifics, the thousand mermaids  
cry to them—"Come hither broken-hearted here is another life without  
the guilt of immediate death here are wonders supernatural without  
doubt for them. Come hither! bury thyself in a life which to your now  
equally abhorred and abhorring, landed world is more oblivious than  
death. Come hither! put up thy gravestone too within the churchyard  
and come hither till we marry thee!

Heardening to these voices, East and West, by early sunrise and by fall  
or ere the blacksmith's soul responded, Aye I come! And so Perth went  
athwart

## Chapter 113

The Forge

With mottled beard and swathed in a bristling shark-skin apron about

his iron from the fire began hammering it upon the anvil—the red  
mass sending off the sparks in thick hovering flights, some of which flew  
due to Ahab

"Are these thy Mother Carey's chickens, Perth they are all ways flying  
in the wake birds of good omen too but not to all—look here they burn  
be thou thou liest among them without a scorch

"Because I am scorched all over" Captain Ahab answered Perth rest  
for a moment on his hammer "I am past scorching not easily canst  
thou scorch scar

## Moby Dick

mur no impatience no -  
and solemn  
away as if  
heavy hammer the  
A pe

I  
that every one now knew the  
sinister story of his wretched fate

Belated and not innocently one bitter winter's midnight on the road  
running between two country towns the blacksmith half stupidly felt  
the deadly numbness stealing over him and sought refuge in a leaning  
dilapidated barn The issue was the loss of the extremities of both  
feet Out of this revelation part by part at last came out the four acts  
of the gladness and the one long and as yet untragedied fifth act of the  
grief of his life's drama

He was an old man who at the top of his

in a house in  
ruddy children every  
in a grove But one night in the darkness and further concealment  
in a most common  
hor  
smit  
It was  
the

econ  
blacksmith's shop was in the basement of his  
dwelling but with a separate entrance to it so that always had the young  
and loving healthy wife listened with no unhappy nervousness but with  
vigorous pleasure to the stout ringing of her young armed old husband's  
hammer whose reverberations muffled by passing through the floors and  
walls came up to her not unsweetly in her nursery and so to stout  
Labour's iron lullaby the blacksmith's infants were rocked to slumber

Oh woe on woe! Oh Death why canst thou not sometimes be timely  
Hadst thou taken this old blacksmith to thyself ere his full ruin came upon  
him then had the young widow had a delicious grief and her orphans a  
truly venerable legendary sire to dream of in their after years and all of  
them a care-killing competency But Death plucked down the  
elder brother

of some  
till the

to harvest

Why tell the whole The blows of the basement hammer every day grew

ing over his head towards the fire seemed invoking some curse or some blessing on the toil. But, as Ahab looked up, he slid aside.

"That's that bunch of lucifers dodging about there for?" muttered Cobb broken on from the forecastle. "That Parsee smells fire like a fusee and smells of it himself like a hot musket's powder-pot."

At last the hunk, in one complete rod, received its final heat, and as Perth, to temper it, plunged it all hissing into the cask of water near by, the steel steam rose up in Ahab's ben face.

"Would'st thou brand me, Perth?"—wincing for a moment with the pain; "have I been busy forging my own branding-iron then?"

"Pity God, no; that; yet I fear something, Captain Ahab. Is not this known for the White Whale?"

For the whale-fiend! But now for the barbs; thou must make them thyself, man. Here are my razors—the best of steel, here, and make the barbs sharp as the needle-stitch of the Ice Sea.

For a moment, the old blacksmith eyed the razors as though he would fain use them.

"Take them, man, I have no need for them, for I neither shave, nor pray till—but here—to work!"

Fashioned at last into an arrowy shape and welded by Perth to the stock, the steel soon pointed the end of the iron, and as the blacksmith was about giving the barbs their final heat, prior to tempering them, he cried to Ahab to place the water-cask near.

"No no—no water for that, I want it of the true death-temper. Ahoy there! Tash-ego Queequeg, Daggoo! Wh—ar ye pagans! Will ye give me as much blood as will cover this barb—holding it high up. A cluster of dark rods replied, "Yes. Three punctures were made in the heathen flesh, and the White Whale's barbs were then tempered.

Ego's baptism is in nomine patris sed in nomine diaboli!" deliriously broiled Ahab as the malignant iron scorchingly devoured the baptismal bowl.

Not mistaking the spare poles from below and selecting one of them with the black sill investing it, Ahab fixed the end to the socket of the iron. A coil of new tow line was then unrolled, and some fathoms of it then to the windlass, and stretched to a great tension. Pressing his foot upon it, and the rope hummed like a harpstring, then eagerly bending over it, and seeing no windings, Ahab exclaimed "Good—and now for the settings."

At once extremely the rope was unstranded, and the separate spread strands were all braided and woven round the socket of the harpoon; the pole was then driven hard up into the socket, from the lower end the rope was traced half-way along the pole's length and firmly secured so with interwindings of rope. This done pole iron, and rope—like the Three Faces—

Well well no more Thy shrunk voice sounds too calmly sanely  
woeful to me In no Paradise myself I am impatient of all misery in others  
that is not mad Thou shouldst go mad blacksmith say why dost thou  
not go mad? How canst thou endure without being mad? Do the heavens  
yet hate thee that thou canst not go mad?—What wert thou making there?

WALTON

seams and dents in it

blacksmith after such hard

usag

I think so sir

And I suppose thou canst smooth almost any seams and dents never  
mind how hard the metal blacksmith?

Aye sir I think I can all seams and dents but one

Look ye here then cried Ahab —

with both hands on Perth's shoulders

out a seam like this blacksmith sweeping one hand across his ribbed  
brow if thou couldst blacksmith glad enough would I lay my head upon  
thy anvil and feel thy heaviest hammer between my eyes Answer! Canst  
thou smooth this seam?

Oh! that is the one sir! Said I not all seams and dents but one?

Aye blacksmith it is the one aye man it is unsmoothable for though  
thou only see st it here in my flesh it has worked down into the bone of my  
skull—that is all wrinkles! But away with child's play no more riffs and

full of

work of

like his

Look

64 a man stubbs of the steel shoes of

racing horses

Horse-shoe stubbs sir? Why Captain Ahab thou hast here then the  
best and stubbornest stuff we blacksmiths ever work

I know it old man these stubbs will weld together like glue from the  
melted bones of murderers Quick! forge me the harpoon And forge me  
first twelve rods for its shank then wind and twist and hammer these  
twelve together like the yarns and strands of a tow line Quick! I'll blow the  
fire

When at last the twelve rods were made Ahab tried them one by one  
by spiralling them with his own hand round a long heavy iron bolt A  
flaw! rejecting the last one Work that over again Perth

This done Perth was about to begin welding the twelve into one when  
Ahab stayed his hand and said he would weld his own iron As then  
with regular gasping hems he hammered on the anvil Perth passing to  
him the glowing rods one after the other and the hard pressed forge  
shooting up its intense straight flame the Parsee passed silently and bow

ing over his head towards the fire seemed invoking some curse or some blessing, on the toil. But as Ahab looked up he slid aside.

"What's that bunch of lucifers dodging about there for?" muttered Stubb looking on from the fore-castle. That Parsee smells fire like a fusee and smells of it himself like a hot musket's powder pan.

At last the shank in one complete rod received its final heat and as Perth, to temper it, plunged it all hissing into the cask of water near by, the sudden steam shot up into Ahab's bent face.

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"Pray God not that yet I fear something, Captain Ahab. Is not this harpoon for the White Whale?"

"For the white-fiend! But now for the barbs thou must make them thyself, man. Here are my razors—the best of steel here, and make the barbs sharp as the needle-sleet of the Icy Sea."

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*Ego non baptizo te in nomine patris sed in nomine diaboli!* deliriously howled Ahab as the malignant iron voraciously devoured the baptismal blood.

Now mustering the spare poles from below and selecting one of hickory with the bark still investing it, Ahab fitted the end to the socket of the iron. A coil of new tow-line was then unwound and some fathoms of it taken to the windlass and stretched to a great tension. Pressing his foot upon it, till the rope hummed like a harpstring then eagerly bending over it, and seeing no strandings, Ahab exclaimed "Good!" and now for the settings.

At one extremity the rope was unstranded and the separate spread yarns were all braided and woven round the socket of the harpoon. The pole was then driven hard up into the socket from the lower end the rope was traced half-way along the pole's length and firmly secured so with inter-twistings of twine. Thus done, pole, iron and rope—like the Three Fates—



remained inseparable and Ahab moodily stalked away with the weapon the sound of his ivory leg and the sound of the hickory pole both hollowly ringing along every plank. But ere he entered his cabin a light unnatural half bantering yet most piteous sound was heard. Oh Pip! thy wretched laugh thy idle but unresting eye all thy strange mummeries not unmeaningly blended with the black tragedy of the melancholy ship and mocked it!

## Chapter 114

### *The Gilder*

PENETRATING further and further into the heart of the Japanese cruising ground the *Pequod* was soon all astir in the fishery. Often in mild pleasant weather for twelve fifteen eighteen and twenty hours on the stretch they were engaged in the boats steadily pulling or sailing or paddling after the whales or for an interlude of sixty or seventy minutes calmly awaiting their uprising though with but small success for their pains.

At such times under an abated sun afloat all day upon smooth slow heaving swells seated in his boat light as a birch canoe and so sociably mixing with the soft waves themselves that like hearthstone crabs they purr against the gunwale these are the times of dreamy quietude when beholding the tranquil beauty and brilliancy of the ocean's skin one forgets the tiger heart that pants beneath it and would not willingly remember that this velvet paw but conceals a remorseless fang.

These are the times when in his whale-boat the rover softly feels a certain filial confident land-like feeling toward the sea that he regards it as so much flowery earth and the distant ship revealing only the tops of her masts seems struggling forward not through high rolling waves but through the tall grass of a rolling prairie as when the western emigrants horses only show their erected ears while their hidden bodies widely wade through the amazing verdure.

The long-drawn virgin tales the mild blue hillsides as over these there steals the hush the hum you almost swear that play-weaned children lie sleeping in these solitudes in some glad May time when the flowers of the woods are plucked. And all this mixes with your most mystic mood so that fact and fancy half-way meeting interpenetrate and form one seamless whole.

Nor did such soothing scenes however temporary fail of at least as temporary an effect on Ahab. But if these secret golden keys did seem to open in him his own secret golden treasures yet did his breath upon them prove but tarnishing.

yet may roll like young horses in it

1 - 3c -  
men  
c few

## *The Pequod Meets the Bachelor*

fleeting moments feel the cool dew of the life immortal on them Would to God these blessed calms would last But the mingled mingling threads of life are woven by warp and woof calms crossed by storms a storm for every calm There is no steady unretreating progress in this life we do not advance through fixed gradations and at the last one pause — through infancy's unconscious spell boyhood's thoughtless faith adolescence doubt (the common doom) then scepticism then disbelief resting at last in manhood's pondering repose of If But once gone through we trace the round again and are infants boys and men and Ifs eternally Where lies the final harbour whence we unmoor no more? In what rapt ether sails the world of which the weariest will never weary? Where is the foundling's father hidden? Our souls are like those orphans whose unwedded mothers die in bearing them the secret of our paternity lies in their grave and we must there to learn it

And that same day too gazing far down from his boat's side into that same golden sea Starbuck lowly murmured —

Lovelessness unfathomable as ever lover saw in his young bride's eye! — Tell me not of thy teeth-tered sharks and thy kidnapping cannibal ways. Let faith oust fact let fancy oust memory I look deep down and do believe

And Stubb fish like with sparkling scales leaped up in that same golden light —

I am Stubb and Stubb has his history but here Stubb takes oaths that he has always been jolly!

## Chapter 115

### *The Pequod Meets the Bachelor*

Two jolly enough were the sights and the sounds that came bearing down before the wind some few weeks after Ahab's harpoon had been welded

It was a Nantucket ship the Bachelor which had just wedged in her

bow

for

ing her port for home.

The three men at her mast head wore long streamers of narrow red bunting a their hats from the stern a whale-boat was suspended bottom down and hanging captive from the bowsprit was seen the long lower jaw of the last whale they had slain Signals ensigns and jacks of all colours were flying from her rigging on every side. Sidewhis lashed in each of her three basketed tops were two barrels of sperm, above which, in her top-mast cross-trees, you saw slender breakers of the same precious fluid and nailed to her main truck was a brazen lamp.

remained inseparable and Ahab moodily stalked away with the weapon the sound of his ivory leg and the sound of the hickory pole both hollowly ringing along every plank. But ere he entered his cabin a light unnatural half bantering yet most piteous sound was heard. Oh Pip! thy wretched laugh thy idle but unresting eye all thy strange mummeries not unmeaningly blended with the black tragedy of the melancholy ship and mocked it!

## Chapter 114

### The Gilder

PENETRATING further and further into the heart of the Japanese cruising ground the *Pequod* was soon all astir in the fishery. Often in mild pleasant weather for twelve fifteen eighteen and twenty hours on the stretch they were engaged in the boats steadily pulling or sailing or paddling after the whales or for an interlude of sixty or seventy minutes calmly awaiting their uprising though with but small success for their pains.

At such times under an abated sun afloat all day upon smooth slow heaving swells seated in his boat light as a birch canoe and so sociably moving with the soft waves themselves that like hearthstone cats they purr against the gunwale these are the times of dreamy quietude when beholding the tranquil beauty and brilliancy of the ocean's skin one forgets the tiger heart that pants beneath it and would not willingly remember that this velvet paw but conceals a remorseless fang.

These are the times when in his whale-boat the rover softly feels a certain filial confident land-like feeling toward the sea that he regards it as so much flowery earth and the distant ship revealing only the tops of her masts seems struggling forward not through high rolling waves but through the tall grass of a rolling prairie as when the western emigrants horses only show their erected ears while their hidden bodies widely wade through the amazing verdure.

The long-drawn virgin vales the mild blue hillsides as over these there steals the hush the hum you almost swear that play-weary children lie sleeping in these solitudes in some glad May time when the flowers of the woods are plucked. And all this mixes with your most mystic mood so that fact and fancy half-way meeting interpenetrate and form one seamless whole.

Nor did such soothing scenes however temporary fail of at least as temporary an effect on Ahab. But if these secret golden keys did seem to open in him his own secret golden treasures yet did his breath upon them prove but tarnishing.

yet may roll like young horses in the  
men  
few

## *The Dying Whale*

good humouredly Come aboard!  
"Thou art too damned jolly Sail on Hast lost any men?  
Not enough to speak of—two islanders that's all—but come aboard  
I'll soon take that black from your brow Come  
Thou  
ie an  
an a full ship and  
empty ship and outward bound So go thy ways and I will mine forward  
there! Set all sail and keep her to the wind!  
And thus while the one ship went cheerily before the breeze the other  
so vessels parted the crew of  
glances towards the receding  
edding their gaze for the lively

looking from the ship to the vial seemed uneasy  
associations together for that vial was filled with Nantucket soundings

## Chapter 116

### *The Dying Whale*

Not seldom in this life when on the right side fortunes favourites  
sail close by us we thou h all adroop before catch somewhat of the rush  
with  
hales

It was far down the afternoon and when all the spearings of the crimson  
fight were done and floating in the lovely sunset sea and sky sun and  
whale both sully died together then such a sweetness and such plaintive-  
ness such inwreathing orisons curled up in that rosy air that it almost  
seemed as if far over from the deep green convent valleys of the Manilla  
isles, the Spanish land breeze a antonly turned sailor had gone to sea  
fre hited with these vesper hymns

Soothed again but only soothed to deeper gloom Ahab who had  
sterned off from the whale sat intently watching his final wanings from  
the now tranquil boat For that strange spectacle observable in all Sperm  
Whales dying—the turning sunwards of the head and so expiring—that  
strange spectacl beheld of such a placid evening somehow to Ahab  
conveyed a wondrousness unknown before

He turns and turns him to it—how slowly but how steadfastly his  
homage-rendering and invoking brow with his last dying motions He too  
worships fire most faithful broad baronial vassal of the sun!—Oh that  
these too-favouring eyes should see these too-favouring sights Look! here,

As was afterwards learned the *Bachelor* had met with the most surprising success all the more wonderful for that while cruising in the same seas numerous other vessels had gone entire months without securing a single fish. Not only had barrels of beef and bread been given away to make room for the far more valuable sperm but additional supplemental crabs had been bartered for from the ships she had met and these were stowed along the deck and in the captain's and officers' state rooms. Even the cabin table itself had been knocked into kindling wood and the cabin mess dined off the broad head of an oil butt lashed down to the floor for a centrepiece. In the forecabin the sailors had actually crulked and pitched their chests and filled them it was humorously added that the cook had clipped a head on his largest boiler and filled it that the steward had plugged his spare coffee pot and filled it that the harpooners had headed the sockets of their irons and filled them that indeed everything was filled with sperm except the captain's pantaloons pockets and those he reserved to thrust his hands into in self complacent testimony of his entire satisfaction.

As this glad ship of good luck bore down upon the moody *Pegiod* the barbarian sound of enormous drums came from her forecabin and drawing still nearer a crowd of her men were seen standing round her huge try pots which covered with the parchment like pole or stomach skin of the black fish gave forth a loud roar to every stroke of the clenched hands of the crew. On the quarter-deck the mates and harpooners were dancing with the olive-hued girls who had eloped with them from the Polynesian Isles while suspended in an ornamented boat firmly secured aloft between the foremast and mainmast three Long Island negroes with glittering fiddle bows of whale ivory were presiding over the hilarious jig. Meanwhile others of the ship's company were tumultuously busy at the masonry of the try works from which the huge pots had been removed. You would have almost thought they were pulling down the cursed Bristle such wild cries they raised as the now useless brick and mortar were being hurled into the sea.

Lord and master over all this scene the captain stood erect on the ship's elevated quarter-deck so that the whole rejoicing drama was full before him and seemed merely contrived for his own individual diversion.

And Ahab he too was standing on his quarter deck shaggy and black with a stubborn gloom and as the two ships crossed each other's wakes—one all jubulations for things passed the other all forebodings as to things to come—their two captains in themselves impersonated the whole striking contrast of the scene.

Come aboard! come aboard! cried the gay *Bachelor's* commander lifting a glass and a bottle in the air.

I have seen the White Whale? grunted Ahab in reply.

No only heard of him but don't believe in him at all said the other.

god humouredly "Come aboard!

"Thou art no damned jolly Sail on. Hast lost any men?"

"We are here to speak of—two blunders, that's all—but come aboard, old heart come along I'll soon take the black from your brow. Come and will ye (merry's the play) a full hip and homeward-bound?"

How wondrous familiar is a fool. muttered Ahab then aloud "Thou art a full hip and homeward bound thou say'st; well, then call me an empty hip and outward-bound. So go thy ways, and I will mine. Forward then. So all sail, and keep her to the wind!"

And thus, while the one hip went cheerily before the breeze the other solemnly fought against it, and so the two vessels parted the crew of the *Pequod* looking with grave lingering glances towards the receding *Arcturion* but the Bachelor's men never heeding their gaze for the lively weather they were in. And as Ahab, leaning over the taffrail eyed the homeward-bound craft he took from his pocket a small vial of sand, and then broke from the hip to the vial, seemed thereby bringing two remote associations together for the vial was filled with Nantucket soundings.

## Chapter 116

### The Divine Whale

No seldom in this life, when on the right side fortune's favourites disclose to us we, thou hast droop before each renewer of the rush-breeze, and portently feel our bagging sails fill out. So seemed it with the *Pequod*. For next day after encountering the grey Bachelor whales were seen and four were slain and one of them by Ahab.

It was far down the afternoon and when all the spearmings of the crimson

from the sea

was, the Spanish Lard-breeze wantonly turned sailor had gone to sea, fringed with these vesper hymns.

Soothed him, but only soothed to deeper gloom Ahab who had severed off from the whale sat in enervate watching his final wanings from the over-mingled bow. For this strange spectacle observab' in all Sperm Whale during the turning sunwards of the head and so expiring—the spectacle, beheld of such a placid evening, somehow to Ahab conveyed a wondrousness unknown before.

He turns and turns him to it—how slowly but how steadfastly his long-rendering and invoking brow with his last dying motions. He too watches from now faithful, broad, baronial vassal of the sun.—Oh that these too-favouring eyes should see these too-favouring sighs. Look here.

As was afterwards learned the *Bachelor* had met with the most surprising success all the more wonderful for that while cruising in the same seas

of the far more valuable sperm but additional supplemental casks had been bartered for from the ships she had met and these were stowed along the deck and in the captain's and officers' state-rooms. Even the cabin table itself had been knocked into kindling wood and the cabin mess dined off the broad head of an oil butt lashed down to the floor for a centrepiece. In the fore-castle the sailors had actually crulked and pitched their chests and filled them it was humorously added that the cook had clipped a head on his largest boiler and filled it that the steward had plugged his spare coffee pot and filled it that the harpooneers had headed the sockets of their irons and filled them that indeed everything was filled with sperm except the captain's pantaloons pockets and those he reserved to thrust his hands into in self complacent testimony of his entire satisfaction.

As this glad ship of good luck bore down upon the moody *Pequod* the

pots which covered with the parchment like poke or stomach skin of the black fish gave forth a loud roar to every stroke of the clenched hands of the crew. On the quarter deck the mates and harpooneers were dancing with the olive-hued girls who had eloped with them from the Polynesian Isles while suspended in an ornamented boat firmly secured aloft between the foremast and mainmast three Long Island negroes with glittering fiddle bows of whale ivory were presiding over the hilarious jig. Meanwhile others of the ship's company were tumultuously busy at the masonry of the try works from which the huge pots had been removed. You would have almost thought they were pulling down the cursed Bastille such wild cries they raised as the now useless brick and mortar were being hurled into the sea.

Lord and master over all this scene the captain stood erect on the ship's elevated quarter-deck so that the whole rejoicing drama was full before him and seemed merely contrived for his own individual diversion.

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Come aboard come aboard! cried the gay *Bachelor's* commander lifting a glass and a bottle in the air.

Hast seen the White Whale? gritted Ahab in reply.

No only heard of him but don't believe in him at all said the other.

## The Dying Whale

good humouredly Come aboard!

Thou art too damned jolly Sail on Hast lost any men?

Board  
Come

Thou art a full ship and homeward bound thou sayst well then call me an empty ship and outward bound So go thy ways and I will mine Forward there! Set all sail and keep her to the wind!

And thus while the one ship went cheeryly before the breeze the other stubbornly fought against it and so the two vessels parted the crew of the *Pequod* looking with grave lingering glances towards the receding

rev

was

looking from the ship to the vial seemed thereby bringing two remote associations together for that vial was filled with Nantucket soundings

## Chapter 116

### The Dying Whale

Nor seldom in this life when on the right side fortunes favourites sail close by us we though all adroop before catch somewhat of the rushing breeze and joyfully feel our bagging sails fill out So seemed it with the *Pequod* For next day after encountering the gay *Bachelor* whales were seen and four were slain and one of them by Ahab

It was far down the afternoon and when all the spearings of the crimson light were done and floating in the lovely sunset sea and sky sun and whale both stilly died together then such a sweetness and such plaintiveness such inwreathing orisons curled up in that rosy air that it almost seemed as if far over from the deep green convent valleys of the Manilla isles the Spanish land breeze wantonly turned sailor had gone to sea freighted with these vesper hymns

Soothed again but only soothed to deeper gloom Ahab

stange spectacle beheld of such a placid evening somehow to Ahab conveyed a vondrousness unknown before

He turns and turns him to it—how slowly but how homagerendeing worships fire more these too-favourun

too-favouring sights Look! here



far water locked beyond all hum of human weal or woe in these most candid and impartial seas where to traditions no rocks furnish tablets where for long Chinese ages the billows have still rolled on speechless and unspoken to as stars that shine upon the Niger's unknown source here too life dies sunwards full of faith but see! no sooner dead than death whirls round the corpse and it heads some other way —

Oh thou dark Hindoo half of nature who of drowned bones hast builded thy separate throne somewhere in the heart of these unvarnished seas thou art an infidel thou queen and too truly speakest to me in the wide-slaughtering Typhoon and the hushed burial of its after calm Nor has this thy whole sunwards turned his dying head and then gone round again without a lesson to me

Oh trebly hooped and welded hip of power! Oh high aspiring rain bowed yet!—that one strivest this one jettest all in vain! In vain oh while dost thou seek intercedings with yon all quickening sun that only calls forth life but gives it not again Yet dost thou darker half rock me with a prouder if a darker faith All thy unnamable imminglings float beneath me here I am buoyed by breaths of once living things exhaled as air but water now

Then hail for ever hail O sea in whose eternal tossings the wild fowl finds his only rest Born of earth yet suckled by the sea though hill and valley mothered me ye billows are my foster brothers!

## Chapter 117

### *The Whale Watch*

THE four whales slain that evening had died wide apart one far to windward one less distant to leeward one ahead one astern These last three were brought alongside ere nightfall but the windward one could not be reached till morning and the boat that had killed it lay by its side all night and that boat was Ahab's

The waif pole was thrust upright into the dead whale's spout hole and the lantern hanging from its top cast a troubled flickering glare upon the black glossy back and far out upon the midnight sea

and tapped the light cedar planks with the  
in squadrons over Asphaltites of unforgotten  
shuddering through the air

Started from his slumbers Ahab face to face saw the Parsee and  
hooped round by the gloom of the night they seemed the last men in a  
flooded world I have dreamed it again said he

"Of the hearse?" "Hav' I not said old man that neither hearse nor coffin  
can be thine  
And who are hearsed that die on the sea?"  
"I couldst die on this voyage two

shall not soon see

Believe it or not thou canst not die till it be seen old man  
And what was that saying about thyself?

"I am before thee thy pilot  
fall—then ere I can  
Was it not so? Well  
e two pledges that I

Take another pledge old man said as his eyes lighted  
up like fire-flies in the gloom—Hemp only can kill thee

"The gallows ye mean—I am immortal then on land and on sea  
cried Ahab with a laugh of derision—Immortal on land and on sea!

Both were silent again as one man The grey dawn came on and the  
slumbering crew arose from the boat's bottom and ere noon the dead  
hale was brought to the ship

## Chapter 118

THE QUADRANT

THE QUADRANT was not used every day when Ahab  
elmsman would  
quickly run to  
all fixed on the  
nailed doubloon impatient for the order to point the ship's prow for the  
equator In good time the order came It was hard upon high noon and  
Ahab seated in the bows of his high hoisted boat was about taking his  
voted daily observation of the sun to determine his latitude

Now in that Japanese sea the days in summer are as freshets of efful  
gences That unblinking, vivid Japanese sun seems the blazing focus

radiance is as the insufferable spiritual sun  
Ahab's quadrant was furnished with coloured glasses through which  
to take sight of that solar fire So swinging his seated form to the roll of the  
ship and with his astrological looking instrument placed to his eye he

far water locked beyond all hum of human weal or woe in these most candid and impartial seas where to traditions no rocks furnish tablets where for long Chinese ages the billows have still rolled on speechless and unspoken to as stars that shine upon the Niger's unknown source here too life dies sunwards full of faith but see! no sooner dead than death whirls round the corpse and it heeds some other way —

Oh thou dark Hindoo half of nature who of drowned bones hast builded thy separate throne somewhere in the heart of these unvarnished seas thou art an infidel thou queen and too truly speakest to me in the wide-slaughtering Typhoon and the hushed burial of its after calm Nor has this thy whale sunwards turned his diving head and then gone round again without a lesson to me

Oh trebly hooped and welded hip of power! Oh high aspiring rain bowed yet!—that one strivest this one jettest all in vain! In vain oh whale dost thou seek intercedings with yon all-quickenng sun that only calls forth life but gives it not again Yet dost thou darker half rock me with a prouder if a darker faith All thy unnamable imminglings float beneath me here I am buoyed by breaths of once living things exhaled as air but water now

Then hail for ever hail O sea in whose eternal tossings the wild fowl finds his only rest Born of earth yet suckled by the sea though hill and valley mothered me ye billows are my foster brothers!

## Chapter 117

### *The Whale Watch*

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be  
lit

and that boat was *AMARU*s

The wail pole was thrust upright into the dead whale's spout hole and the lantern hanging from its top cast a troubled flickering glare upon the black glossy back and far out upon the midnight waves which gently chafed the whale's broad flank like soft surf upon a beach

Ahab and all his boat's crew seemed asleep but the Parsee who crouching in the bow sat watching the sharks that spectrally played round the whale and tapped the light cedar planks with their tails A sound like the moaning in squadrons over Asphaltites of unforgiven ghosts of Gomorrah ran shuddering through the air

Started from his slumbers Ahab face to face saw the Parsee and hooped round by the gloom of the night they seemed the last men in a flooded world I have dreamed it again said he

upon her heel her three firm-seated graceful masts erectly poised upon her long ribbed hull seemed as the three Horati pirouetting on one sufficient

stead  
Standing between the knight heads Starbuck watched the *Pequod* s

...length remain but one little heap of ashes'

'Are cried Stubb but sea-coal ashes—mind ye that Mr Starbuck—  
sea-coal not your common charcoal Well well I heard Ahab mutter  
Here com one thrusts these cards into these old hands of mine swears  
that I must play them and no others And damn me Ahab but thou  
actest right live in the game and die in it'

## Chapter 119

### *The Candles*

WARMEST climes but nurse the cruellest fangs the tiger of Bengal  
crouches in spiced groves of ceaseless verdure. Slies the most effulgent but  
basket the deadliest thunders gorgeous Cuba knows tornadoes that  
never sleep

Japanese

I will so

bomb upon a dazed and sleepy town

Towards evening of that day the *Pequod* was torn of her canvas, and  
bare-poled was left to fight a Typhoon which had struck her directly  
aboard

c

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f

Holding by a shroud Starbuck was stand no on h

every flash of the lightning glancir

might have befallen the intricate l

were directin the men in the hull

boats But all their pains seemed

the cranes the wind and quar

rolling sea dashin high up ag

some in the boat's bottom at

through like a sieve

u it again all dripping

Bad work bad work! Mr Starbuck, said Stubb regarding the wreck  
"but the sea will have its way Stubb for one can't fight it You see Mr  
Starbuck, a wave has such a great long tart before it leaps all round the

remained in that posture for some moments to catch the precise instant when the sun should gain the precise meridian. Meantime while his whole attention was absorbed the Parsee was kneeling beneath him on the ship's deck and with face thrown up like Ahab's was eying the same sun with him only the lids of his eyes half hooded their orbs and his wild face was subdued to an earthly passionlessness. At length the desired observation was taken and with his pencil upon his ivory leg Ahab soon calculated what his latitude must be at that precise instant. Then falling into a moment's reverie he again looked up towards the sun and murmured to himself: 'Thou sea mark! thou high and mighty Pilot! thou tellest me truly where I am—but canst thou cast the least hint where I *shall* be? Or canst thou tell where some other thing besides me is this moment living? Where is Moby Dick? This instant thou must be eying him. These eyes of mine look into the very eye that is even now beholding him aye and into the eye that is even now equally beholding the objects on the unknown thither side of thee thou sun!

Then gazing at his quadrant and handling one after the other its numerous cabalistical contrivances he pondered again and muttered:

Foolish toy! babies plaything of haughty Admirals and Commodores and Captains the world brags of thee of thy cunning and might but what after all canst thou do but tell the poor pitiful mortal I am here!

no  
gr. u u will be to-morrow noon and yet with thy impotence thou insultest the sun! Science! Curse thee thou vain toy and cursed be all the things that cast man's eyes aloft to that heaven whose live vividness but scorches him as these old eyes are even now scorched with thy light. O sun! Level by nature to this earth's horizon are the glances of man's eyes not shot from the crown of his head as if God had meant him to gaze on his firmament. Curse thee thou quadrant! dashing it to the deck no longer will I guide my earthly way by thee the level ship's compass and the level dead reckoning by log and by line these shall conduct me and show me my place on the sea. Aye lighting from the boat to the deck thus I trample on thee thou paltry thing that feebly pointest on high thus I split and destroy thee!

As the frantic old man thus spoke and thus trampled with his live and dead feet a sneering triumph that seemed meant for Ahab and a fatalistic despair that seemed meant for himself—these passed over the mute motionless Parsee's face. Unobserved he rose and glided away while awestruck by the aspect of their commander the seamen clustered together on the fore-castle till Ahab troubledly pacing the deck shouted out—'To the braces! Up helm!—square in!

In an instant the yards swung round and as the ship half wheeled

## The Candles

"Who's there?"

Old Thunder! said Ahab groping his way along the bulwarks to his pivot hole but suddenly finding his path made plain to him by elbowed lances of fire

Now as the lightning rod to a spire on shore is intended to carry off the perilous fluid into the soil so the kindred rod which at sea some ships carry to each mast is intended to conduct it into the water But as this conductor must descend to considerable depth that its end may

... parts of a ship's ...

The rods! the rods! cried Starbuck to the crew suddenly admonished to vigilance by the vivid lightning that had just been darting flambeaux to light Ahab to his post Are they overboard? drop them over fore and aft Quick!

Avast! cried Ahab let's have fair play here th

side

the w

Le

All

pointe

three

gigant

...

Blast the boat! let it go! cried Stubb at this instant as a swashing sea

heaved up under his own little craft so that its gunwale violently jammed

his hand as he was passing a lashing Blast!

the de- l

his ton

To

...

calm and in the teeth of the tempest they will imprecate curses from the

topsail yardarms when most they teter over to a seething sea but in all

my voyagings seldom have I heard a common oath when God's burning

finger has been laid on the ship when His Mele Mene Tekel U! harsin

has been woven into the shrouds and the cordage

While this pallidness was burning aloft few words were heard from the

enchanted crew who in one thick cluster stood on the forecandle all their

eyes gleaming in that pale phosphorescence like a far a

stars Relieved against th

loomed up to thrice his re

## Moby Dick

world it runs and then comes the spring! But as for me all the start I have to meet it is just across the deck here But never mind it's all in fun so the old song says —(sings)

Oh! jolly is the gale  
And a joker is the whale  
A flourishin' his tail —

Such a funny sporty gamy jesty joky hoky-poky lad is the Ocean old!

The scud all a flyin'  
That's his flip only foam  
When he stirs in the spicin' —

Such a funny sporty gamy jesty joky hoky-poky lad is the Ocean old!

Thunder sizzles the ship's  
But he only smacks his lips  
A tastin' of this flip —

Such a funny sporty gamy jesty joky hoky-poky lad is the Ocean old!

At last Stubb cried Starbuck Let the Typhoon sing and strike his harp here in our rigging but if thou art a brave man thou wilt hold thy peace

But I am not a brave man never said I was a brave man I am a coward and I sing to keep up my spirits And I tell you what it is Mr Starbuck there's no way to stop my singing in this world but to cut my throat And when that's done ten to one I sing ye the doxology for

✕

mi

Here! cried Starbuck seizing Stubb by the shoulder and pointing his hand towards the weather bow markest thou not that the gale comes from the eastward the very course Ahab is to run for Moby Dick? the very course he swung to this day noon? now mark his boat there! where is that stove! In the stern sheets man where he is wont to stand—his standpoint is stove man! Now jump overboard and sing away if thou must!

I don't half understand ye what's in the wind?

Yes yes round the Cape of Good Hope is the shortest way to Nantucket soliloquised Starbuck suddenly heedless of Stubb's question The gale that now hammers at us to stave us we can turn it into a fair wind that will drive us towards home Yonder to windward all is blackness of doom but to leeward homeward—I see it lightens up there but not with the lightning

At that moment in one of the intervals of profound darkness following the flashes a voice was heard at his side and almost at the same instant a volley of thunder peals rolled overhead

## The Candles

of my earthquake life will dispute its unconditional unintegral mastery  
 in me. In the mid. of the personified impersonal a personality stands  
 here. Thou art but a point at best whence-soe'er I came- wheresoe'er I  
 go- 't' wh' I earthly live the queenly personality lives in me and feel  
 her royal rights. But war is pain and hate is woe. Come in thy lowest  
 form of love and I will kneel and kiss thee but at thy highest come as

back to thee.

[Sudden repeated flashes of lightning, the nine flames leap to thrice their  
 previous height. Ahab with the rest closes his eyes his right hand  
 pressed hard upon them.]

"Torn thy speechless, placeless power said I not so? Nor was it wrung  
 from me; nor do I now drop these links. Thou canst blind but I can then  
 cope. Thou canst consume but I can then be ashes. Take the homage of  
 these poor eyes, and shutter hands. I would not take it. The lightning  
 flashes through my skull mine eyeballs ache and ache my whole beaten  
 brain seems as beheaded and rolling on some turning ground. Oh oh!

of do  
 jewel  
 man-an-mous! now I do glory in my genealogy. But thou art but my fiery  
 father my sweet mother I know not. Oh cruel! what hast thou done with  
 her. There lies my puzzler but thine is greater. Thou knowest not how  
 creature  
 do dim  
 too hast thou incomprehensible added to my  
 with  
 with  
 worst

"The boat! the boat!" cried Starbuck. "Look at thy boat, old man!  
 Ahab's harpoon the one forged at Perth's fire remained firmly lashed  
 in its conspicuous crotch so that it projected beyond his whale boat's bow-  
 but the sea that had stove its bottom had caused the loose leather sheath to  
 drop off and from the keen steel barb there now came a levelled flame of  
 pale forked fire. As the silent harpoon burned there like a serpent's tongue,  
 Starbuck grasped Ahab by the arm- God God against thee old man



the thunder had come. The parted mouth of Tashtego revealed his shark white teeth which strangely gleamed as if they too had been tipped by corporants while lit up by the preternatural light. Queequeg's tattooing burned like Satanic blue flames on his body.

The tableau all waned at last with the pallidness aloft and once more the *Pequod* and every soul on her decks were wrapped in a pall. A moment or two passed when Starbuck going forward pushed against some one. It was Stubb. 'What thinkest thou now?' 'I heard thy cry: it was not the same in the song.'

'No, no, it wasn't. I said the corporants have mercy on us all and I hope they will still. But do they only have mercy on long faces?—have they no bowels for a laugh? And look ye, Mr. Starbuck—but it's too dark to look. Hear me then. I take that masted flame we saw for a sign of good luck for those masts are rooted in a hold that is going to be chock a block with sperm oil, d'ye see, and so all that sperm will work up into the masts like sap in a tree. Yes, our three masts will yet be as three spermaceti candles—that's the good promise we saw.'

At that moment Starbuck caught sight of Stubb's face slowly beginning to glimmer into sight. Glancing upwards he cried, 'See! see!' and once more the high tapering flames were beheld with what seemed redoubled supernaturalness in their pallor.

'The corporants have mercy on us all,' cried Stubb again.

At the base of the mainmast, full beneath the doubloon and the flame, the Parsee was kneeling in Ahab's front but with his head bowed away from him while near by from the arched and overhanging rigging where they had just been engaged securing a spar a number of the seamen arrested by the glare now cohered together and hung pendulous like a knot of numbed wasps from a drooping orchard twig. In various enchanted attitudes like the standing or stepping or running skeletons in *Herculaneum* others remained rooted to the decks but all their eyes upcast.

'Aye, aye, men!' cried Ahab. 'Look up at it mark it well! the white-jacket—'

ON THE DECK

did we

I bear

our own spirit and I now know that thy right worship is defiance. To neither love nor reverence wilt thou be kind and even for hate thou canst but kill and all are killed. No fearless fool now fronts thee. I own thy speechless, placeless power but to the last gasp

## Chapter 121

### Midnight—The Forecastle Bulwarks

(Stubb and Flask mounted on them and passing additional lashings over the anchors there hanging)

No stub you may pound that knot there as much as you please but you will never pound into me what you were just now saying And how long ago is it since you said the very contrary? Didn't you—

time  
barr  
in it  
but you or  
water bear  
then that for these extra risks the Marine Insurance companies have extra  
guarantees? Here are hydrants Flask But hark again and I'll answer ye  
the other thing First take your leg off from the crown of the anchor here,  
though so I can pass the rope now listen What's the matter  
between holding—  
a mast that hasn't  
timberhead that  
was first struck? What are you talking about then? No—  
hundred carries rod  
danger then in my  
not sailing the sea  
every man in the vessel go about with a small lightning rod  
the corner of his hat like a man  
bund like his sash Why don't  
why don't ye then?  
I don't know it  
Yes when a fi  
fact And I am about drenched with this spray Never mind catch the  
turn there and pass it Seems to me we are lashing down these anchors  
now as if they were never going to be used again Tying these two anchors  
here Flask seems like tying a man's hands behind him And what big  
generous hands they are to be sure These are your iron fists hey? What a  
hold they have too! I wonder Flask, whether the world is anchored any  
where if she is she swings with an uncommon long cable though There  
hammer that knot down and we've done So next to touching land light  
ing on deck is the most satisfactory I say just wring out my jacket skirts

[illegible][illegible]

הנהגתו ופיקודו על כלל הכוחות המצויים בלחימה, וזו היתה  
המשימה העיקרית של המפקד הראשי, והוא היה אחראי על כלל  
הפעולות המבצעיות, והוא היה אחראי על כלל הפעולות  
המבצעיות, והוא היה אחראי על כלל הפעולות המבצעיות.

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## Chapter 120

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"We have been so much interested in the book 'Living  
Long and Well' we wanted to share it with you."

State of Texas, County of Dallas, ss. I, David A. Williams, County Clerk, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a true and correct copy of the original as the same appears in the records of said County.

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## Midnight—The Forecastle Bulwarks

### Chapter 121

#### Midnight—The Forecastle Bulwarks

(Stubb and Flask mounted on them and passing additional lashings over the anchors there hanging)

"No stow you may pound that knot there as much as you please but you will never pound into me what you were just now saying. And how long ago is it since you said the very contrary? Didn't you once say that whatever ship Ahab sails in that ship should pay something extra on its insurance?"

"But my mind besides supposing we are loaded with powder barrels aft and lucifers forward how the devil could the lucifers get afire in this drenchin' spray here? Why my little man you have pretty red hair but you couldn't get afire now. Shake yourself! you're Aquarius or the water bearer. Flask might fill pitchers at your coat collar. Don't you see, then that for these extra risks the Marine Insurance companies have extra guarantees. Here are hydrants, Flask. But hark again and I'll answer ye the other thing. First take your leg off from the crown of the anchor here, though so I can pass the rope now. Listen. What's the mighty difference between holdin' a mast's lightning-rod in the storm and standing close by a mast that hasn't got any lightning-rod at all in a storm. Don't you see you timberhead that no harm can come to the holder of the rod unless the mast is first struck. What are you talking about then? Not one ship in a hundred carries rods and Ahab—aye man and all of us—were in no more danger then in my poor opinion than all the crews in ten thousand ships now sailin' the sea. Well, aye, aye, aye."

every man in the

swell through it's hard to be sensible that's a fact. And I am about drenched with this spray. Never mind catch the turn there and pass it. Seems to me we have got to pass the anchors now. b anchors what big What a

**Moby Dick**

forbear! tis an ill voyage! ill begun ill continued let me square the yards  
while we may old man and make a fair wind of it homeward to go on a  
better voyage than this

Overhearing Starbuck the panic-stricken crew instantly ran to the braces—though not a sail was left aloft. For the moment all the aghast mate's thoughts seemed theirs; they raised a half-mutinous cry. But dashing the rattling lightning-links to the deck and snatching the burning harpoon, Ahab waved it like a torch among them, swearing to transfix with it the first sailor that but cast loose a rope's end. Petrified by his aspect and still more shrinking from the fiery dart that he held, the men fell back in dismay, and Ahab again spoke—

All your oaths to hunt the White Whale are as binding as mine and heart soul and body lungs and life old Ahab is bound And that ye may know to what tune this heart beats look ye here thus I blow out the last fear! And with one blast of his breath he extinguished the flame

As in the hurricane that sweeps the plain men fly the neighbourhood of some lone gigantic elm whose height and strength but render it so much the more unsafe because so much the more a mark for thunderbolts so at those last words of Ahab's many of the mariners did run from him in a terror of dismay

## Chapter 120

### *The Deck Towards the End of the First Night Watch*

(Ahab standing by the helm Starbuck at proaching him)

WE must send down the main top sail yard sir The band is working loose and the lee lift is half stranded Shall I strike it sir?

Strike nothing lash it If I had sky sail poles I'd sway them up now  
Sir?—in God's name!—sir?

Well

The anchors are working sir Shall I get them inboard?

Strike nothing and stir nothing but fish everything The wind rises but it has not got up to my tablelands yet Quick and see to it—By masts and keels! he takes me for the hunch backed skipper of some coasting smack Send down my main top-sail yard! Ho gluepots! I after a 15

... in tempest time. What a hooroosh aloft there! I would even  
take it for sublime did I not know that the colic is a noisy malady. Oh  
take medicine take medicine!

# Chapter 121

Midnight—The Forecastle Bulwarks

(Stubb and Flask mounted on them and passing additional lashings over the anchors there hanging)

"No stur you may pound that knot there as much as you please but you will never pound into me what you were just now saying And how long ago is it since you said the very contrary? Didn't you once say that whatever ship Ahab sails in that ship should pay something extra on its insurance policy just as though it were loaded with powder barrels aft and boxes of lucifers forward? Stop now didn't you say so

"Well suppose I did? What then? I've part changed my flesh since that time, why not my mind *Flask* —

barrels aft and lucifers fo  
in this drenching spray he

(H " " " red hair  
is or the  
you see

th " " " Marine Insurance companies have extra  
guarantees? Here are hydrants Flask But hark again and I'll answer ye  
the other thing First take your leg off from the crown of the anchor here,  
thou h so I can pass the rope now listen What's the mighty difference  
between holding a mast's lightning rod in the storm and standing close by  
a mast that hasn't got any lightning rod at all in a storm? Don't you see you  
timberhead that no harm can come to the holder of the rod unless the  
mast is first struck What are you talking about then? Not one ship in a  
hundred carries rods and Ahab—ave man and all of us—were in no more  
danger then in my poor opinion than all the crews in ten thousand ships  
now sailing the seas Why you han Post " " "

the

" " " die

" " " Stubb You sometimes find it rather hard

"Yes when a fellow's cool and  
fact And I am about drench

turn there and pass it See

now as if they were never going to be used again Tying these two anchors  
here Flask seems like tying a man's hands behind him And what big  
generous hands they are to be sure These are your iron fists, hey Wh  
bold they have too! I wonder Fla " " "

here if she is, she swings with " "

in

## Moby Dick

forbear' tis an ill voyage! ill begun ill continued let me square the yards while we may old man and make a fair wind of it homeward to go on a better voyage than this

Overhearing Starbuck the panic stricken crew instantly ran to the braces—though not a sail was left aloft For the moment all the aghast mate's thoughts seemed theirs they raised a half mutinous cry But dashing the rattling lightning links to the deck and snatching the burning harpoon Ahab waved it like a torch among them swearing to transfix with it the first sailor that but cast loose a rope's end Petrified by his aspect and still more shrinking from the fiery dart that he held the men fell back in dismay and Ahab again spoke—

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## Chapter 120

### The Deck Towards the End of the First Night Watch

(Ahab standing by the helm Starbuck approaching him)

WE MUST send down the main top-sail yard sir The brind is working loose and the lee lift is half stranded Shall I strike it sir?

Strike nothing fish it If I had skysail poles I'd sway them up now

Sir?—in God's name!—sir?

Well

The anchors are working sir Shall I get them inboard?

Strike nothing and stir nothing but lash everything The wind rises but it has not got up to my tablelands yet Quick and see to it—By masts and keels! he takes me for the hunch backed skipper of some coasting smack Send down my main top sail yard! Ho gluepots! Loftiest trucks were made for wildest winds and this brain truck of mine now sails amid the cloud scud Shall I strike that? Oh none but cowards send down their brain trucks in tempest time What a hooroosh aloft there! I would e'en take it for sublime did I not know that the colic is a noisy malady Oh take medicine take medicine!

## The Musket

the wind seemed coming round a turn—the foul breeze became fair! Instantly the yards were squared to the lively song of *Ho! the fair wind!* *Ho! cheerily men!* the crew singing for joy that so promising an event should so soon have falsified the evil portents preceding it.

In compliance with the standing order of his commander—to report immediately and at every one of the twenty-four hours any decided change in the affairs of the deck—Starbuck had no sooner trimmed the yards to

— he mechanically went

paused before it a mo-

— and that—was burn-

ment. The cabin lamp—*—* in fitfully and casting fitful shadows upon the old man's bolted door—a thin one, with fixed blind inserted in place of upper panels. The isolated subterraneousness of the cabin made a certain humming silence to reign there though it was hooped round by all the roar of the elements. The loaded muskets in the rack were shiningly revealed as they stood upright against the forward bulkhead. Starbuck was an honest upright man but out of Starbuck's heart at that instant when he saw the muskets there strangely evolved an evil thought but so blent with its neutral or good accompaniments that for the instant he hardly knew it for itself.

He would have shot me once—he murmured—yes there's the very musket that he pointed at me—that one with the studded stock let me touch it—lift it. Strange that I who have handled so many deadly lances strange that I should shake so now. Loaded? I must see. Aye aye and powder in the pan—that's not good. Best spill it?—wait I'll cure myself of this. I'll hold the musket boldly while I think—I come to report a fair wind to him. But how fair. Fair for death and doom—that's fair for Moby Dick. It's a fair wind and that's only fair for that accursed fish. The very tube he pointed at me!—the very one—this one—I hold it here—he would have killed me with the very thing I handle now—Aye and he would fain kill all his crew. Does he not say he will not strike his spars to any gale? Has he not dashed his heavenly quadrant? and in these same perilous seas gropes he not his way

men and more if this ship comes to any deadly harm and come to deadly harm my soul swears this ship will if Ahab have his way. If then he were this instant—put aside that crime would not be his. Ha! is he mutter



will ye? Thank ye They laugh at long togs so Flask but seems to me a long tailed coat ought always to be worn in all storms afloat The tails tapering down that way serve to carry off the water d'ye see Same with cocked hats the cocks form gable-end eave-troughs Flask No more jackets and a beaver that the nasty n

## Chapter 122

### Midnight Aloft—Thunder and Lightning

(The main top-sail yard—Tashtego passing new lashings around it)

UM UM um Stop that thunder! Plenty too much thunder up here What's the use of thunder? Um um um We don't want thunder we want rum give us a glass of rum Um um um!

## Chapter 123

### The Musket

DURING the most violent shocks of the Typhoon the man at the *Pequod's* jawbone tiller had several times been recklessly hurled to the deck by its spasmodic motions even though preventor tickles had been attached to it—for they were slack—because some play to the tiller was indispensable

In a severe gale like this while the ship is but a tossed shuttle-cock to the blast it is by no means uncommon to see the needles in the compasses at intervals go round and round It was thus with the *Pequod's* at almost every shock the helmsman had not failed to notice the whirling velocity with which they revolved upon the cards it is a sight that hardly any one can behold without some sort of unwonted emotion

Some hours after midnight the Typhoon abated so much that through the strenuous exertions of Starbuck and Stubb—one engaged forward and the other aft—the shivered remnants of the jib and fore and maintopsails were cut adrift from the spars and went eddying away to leeward like the feathers of an albatross which sometimes are cast to the winds when that storm tossed bird is on the wing

The three corresponding new sails were now bent and reefed and a storm trysail was set further aft so that the ship soon went through the water with some precision again and the course—for the present east south-east—which he was to steer if practicable was once more given to the helmsman For during the violence of the gale he had only steered acced as near her hip as near good sign!

## The Needle

"The light and heat  
 of the sun's rays produced  
 the sun turned behind and saw the sun's rearward place  
 of the sun. No no all y  
 hillo! a tandem I drive the sea!

Thou liest! smiting him with his clenched  
 hour in the morning and the sun astern  
 Upon this every soul was confounded for the phenomenon just then  
 escaped every one else but its very  
 cause  
 binnacle Ahab caught one glimpse  
 ell for a moment he almost seemed  
 such looked and lo! the two com

he old  
 e Mr  
 Starbuck last night's thunder turned our compasses  
 before now heard of such a thing I take it  
 Ave but never before has it happened to me sir said the pale mate  
 gloomily

Here it must needs be said that accidents like this have in more than  
 one case occurred to ships in violent storms. The magnetic energy as de-  
 veloped in the mariner's needle is as all know essentially one with the  
 electricity beheld in heaven hence it is not to be much marvelled at that  
 it is struck

annihilated so that the before magnetic steel was of no more use than an  
 old wife's knitting needle. But in the other case the needle never again of  
 itself recovers the original virtue thus marred or lost and if the binnacle  
 compasses be affected the same fate reaches all the others that may be in  
 the ship even were the error one inserted into the keelson

"ordered showed out his orders for the ship's course to be changed accord

est Aye and say st the men have vow d thy vow say st all of us are Ahabs Great God forbid!—But is there no other way? no lawful way?—Make him a prisoner to be taken home? What! hope to wrest this old man's living power from his own living hands? Only a fool would try it Say he were pinioned even knotted all over with ropes and hawsers chained down to ring bolts on this cabin floor he would be more hideous than a caged tiger then I could not endure the sight could not possibly fit his howlings all comfort sleep itself inestimable reason would leave me on the long intolerable voyage What then remains? The land is hundreds of leagues away and locked Japan the nearest I stand alone here upon an open sea with two oceans and a whole continent between me and law—Aye aye tis so—Is heaven a murderer when its lightning strikes a would be murderer in his bed tundering sheets and skin together?—And would I be a murderer then if— and slowly stealthily and half sideways looking he placed the loaded musket's end against the door

On this level Ahabs hammock swings within his head this way A touch and Starbuck may survive to hug his wife and child again—Oh Mary! Mary!—boy! boy! boy!—But if I wake thee not to death old man who can tell to what unsounded deeps Starbuck's body this day week may sink with all the crew! Great God where art thou? Shall I? shall I!—The wind has gone down and shifted sir the fore and main top-sails are reefed and set she heads her course

Stern all! Oh Moby Dick I clutch thy heart at last!

Such were the sounds that now came hurtling from out the old man's tormented sleep as if Starbuck's voice had caused the long dumb dream to speak

The yet levelled musket shook like a drunkard's arm against the panel Starbuck seemed wrestling with an angel but turning from the door he placed the death tube in its rack and left the place

He's too sound asleep Mr Stubb go thou down and wake him and tell him I must see to the deck here Thou know st what to say

## Chapter 124

### The Needle

NEXT morning the not yet subsided sea rolled in long slow billows of mighty bulk and striving in the *Pequod's* gurgling track pushed her on like giants palms outspread The strong unstraggling breeze bore her so that sky and

before the wire

only known by

moved on in stacks emblazonings as of crowned Babylonian kings and queens reigned over everything The sea was as a crucible of molten gold

## The Log and Line

round, quivering and vibrating at either end but at last it settled to its place, when Ahab who had been intently watching for this result stepped frankly back from the binnacle and pointing his stretched arm towards it exclaimed — Look ye for yourselves if Ahab be not lord of the level load-stone! The sun is east, and the compass swears it!

On either side they peered in for nothing but their own eyes could reveal the fatal pride.

## Chapter 125

### The Log and Line

WHILE now the fated *Pequod* had been so long afloat this voyage the log and line had but very seldom been in use. Owing to a confident reliance

on anything else regularly putting down upon the customary sheets as decreed by the ship as well as the presumed average rate of progression every hour. It had been thus with the *Pequod*. The wooden reel and

2

When seamen came the golden hue of the sun and the gizzards of the men. "Take the reel one of ye I'll heave."

They went towards the extreme stern on the ship's leeward side where the deck, with the oblique energy of the wind, was now almost dipping into the creamy delong-ruling sea.

The Manxman took the reel and holding it high up by the projecting handle-ends of the spindle round which the spool of line revolved so

Manxman who was intently eyeing both him and the line, made bold to speak.

"See I mistrust it; this line looks far gone long heat and wet have spoiled it."

ingly The yards were hnd up and once more the *Pequod* thrust her undaunted bows into the opposing wind for the supposed fair one had only been juggling her

Meanwhile whatever were his own secret thoughts Starbuck said nothing but quietly he issued all requisite orders

upon the crew

to sl  
quac

Thou poor proud heaven gazer and sun's pilot! yesterday I wrecked thee and to-day the compasses would feign have wrecked me So so But Ahab is lord over the level loadstone yet Mr Starbuck—a lance without a pole a top maul and the smallest of the sail maker's needles Quick!

Accessory perhaps to the impulse dictating the thing he was now about to do were certain prudential motives whose object might have been to revive the spirits of his crew by a stroke of

Men said he steadily turning upon the crew as the mate handed him the things he had demanded my men the thunder turned old Ahab's needles but out of this bit of steel Ahab can make one of his own that will point as true as any

Abashed glances of servile wonder were exchanged by the sailors as this was said and with fascinated eyes they awaited whatever magic might follow But Starbuck looked away

With a blow from the top maul Ahab knocked off the steel head of the lance and then handing to the mate the long iron rod remaining bade him hold it upright without its touching the deck Then with the maul after repeatedly smiting the upper end of this iron rod he placed the blunted needle endwise on the top of it and less strongly hammered that several times the mate still holding the rod as before Then going through some small strange motions with it—whether indispensable to the magnetising of the steel or merely intended to augment the awe of the crew

At first the steel went round and

## The Lifebuoy

through! Who art thou boy?  
 Bell boy sir ship's-crier ding dong ding! Pip! Pip! Pip! One hundred  
 pounds of clay reward for Pip five feet high—looks cowardly—quickest  
 known by that! Din don, din! Who's seen Pip the coward  
 above the snow line Oh ye frozen heavens! look  
ye  
th  
me

ing  
case  
go  
—

"There go two daft ones now" muttered the old man as he  
 with strength the other daft with weakness But here's the end of the  
 no ten line—all dripping too "Mind it eh?" I think we had best have a new  
 line altogether I'll see Mr. Stubb about it

## Chapter 126

### *The Lifebuoy*

STEERING now south-eastward by Ahab's levelled steel and her progress  
 solely determined by Ahab's level log and line the *Pequod* held on her  
 path towards the equator Making so long a passage through such unfre-  
 quented waters describing no ships and ere long sideways impelled by  
 unvarying trade winds over waves monotonously mild all these seemed the  
 strange calm things prelude to some notorious and desperate scene

'Twill hold old as I —

Thou seem'st to

I hold the sp — with these grey hairs  
of mine 'tis not worth while disputing specially with a superior who'll  
ne'er confess

What's that? There now's a patched professor in Queen Nature's  
granite founded College but methinks he's too subservient Where wert  
thou born?

In the little rocky Isle of Man sir

Excellent! Thou'st hit the world by that

I know not sir but I was born there

In the Isle of Man hey? Well the other way it's good Here's a man  
from Man a man born in once independent Man and now unmanned  
of Man which is sucked in—by what? Up with the reel! The dead blind  
wall butts all inquiring heads at last Up with it! So

The log was heaved 'T —  
dragging line astern and t  
jerkingly raised and lowered by the rolling billows the towing resistance  
of the log caused the old reelman to stagger strangely

Hold hard!

Snap! the overstrained line sagged down in one long festoon the tugging  
log was gone

I crush the quadrant the thunder turns the needles and now the mad  
sea parts the log line But Ahab can mend all Haul in here Tahitian  
reel up Manxman And look ye let the carpenter make another log and  
mend thou the line See to it

There he goes now to him nothing's happened but to me the skewer  
seems loosening out of the middle of the world I haul in haul in Tahitian  
these lines run whole and whirling out! come in broken and dragging  
slow Ha Pip! come to help eh Pip?

Pip? whom call ye Pip? Pip jumped from the whale boat Pip's missing  
Let's see now if ye haven't fished him up here fishermen It drags hard I  
guess he's holding on Jerk him Tahiti! Jerk him off we haul in no cowards  
here Ho! there's his arm just breaking water A hatchet! a hatchet! cut it  
off—we haul in no cowards here Captain Ahab! sir sir! here's Pip trying  
to get on board again

Peace thou crazy loon cried the Manxman seizing him by the arm  
Away from the quarter deck!

The greater idiot ever scolds the lesser muttered Ahab advancing  
Hands off from that holiness! Where sayest thou Pip was boy?

Astern there sir astern! Lo lo!

And who art thou boy? I see not my reflection in the vacant pupils of  
thy eyes Oh God! that man should be a thing for immortal souls to sieve

## *The Pequod Meets the Rachel*

was none in his spade sir But the caulking mallet is full of it Hark to it"  
 Aye and that's because the lid there's a sounding-board and what in  
 all things makes the sounding-board is this—there's naught beneath And  
 yet, a coffin with a body in it rings pretty much the same Carpenter Hast  
 thou ever helped carry a bier and heard the coffin knock against the  
 churchyard gate going in

Faith sir I've—

"Faith What's that?"

"Why faith sir it's only a sort of exclamation like—that's all sir

Um um go on

h —

own shroud out of thyself?

as out of sight

qualls come sudden in hot

one of the Gallipagos is cut

by the Equator right in the middle Seems to me some sort of Equator cuts

tap tap!

AHLAB

(To him self)

—

—

And! Th—over headed woodpecker tapping

things real are there but imponderable thoughts Here now's the very  
 dreaded symbol of grim death by a mere hap made the expressive sign of  
 the help and hope of most endangered life A lifebuoy of a coffin! Does it

empty into thee!

## Chapter 128

### *The Pequod Meets the Rachel*

NEXT day a large ship the *Pachel* was descried bearing directly down  
 upon the *Pequod* all her spars thickly clustering with men At the time



yard tray! But never mind We workers in woods make bridal bedsteads  
and card tables all -- --  
by the job or by  
work unless it be *some* cobbler cobbling and then we stash it if we can  
Hem! I'll do the job now tenderly I'll have me—let's see—ha—m—n—  
ha—m—n—

fighting for one coffin a sight not seen very often beneath the sun! Come  
hammer caulking iron pitch pot and marlingspike! Let's to it

## Chapter 127

### The Deck

*(The coffin laid upon two line tubs between the vice bench and the open hatchway the Carpenter caulking its seams the string of twisted oakum slowly unwinding from a large roll of it placed in the bosom of his frock —Ahab comes slowly from the cabin gangway and hears Pip following him)*

BACK lad I will be with ye again presently He goes! Not this hand  
complies with my humour more genially than that boy—Middle aisle of a  
church! What's here?

Lifebuoy sir Mr Starbuck's orders Oh look sir! Beware the hatch  
way!

Thank ye man Thy coffin lies handy to the vault

Sir? The hatchway? oh! So it does sir so it does

Art not thou the leg maker? Look did not this stump come from thy  
shop?  
121

aye sir I patched up this thing here as a coffin for Queequeg but  
they've set me now to turning it into something else

Then tell me art thou no — — —  
nopolising heathenish

day coffins to clap them

Thou art as unprincipled as the gods and as much of a jack-of all trades

But I do not mean anything sir I do as I do

The gods again Hark ye dost thou not ever sing working about a  
coffin? The Titans they say hummed snatches when chipping out the  
craters for volcanoes and the gravedigger in the play sings spade in hand  
Dost thou never?

Sing sir? Do I sing? Oh I'm indifferent enough sir for that but the  
reason why the gravedigger made music must have been because there

## *Th P quod Meets the Racl el*

The story told the stranger captain immediately went on to reveal his object in boarding the *Pequod*. He desired that ship to unite with his own in the search by sailing over the sea some four or five miles apart on parallel lines and so sweeping a double horizon as it were.

I will wa er something now whispered Stubb to Flask that some one in that missing boat wore off that captain's best coat mayhap his watch—be's so cursed anxious to get it back. Who ever heard of two pious whale ships cruising after one missing whale boat in the height of the whaling season? See Flask only see how pale he looks—pale in the very buttons of his eyes—look—it wasn't the coat—it must have been the—

My boy my own boy is among them For God's sake—I beg I conjure—here exclaimed the stranger captain to Ahab who thus far had but icily received his petition. For eight and forty hours let me charter your ship—I will gladly pay for it and roundly pay for it—if there be no other way—for eight and forty hours only—only that—you must oh you must and you shall do this thing.

His son! cried Stubb oh it's his son he's lost! I take back the coat and watch—what says Ahab We must save that boy.

He's drowned with the rest on em last night said the old Manx sailor standing behind them I heard all of ye heard their spirits.

Now as it shortly turned out what made this incident of the *Rachel's* the more melancholy was the circumstance that not only was one of the captain's sons among the number of the missing boat's crew but among the number of the other boats crews at the same time but on the other

to m them for a protracted three or four years voyage in some other ship than their o n so that their first knowledge of a whaleman's career shall be unen riated by any chance display of a father's natural but untimely partial ty or undue apprehensiveness and concern.

Meantime now the stranger was still beseeching his poor boon of Ahab and Ahab still stood like an anvil receiving every shock but without the

the *Pequod* was making good speed through the water but as the broad winged windward stranger shot nigh to her the boastful sails all fell together as blank bladders that are burst and all life fled from the smitten hull

Bad news she brings bad news : muttered the old Manxman but ere her commander who with trumpet to mouth stood up in his boat ere he could hopefully hail Ahab's voice was heard

Hast seen the White Whale?

Aye yesterday Have ye seen a whale boat adrift?

Throttling his joy Ahab negatively answered this unexpected question and would then have fain boarded the stranger when the stranger captain himself having stopped his vessel's way was seen descending her side A few keen pulls and the stranger's mainchairs and he springing by Ahab for a Nantucketer he but no formal salutation was exchanged

Where was he?—not killed!—not killed! cried Ahab closely advancing How was it?

It seemed that somewhat late on the afternoon of the day previous while three of the stranger's boats were engaged with a shoal of whales which had led them some four or five miles from the ship and while they were yet in swift chase to windward the white hump and head of *Moby Dick* had suddenly loomed up out of the blue water not very far to leeward whereupon the fourth rigged boat—a reserved one—had been instantly lowered in chase After a keen sail before the wind this fourth boat—the swiftest keeled of all—seemed to have succeeded in fastening (at least as well as a man at the masthead could tell anything about it) In the distance he saw the diminished dotted boat and then a swift gleam of bubbling white water and after that nothing more whence it was concluded that the stricken often happens

The recall signal was placed in the rigging darkness came on and forced to pick up her three far to windward boats—ere going in quest of the fourth one in the precisely opposite direction—the ship had not only been necessitated to leave that boat to its fate till near midnight but for the time to increase her distance from it But the rest of her crew being at last safe aboard she crowded all sail—stunsail on stunsail—after the missing boat kindling a fire in her try pots for a beacon and every other man aloft on the lookout But though when she had thus sailed a sufficient distance to gain the presumed place of the absent ones when last seen—though she then paused to lower her spare boats to pull all around her and not finding anything had again dashed on again paused and lowered her boats and though she had thus continued doing till daylight yet not the least glimpse of the missing keel had been seen

## The Hat

him too he grows so sane again

I hear it now I hear it now

"If thou speakest thus to me much more Ahab's purpose keels up mine  
I tell thee nor it cannot be

Oh good master master master!

"Weep so and I will murder thee! have a care for Ahab too is mad  
Listen and thou wilt often hear my ivory foot upon the deck and still know  
that I am there And now I quit thee Thy hand!—Met! True art thou lad  
as the circumference to its centre So God for ever bless thee and if it  
come to that—God for ever save thee let what will befall

(Ahab goes Pip step one step forward)

"Here be this instant tood I stand in his air—but I'm alone Now were  
even poor Pip here I could endure it but he's missing Pip! Pip! Ding dong  
don't Who's seen Pip He must be up here let's try the door What?  
neither lock nor bolt nor bar and yet there's no opening it It must be the  
spell he told me to stay here. Aye and told me this screwed chair was mine  
Here then I'll seat me against the transom in the ship's full middle all her  
keel and her three masts before me Here our old sailors say in their black  
seventy-four great admirals sometimes sat at table and lord it over rows of  
captains and lieutenants Ha! what's this? epaulets! epaulets! the epaulets

I hear it now—Oh master! master! I am indeed downhearted when you  
talk over me But here I'll stay thou'lt this stern strikes rocks and they  
bulge through and oysters come to join me.

## Chapter 130

The Hat

And now that at the proper time and place after so long and wide a pre-  
liminary cruise Ahab—all other whaling waters set—seemed to have

which on the very day preceding had actually encountered Moby Dick—

least quivering of his own

I will not go said the stranger till you say aye to me Do to me as you would have me do to you in the like case For you too have a boy Captain Ahab—though but a child and nestling safely at home now—a child of your old age too—Yes yes you relent I see it—run run men now and stand by to square in the yards

Avast cried Ahab—touch not a rope yarn then in a voice that prolongingly moulded every word—Captain Gardiner I will not do it Even now I lose time Good bye good bye God bless you man and may I forgive myself but I must go Mr Starbuck look at the binnacle watch and in three minutes from this present instant warn off all stringers then brace forward again and let the ship sail as before

Hurriedly turning with averted face he descended into his cabin leaving the strange captain transfixed at this unconditional and utter rejection of his so earnest suit But starting from his enchantment Gardiner silently hurried to the side more fell than stepped into his boat and returned to his ship

Soon the two ships diverged their wakes and long as the strange vessel was in view she was seen to yaw hither and thither at every dark spot however small on the sea This way and that her yards were swung round starboard and larboard she continued to tack now she beat against a head sea and again it pushed her before it yet all the while her masts and yards were thickly clustered with men as three tall cherry trees when the boys are cherrying among the boughs

But by her still halting course and winding woeful way you plainly saw that this ship that so wept with spray still remained without comfort She was *Rachel* weeping for her children because they were not

## Chapter 129

### The Cabin

(Ahab moving to go on deck Pip catches him by the hand to follow)

LAD lad I tell thee thou must not follow Ahab now The hour is coming when Ahab would not scare thee from him yet would not have thee by him There is that in thee poor lad which I feel too curing to my malady Like cures like and for this hunt my malady becomes my most desired health Do thou abide below here where they shall serve thee as if thou wert the captain Aye lad thou shalt sit here in my own screwed chair another screw to it thou must be

No no no! ye have not a whole body sir do ye but use poor me for your one

of n



and now that all his successive meetings with various ships contrastingly concurred to show the demoniac indifference with which the White Whale tore his hunters whether sinning or sinned against now it was that there lurked a something in the old man's eyes which it was hardly sufferable for feeble souls to see As the unsetting polar star which through the live-long arctic six months night sustains its piercing steady central gaze so Ahab's purpose now fixedly gleamed down upon the constant midnight of the gloomy crew It domineered above them so that all their bodings doubts misgivings fears were fain to hide beneath their souls and not sprout forth a single spear or leaf

In this foreshadowing interval too all humour forced or natural vanished Stubb no more strove to raise a smile Starbuck no more strove to check one Alike joy and sorrow hope and fear seemed ground to finest dust and powdered for the time in the clamped mortar of Ahab's iron soul Like machine they dumbly moved about the deck ever conscious that the old man's despot eye was on them

But did you deeply scan him in his more secret confidential hours when he thought no glance but one was on him then you would have seen that even as Ahab's eyes so awed the crew's the inscrutable Parsee's glance awed his or somehow at least in some wild way at times affected it Such an added gliding strangeness began to invest the thin Fedallah now such ceaseless shudderings shook him that the men looked dubious at him half uncertain as it seemed whether indeed he were a mortal substance or else a tremulous shadow cast upon the deck by some unseen being's body And that shadow was always hovering there For not by night even had Fedallah ever certainly been known to slumber or go below He would stand still for hours but never sat or leaned his wan but wondrous eyes did plainly say We two watchmen never rest

Nor at any time by night or day could the mariners now step upon the deck unless Ahab was before them either standing in his pivot hole or exactly pacing the planks between his feet and the mizzen or else the living foot advanced upon over his eyes so that however motionless he stood however the days and

in his hammock yet hidden tell unerringly whether for all this his eyes were really closed at times or whether he was still intently scanning them no matter though he stood so in the scuttle for a whole hour on the stretch and the unheeded night-damp gathered in beads of dew upon that stone-carved coat and hat The clothes that the night had wet the next day's sunshine dried upon him and so dry after day and night after night he went no more beneath the planks whatever he wanted from the cabin that thing he sent for

## The Hat

He ate in the same open air that is his two only meals—breakfast and dinner—supper he never touched nor reaped his beard which darkly grew all gnarled as unearthed roots of trees blown over which still led base though perished in the upper verdure. But

these two never seemed to speak—once in

intervals some passing unmomentous matter made it necessary. Though such a potent spell seemed secretly to join the twain openly, and to the estruck crew they seemed pole-like asunder. If by day they chanced to speak one word by night dumb men were both so far as concerned the slightest verbal interchange. At times for longest hours without a single hail they stood far parted in the starlight. Ahab in his scuttle the Parsee by the mainmast but still fixedly gazing upon each other as if in the Parsee Ahab saw his forethrown shadow in Ahab the Parsee his abandoned substance.

And yet somehow did Ahab—in his own proper self as daily hourly and every instant commandingly revealed to his subordinates—Ahab seemed to demand in the Parsee but his slave. Still again both

was solid Ahab.

At the first faintest glimmering of the dawn his iron voice was heard from aft—'Man the mastheads!'—and all through the day till after sunset and after twilight the same voice every hour at the striking of the helmsman's bell was heard—'What d'ye see?—sharp! sharp!'

But when three or four days had glided by after meeting the children seeking Rachel and no spout had yet been seen the monomaniac old man seemed distrustful of his crew's fidelity at least of nearly all except the paan harpooneers he seemed to doubt even whether Stubb and Flask

must have the doubloon! and with his own hand he took the bowlines and sending a hand aloft with a single sheaved block to secure to the mainmast head he received the two ends of the downward reeved rope and attaching one to his basket prepared a pin for the other end in order to fasten it at the rail. This done with that end yet in his hand and standing beside the pin he looked round upon his crew sweeping from one to the other pausing his glance long upon Dagoo Queequeg Tashtego but shunning Fedallah and then settling his firm relying eye upon the chief mate said—'Take the rope sir—I give it into thy hands



and now that all his successive meetings with various ships contrastingly concurred to show the demoniac indifference with which the White Whale tore his hunters whether sinning or sinned against now it was that there lurked a something in the old man's eyes which it was hardly sufferable for feeble souls to see. As the unsetting polar star which through the live-long arctic six months night sustains its piercing steady central gaze so Ahab's purpose now fixedly gleamed down upon the constant midnight of the gloomy crew. It domineered above them so that all their bodings doubts misgivings fears were fain to hide beneath their souls and not sprout forth a single spear or leaf.

In this foreshadowing interval too all humour forced or natural vanished. Stubb no more strove to raise a smile. Starbuck no more strove to check one. Alike joy and sorrow hope and fear seemed ground to finest dust and powdered for the time in the clamped mortar of Ahab's iron soul. Like machines they dumbly moved about the deck ever conscious that the old man's despot eye was on them.

But did you deeply scan him in his more secret confidential hours when he thought no glance but one was on him then you would have seen that even as Ahab's eyes so awed the crew's the inscrutable Parsee's glance awed his or somehow at least in some wild way at times affected it. Such an added gliding strangeness began to invest the thin Fedallah now such ceaseless shudderings shook him that the men looked dubious at him half uncertain as it seemed whether indeed he were a mortal substance or else a tremulous shadow cast upon the deck by some unseen being's body. And that shadow was always hovering there. For not by night even had Fedallah ever certainly been known to slumber or go below. He would stand still for hours but never sat or leaned his wan but wondrous eyes did plainly say: We two watchmen never rest.

Nor at any time by night or day could the mariners now step upon the deck unless Ahab was before them either standing in his pivot hole or exactly pacing the planks between two undeviating limits—the mainmast and the mizzen or else they saw him standing in the cabin scuttle—his living foot advanced upon the deck as if to step his hat slouched heavily over his eyes so that however motionless he stood however the days and

Iden  
for  
ntly  
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He 'e in the same open air that is his two only meal—breakfast and dinner—supper he never touched nor reaped his beard which darkly grew all gnarled as unearthened roots of trees blown over which still grew idly on at naked base though perished in the upper verdure but which his whole life was now become one watch on deck and though the Parsees may be watch was without intermission as his own yet these never seemed to speak—one man to the other—unless at long intervals some passing unimportant matter made it necessary. Though such a potent spell seemed secretly to join the twain openly and to the rest of the crew they seemed pole-like a under. If by day they chanced to speak one word by night dumb men were both so far as concerned that they lost verbal interchange. At times for longest hours without a word they stood far parted in the starlight. Ahab in his scuttle the Parsee by the mainmast but still fixedly gazing upon each other as in the Parsee Ahab saw his forththrown shadow in Ahab the Parsee abandoned substance.

And yet somehow did Ahab—in his own proper self as daily hourly and even instant commandingly revealed to his subordinates—Ahab seemed an independent lord the Parsee but his slave. Still again both seemed yoked together and an unseen tyrant driving them the land shade and the solid rib. For be this Parsee what he may all rib and keel was of Ahab.

At the first faintest glimmering of the dawn his iron voice was heard from the mastheads—and all through the day till after sunset and in the night the same voice every hour at the striking of the helmsman's bell was heard—"What do ye see—sharp! sharp!"

Even when three or four days had glided by after meeting the children of the Parsee and no port had yet been seen the monomaniac old man seemed distrustful of his crew's fidelity at least of nearly all except the fore-and-aft pooneers, he seemed to doubt even whether Stubb and Flask might not willfully overlook the light he sought. But if these suspicions were really his he sagaciously refrained from verbally expressing them however his actions might seem to hint them.

"I will have the first sight of the whale myself"—he said. "Aye! Ahab may have the doubloon!" and with his own hands he rigged a nest of basketed boy lines and sending a hand aloft with a single basketed block to secure to the mainmast head he received the two ends of the downward reeved rope and attaching one to his basket prepared a pin for the other end, in order to fasten it at the rail. This done with that end yet in his hand and standing beside the pin he looked round upon his crew sweeping from one to the other pausing his glance long upon Dagoo Queequeg Taji but shunning Fedallah and then settling his firm relying eye upon the chief mate said—"Take the rope sir—I give it into thy hand."

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 did plainly say. We two watchmen never rest

Nor at any time by night or day could the mariners now step upon the  
 deck unless Ahab was before them either standing in his pivot hole or  
 exactly pacing the planks between two undeviating limits—the mainmast  
 and the mizzen or else they saw him standing in the cabin scuttle—his  
 living foot advanced upon the deck as if to step his hat slouched heavily  
 over his eyes so that however motionless he stood however the days and  
 nights were added on that he had not swung in his hammock yet hidden  
 beneath that slouching hat they could never tell unerringly whether for  
 all this his eyes were really closed at times or whether he was still intently  
 scanning them no matter though he stood so in the scuttle for a whole  
 hour on the stretch and the unheeded night-damp gathered in beads of  
 dew upon that stone-carved coat and hat. The clothes that the night had  
 dried upon him and so dry after dry and  
 wanted

And he flew thrice round Tarquin's head removing his cap to replace it, and thereupon Tanaquil, his wife declared that Tarquin would be king of Rome. But only by the replacing of the cap was that omen accomplished.

## Chapter 131

### *The Pequod Meets the Delight*

THE immense *Pequod* sailed on the rolling waves and days went by the while. Another ship most miserably misadventured drew nigh all eyes were fixed upon her in some whaling-ships cross the quarter-deck at the height of eight or nine feet serving to carry the square, masted or d-sabled boats.

Upon the stranger's shears were beheld the shattered white ribs and some few splintered planks of what had once been a whale-boat but now was through this wreck as plainly as you see through the peeled half-undressed, and bleaching skeleton of a horse.

"Hast seen the White Whale?"

"Look!" replied the hollow-cheeked captain from his taffrail and with his trumpet he pointed to the wreck.

"Hast killed him?"

"The harpoon is not yet forged that will ever do that," answered the other sadly glancing upon a rounded hammock on the deck whose gathered sides some noiseless sailors were busy in sewing tog ther.

the White Whale most feels his accursed life!

"Then God keep thee old man—see st thou that"—pointing to the hammock—"I bury but one of five stout men who were alive only yesterday."

O God!

with uplifted hands—may

lightning to his men

But the suddenly started *Pequod* was not quick enough to escape the sound of the splash that the corpse soon made as it struck the sea not so

Starbuck Then —  
them to hoist  
rope at last ■

and thus with one hand clinging  
round the royal mast Ahab gazed abroad upon the sea for miles and miles  
—ahead astern this side and that —within the wide expanded circle com-  
manded at so great a height

When in working with his hands at some lofty almost isolated place in  
the rigging which chances to afford no foothold the sailor at sea is hoisted  
up to that spot and sustained there by the rope under these circumstances  
its fastened end on deck is always given in strict charge to some one man  
who has the special watch of it Because in such a wilderness of running  
rigging whose various different relations aloft cannot always be infallibly  
discerned by what is seen of them at the deck and when the deck ends of  
these ropes are being every few minutes cast down from the fastenings it  
would be but a natural fatality if unprovided with a constant watchman  
the hoisted sailor should by some carelessness of the crew be cast adrift and  
fall all swooping to the sea So Ahab's proceedings in this matter were not  
unusual the only strange thing about them seemed to be that Starbuck  
almost the one only man who had ever ventured to oppose him with any  
thing in the slightest degree approaching to decision—one of those too  
whose faithfulness on the lookout he had seemed to doubt somewhat —it  
was strange that this was the very man he should select for his watchman  
freely giving his whole life into such an otherwise distrusted person's  
hands

Now the first time Ahab was perched aloft ere he had been there ten  
minutes one of those red billed savage sea hawks which so often fly in  
commodiously close round the manned mastheads of wharfen in these  
latitudes one of these birds came wheeling and screaming round his head  
in a maze of untrackably swift circlings Then it darted a thousand feet  
straight up into the air then spiralled downwards and went eddying  
again round his head

But with his gaze fixed upon the dim and distant horizon Ahab seemed  
not to mark this wild bird nor indeed would anyone else have marked it  
much it being no uncommon circumstance only now almost the least  
heedful eye seemed to see some sort of cunning meaning in almost every  
sight

Your hat your hat sir! suddenly cried the Sicilian seaman who be-  
ing posted at the mizzen masthead stood directly behind Ahab though  
somewhat lower than his level and with a deep gulf of air dividing  
them

But already the sable wing was before the old man's eyes the long  
hooked bill at his head with a scream the black hawk darted away with his  
prize

## The Symplony

at last stroke and caress him the stepmother world so long cruel—for bidding—now threw affectionate arms round his stubborn neck and did seem to joyously sob over him as if over one that however wilful and cunning she could yet find it in her heart to save and to bless From beneath a nor did all the Pacific

wily leaned over the side  
measureless sobbing that

sole out of the centre of the serenity around Careful not to touch him or be noticed by him he yet drew near to him and stood there

Ahab turned

Starbuck!

Sir

Oh Starbuck! it is a mild mild wind and a mild looking sky On such a day—very much such a sweetness as this—I struck my first whale—a boy harpooneer of eighteen! Forty—forty—forty years ago!—ago! Forty years — —

Yes Starbuck out of those forty years I have not spent three ashore When I think of this life I have led the desolation of solitude it has been the masoned walled town of a captain's exclusiveness which admits but small entrance to any sympathy from the green country without—oh weariness! heaviness! Guinea-coast slavery of solitary command!—when I think of all this only half-suspected not so keenly known to me before—and how for forty years I have fed upon dry salted fare—fit emblem of the dry nourishment of my soul!—when the poorest landsman has had fresh fruit to his daily hand and broken the world's fresh bread to my mouldy crusts—away whole oceans away from that young girl wife I wedded past fifty and sailed for Cape Horn the next day leaving but one dent in my marriage pillow—*use? use?*—rather a widow with her husband alive! Aye I *widowed* that poor girl when I married her Starbuck and then the madness the frenzy the boiling blood and the smoking brow with which for a thousand lowerings old Ahab has furiously foamingly chased his prey—more a demon than a man—*aye aye!* what a forty years fool—fool—old fool has old Ahab been! Why this strife of the chase? why weary and palsied the arms at the oar and the iron and the lance? how the richer or better is Ahab now? Behold Oh Starbuck! is it not hard that with this weary load I bear one poor leg should have been snatched from under me? Here brush this old hair aside it blinds me that I seem to weep Locks so grey did never grow but from out some ashes! But do I look very old so very very old Starbuck? I feel deadly faint bowed and humped as though I were Adam staggering beneath the piled centuries

quick indeed but that some of the flying bubbles might have sprinkled her hull with their ghostly baptism

As Ahab now glided from the dejected *Delight* the strange lifebuoy hanging at the *Pequod's* stern came into conspicuous relief

Ha! yonder! look yonder men! cried a foreboding voice in her wake  
In vain oh ye strangers ye fly our sad burial Ye but turn us your taffrail  
to show us your coffin!

## Chapter 132

### *The Symphony*

IT WAS a clear steel blue day The firmaments of air and sea were hardly separable in that all pervading azure only the pensive air was transparently pure and soft with a woman's look and the robust and man like sea heaved with long strong lingering swells as Samson's chest in his sleep

Hither and thither on high glided the snow white wings of small unspeckled birds these were the gentle thoughts of the feminine air but to and fro in the deeps far down in the bottomless blue rushed mighty Leviathans sword fish and sharks and these were the strong troubled murderous thinkings of the masculine sea

But though thus contrasting within the contrast was only in shades and shadows without those two seemed one it was only the sex as it were that distinguished them

Aloft like a royal czar and king the sun seemed giving this gentle air to this bold and rolling sea even as bride to groom And at the girdling line of the horizon a soft and tremulous motion—most seen here at the Equator—denoted the fond throbbing thrust the loving alarms with which the poor bride gave her bosom away

Tied up and twisted gnarled and knotted with wrinkles haggardly firm and unyielding his eyes glowing like coals that still glow in the ashes of ruin untottering Ahab stood forth in the clearness of the morn lifting his splintered helmet of a brow to the fair girl's forehead of heaven

Oh immortal infancy and innocency of the azure! Invisible winged creatures that frolic all round us! Sweet childhood of air and sky! how oblivious were ye of old Ahab's close-coiled woe! But so have I seen little Miriam and Martha laughing-eyed elves heedlessly gambol around their old sire sporting with the circle of singed locks which grew on the marge of that burnt-out crater of his brain

Slowly crossing the deck from the scuttle Ahab leaned over the side and watched how his shadow in the water sank and sank to hee  
mo  
aro  
can

men they have been making hay somewhere and I know they  
 would sleep and left

in the half-cut swatches—just like

He blanched to a corpse's hue with despair the mate had stolen away  
 Ahab crossed the deck to gaze over on the other side but started at two  
 reflected fixed eyes in the water there Fedallah was motionlessly leaning  
 over the same rail.

## Chapter 133

### The Chase—First Day

TURNED in the mid watch when the old man—as his wont at intervals  
 stepped forth from the scuttle in which he leaned and went to his pivot  
 bolt, he suddenly thrust out his face fiercely snuffing up the sea air as a  
 suspicious ship's dog will in drawing nigh to some barbarous isle He  
 declared that a whale must be near Soon that peculiar odour sometimes  
 in a great distance given forth by the living Sperm Whale was palpable  
 to all the watch nor was any mariner surprised when after inspecting  
 the compass, and then the dog-vane and then ascertaining the precise  
 bearing of the odour as nearly as possible Ahab rapidly ordered the ship's  
 course to be slightly altered and the sail to be shortened

The acute policy dictating these movements was sufficiently indicated  
 at daybreak by the sight of a long sleek on the sea directly and lengthwise  
 ahead, smooth as oil and resembling in the pleated watery wrinkles border-  
 ing it, the polished metallic like marks of some swift tide-rip at the mouth  
 of a deep rapid stream

Man the mastheads! Call all hands!

Thundering at the butts of three clubbed handspikes on the fore-  
 castle deck, Daggoon roused the sleepers with such judgment claps that  
 they seemed to exhale from the scuttle so instantaneously did they appear

o the sky  
 own in reply  
 both sides

All sail being set he now cast loose the life-line reserved for swaying  
 him to the main royal masthead and in a few moments they were hoisting  
 him thither when while but two-thirds of the way aloft and while peer-  
 ing ahead through the horizontal vacancy between the main top-sail and



since Paradise God! God! God!—crack my heart!—stave my brain!—mockery! mockery! bitter biting mockery of grey hairs have I lived enough joy to wear ye and seem and feel thus intolerably old? Close! stand close to me Starbuck let me look into a human eye it is better than to gaze into sea or sky better than to gaze upon God By the green land by the bright hearthstone! this is the magic glass man I see my wife and my child in thine eye No no stay on board on board!—lower not when I do when branded Ahab gives chase to Moby Dick That hazard shall not be thine No no! not with the far away home I see in that eye!

Oh my Captain! my Captain! noble soul! grand old heart after all! why should any one give chase to that hated fish! Away with me! let us fly these deadly waters! let us home! Wife and child too are Starbuck's—wife and child of his brotherly sisterly phyfellow youth even as thine sir are the wife and child of thy loving longing paternal old age! Away! let us away!—this instant let me alter the course! How cheerily how hilariously O my Captain would we bowl on our way to see old Nantucket again! I think sir they have some such mild blue days even as this in Nantucket

They have they have I have seen them—some summer days in the morning About this time—yes it is his noon now now—the boy vacuously wakes sits up in bed and his mother tells him of me of cannibal old me how I am abroad upon the deep but will yet come back to dance him again

'Tis my Mary my Mary herself! She promised that my boy every morning should be carried to the hill to catch the first glimpse of his father's sail! Yes yes! no more! it is done! we head for Nantucket! Come my Captain study out the course and let us away! See see! the boy's face from the window! the boy's hand on the hull!

But Ahab's glance was averted like a blighted fruit tree he shook and cast his last cindered apple to the soil

What is it what nameless inscrutable unearthly thing is it what cozening hidden lord and master and cruel remorseless emperor com-

proprietor natural heart I durst not so much as dare? Is Ahab Ahab? Is it I God or who that lifts this arm? But if the great sun move not of himself but is as an errand boy in heaven nor one single star can revolve but by some invisible power how then can this one small heart beat this one small brain think thoughts unless God does that beating does that thinking does that living and not I By heaven man we are turned round and round in this world like yonder windlass and Fate is the handspike And all the time lo! that smiling sky and this unsounded sea! Look! see yon Albicore! who put it into him to chase and

### *The Chase—First Day*

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—

There she blows!—there

Jick!

By the cry which seemed simultaneously taken up by the three lookouts the men on deck rushed to the rigging to behold the famous whale they had so long been pursuing. Ahab had now gained the perch some fathoms

him on the ca

on a level

mile or so

and regula

it seemed the same silent spout they had so long ago beheld in the moonlit Atlantic and Indian Oceans

And did none of ye see it before? cried Ahab hailing the perched men all around him

I saw him almost that same instant sir that Captain Ahab did and I cried out said Tashtego

Not the same instant not the same—no the doubloon is mine Fate reserved the doubloon for me I only none of ye could have raised the White Whale first There she blows! there she blows!—there she blows! There again!—there again! he cried in long-drawn lingering methodic tones attuned to the gradual prolongings of the whale's visible jets He's going to sound! In stunsails! Down top gilliant sails! Stand by three boats Mr Starbuck remember stay on board and keep the ship Helm there! Luff luff a point! So steady man steady! There go flukes! No no only black water! All ready the boats there? Stand by stand by! Lower me Mr Starbuck lower lower—quick quicker! and he slid through the air to the deck

He is heading straight to leeward sir cried Stubb right away from us cannot have seen the ship yet

Be dumb man! Stand by the braces! I lard down the helm!—brace up! Shiver her!—shiver her! So well that! Boats boats!

Soon all the boats but Starbuck's were dropped all the boat sails set—all the paddles plying with rippling swiftness shooting to leeward and Ahab heading the onset A pale death glimmer lit up Fedallah's sunken eyes a hideous motion gnawed his mouth

Like noiseless nautilus shells their light prows sped through the sea but only slowly they neared the foe As they neared him the ocean grew still more smooth seemed drawing a carpet over its waves seemed a noon meadow so serenely it spread At length the breathless hunter came so nigh his seemingly unsuspecting prey that his entire dazzling hump was distinctly visible sliding along the sea as if an isolated thing and continually set in a revolving ring of finest fleecy greenish foam He saw the vast involved wrinkles of the slightly projecting head beyond Before it

### The Chase—First Day

ft Turkish rug'd waters went the glistening white

the white rose and danced by his side. But these were not the

an argosy the tide will set in and out again

White Whale's back and at intervals one of the cloud of soft roed fowls hovering and to and fro skimming like a canopy over the fish silently perched and rocked on this pole the long tail feathers streaming like pennons

A gentle joyousness—a mighty mildness of repose in swiftness invested the gliding whale. Not the white bull Jupiter swimming away with ravished Europa clinging to his graceful horns his lovely leering eyes side-ways intent upon the maid with smooth bewitching fleetness rippling straight for the nuptial bower in Crete not Jove did surpass the glorified White Whale as he so divinely swam.

|| but had fatally found that quietude but the vesture of tornadoes Yet  
calm, enticing calm, oh whale! thou glidest on to all who for the first time  
eye thee no matter how many in that same way thou mayst have bejuggled  
and destroyed before

whole marbled body formed a high arch like Virginia's Natural Bridge and within his waving, his bannered flukes in the air the grand god revealed himself sounded and went out of sight Hoveringly halting, and dipping on the wing, the white sea fox is longingly lingered over the arched pool that he left.

With oars apeak, and paddles down the sheets of their sails adrift the three boats now stilly floated, awaiting Moby-Dick's reappearance.

'The birds!—the birds!' cried Tashtego

In long Indian file as when herons take wing the white birds were now all flying towards Ahab's boat and when within a few yards began fluttering over the water there wheeling round and round with joyous expectant cries Their vision was keener than man's Ahab could discover no sign in the sea But suddenly as he peered down and

teeth floating up from open mouth and scrolle- just his vast shadowed bulk still half blending with the blue of the sea The glittering mouth yawned beneath the boat like an open-doored marble tomb and giving one

his harpoon commanded his crew to grasp their oars and stand by to stern

Now by reason of this timely spinning round the boat upon its axis its bow by anticipation was made to face the whale's head while yet under water But as if perceiving this stratagem Moby Dick with that malicious intelligence ascribed to him sidelingly transplanted himself as it were in an instant shooting his plaited head lengthwise beneath the

one of the teeth caught in a row of than as each and crossed his arms before other's heads to gain the

And now while both elastic gunwales were springing in and out as the whale dallied with the doomed craft in this devilish way and from his body being submerged beneath the boat he could not be darted at from the bows for the bows were almost inside of him as it were and while the other boats involuntarily paused as before a quick crisis impossible to withstand then it was that monomaniac Ahab furious with this tantalising vicinity of his foe which placed him all alive and helpless in the very jaws he hated frenzied with all this he seized the long bone with his naked hands and wildly strove to wrench it from its gripe As now he thus vainly strove the jaw slipped from him the frail gunwales

## The Chase—First Day

bent in collapsed and snapped as both jaws like an enormous shears slid further aft but the craft completely in twain and locked themselves fast again in the sea midway between the two floating wrecks. These floated aside the broken ends drooping the crew at the stern wreck clinging to the gunwales and striving to hold fast to the oars to lash them across.

At that prelude moment ere the boat was yet snapped Ahab the first to perceive the whale's intent by the craft's upraising of his head a movement that loosed his hold for the time at that moment his hand had made one final effort to push the boat out of the bite. But only slipping further into the whale's mouth and tilting over sideways as it slipped the boat had shaken off his hold on the jaw spilled him out of it as he leaned to the push and so he fell flat faced upon the sea.

Ruppling withdrawing from his prey Moby Dick now lay at a little distance vertically thrusting his oblong white head up and down in the billows and at the same time slowly revolving his whole spindle body so that when his vast wrinkled forehead rose—some twenty or more feet out of the water—the now rising sun with all their confluent waves dazzled broke against it vindictively tossing their hivered spray still higher into the air. So in a gale the but half baffled Channel billows only recoil from the base of the Eddystone triumphantly to overleap its summit with their scud.

But soon resuming his horizontal attitude Moby Dick swam swiftly round and round the wrecked crew sideways churning the water in his refulgent wake as if lashing himself up to still another and more deadly assault. The sight of the splintered boat seemed to madden him as the blood of grapes and mulberries cast before Antiochus's elephants in the book of Maccabees. Meanwhile Ahab half smothered in the foam of the whale's insolent tail and too much of a cripple to swim—though he could still keep afloat, even in the heart of such a whirlpool as that helpless Ahab's head was seen like a tossed bubble which the last chance shocker burst. From the boat's fragments stern Fedallah incuriously and mildly eyed him the clinging crew at their other drifting end could not accure him more than enough was for them to look to themselves. For so revoltingly appalling as the White Whale's aspect and so planetarily swift the ever-contracting circles he made that he seemed horizontally swooping upon them. And though the other boats unharmed still hovered hard by all their did not pull into the eddy to strike lest

This scene is peculiar to the Green Whale. It receives a designation (perhaps from its being limited to the primary paid-down part of the whale's body) as the extreme and primary form of the motion the whale most best and most characteristic new whatever objects may be encircling

that should be the signal for the instant destruction of the jeopardised castaways Ahab and all nor in that case could they themselves hope to escape With straining eyes then they remained on the outer edge of the direful zone whose centre had now become the old man's head

Meantime from the beginning all this had been descried from the ship's mastheads and squaring her yards she had borne down upon the scene and was now so nigh that Ahab in the water hailed her — Sail on the — but that moment a breaking sea dashed on him from Moby Dick and whelmed him for the time But struggling out of it again and chancing to rise on a towering crest he shouted — Sail on the whale! — Drive him off!

The *Pequod's* prows were pointed and breaking up the charmed circle she effectually parted the White Whale from his victim As he sullenly swam off the boats flew to the rescue

On a dark day

Stubb's boat like one trodden under foot of herds of elephants Far inland nameless wails came from him as desolate sounds from our ravines

But this intensity of his physical prostration did but so much the more abbreviate it In an instant's compass great hearts sometimes condense to one deep pang the sum total of those shallow pains kindly diffused through feebler men's whole lives And so such heart-ache at once

of interior souls

The harpoon said Ahab half way rising and draggingly leaning on one bended arm — is it safe?

Aye sir for it was not darted this is it said Stubb showing it

Lay it before me — any missing men?

One two three four five — there were five oars sir and here are five men

That's good — Help me man I v l a — c l  
there! going — ic  
eternal sap r

It is often the case that when a boat is stove its crew being taken up by another boat continued with

added power of the boat did not equal the added power of the whale for he seemed to have treble banked his every fin swimming with a velocity which plainly showed that if now under these circumstances pushed on the chase would prove an indefinitely prolonged if not a hopeless one

## The Chase—First Day

no could any crew endure for so long a period such an unintermitted  
 L. once raining at the oar a thing barely tolerable only in some one  
 brief respite. The ship itself then as it sometimes happens offered the  
 most promising in immediate means of overtaking the chase. Accordingly  
 the boats now made for her and were soon swayed up to their cranes—the  
 high up and  
 red wings of  
 Moby Dick

At the well known methodic interval the hale glittering spout was  
 regularly announced from the manned masthead and when he would be  
 reported as just gone down Ahab would take the time and then pacing  
 the deck, binoculars in hand so soon as the last second of the allotted  
 hour expired his voice was heard—Who is the doubloon now? Die  
 see him and if the reply was No sir! straightway he commanded them  
 to lift him to his perch. In this way the day wore on Ahab now aloft and

At last he  
 paused before it and a in an already over-clouded sky fresh troops of clouds  
 still sometimes sail across so over the old man's face there now stole some  
 such added gloom as this

Stubb said him pause and perhaps in ending not vainly though to  
 ensure his own unabated fortitude and thus keep up a valiant place in his  
 Captain's mind he advanced and evening the wreck exclaimed—"The  
 thrust the ass refused it pinched his mouth too keenly sir ha' ha'

"What soulless thing is this that laughs before a wreck? Man man!  
 did I not know thee brave as fearless fire (and as mechanical) I could  
 swear thou wert a poltroon. Grown nor laugh should be heard before a  
 wreck."

Are sir said Starbuck, drawing near with a solemn sight an omen  
 and an ill one

"Omen omen—the dictionary! If the gods think to speak outright to  
 man they will honourably speak outright no shake their head and give  
 an old wife's darkling hint—Begone! Ye two are the opposite poles of one  
 thing Starbuck is Stubb reversed and Stubb is Starbuck and ye two are all  
 mankind and Ahab stands alone among the millions of the peopled earth  
 nor gods nor men his neighbours! Cold cold—I shiver!—How now! Aloft  
 there! Die see him. Sing out for every spout though he spout ten times a  
 second!



The day was nearly done only the hem of his golden robe was rustling  
Soon it was almost dark but the look out men still remained unset  
Can't see the spout now sir —too dark —cried a voice from the air  
How heading when last seen?

As before sir —straight to leeward

Good! he will travel slower now 'tis night Down royals and top gallant  
stunsails Mr Starbuck We must not run over him before morning  
he's making a passage now and may heave-to a while Helm there! keep  
her full before the wind!—Aloft! come down!—Mr Stubb send a fresh  
hand to the foremast head and see it manned till morning —Then  
advancing towards the doubloon in the mainmast— Men this gold is mine  
for I earned it but I shall let it abide here till the White Whale is dead  
and then whosoever of ye first raises him upon the day he shall be killed  
this gold is that man's and if on that day I shall again raise him then ten  
times its sum shall be divided among all of ye! Away now!—the deck is  
thine sir

And so saying he placed himself half way within the scuttle and  
slouching his hat stood there till dawn except when at intervals rousing  
himself to see how the night wore on

## Chapter 134

### *The Chase—Second Day*

AT DAWN the three mastsheads were punctually manned afresh

D'ye see him? cried Ahab after allowing a little space for the light to  
spread

See nothing sir

Turn up all hands and make sail! he travels faster than I thought for —  
the top gallant sails!—aye they should have been kept on her all night  
But no matter— 'tis but resting for the rush

Here be it said that this pertinacious pursuit of one particular whale  
continued through day into night and through night into day is a thing  
by no means unprecedented in the South Sea fishery For such is the won-  
derful skill prescience of experience and invincible confidence acquired  
by some great natural geniuses among the Nantucket commanders that  
from the single observation of a whale when last descried they will under  
certain given circumstances pretty accurately foretell both the direction in  
which he will continue to swim for a time while out of sight as well as  
his probable rate of progression during that period And in these cases  
somewhat as a pilot when about losing sight of a coast whose general  
trending he well knows and which he desires shortly to return to again  
but at some further point like as this pilot stands by his compass and  
takes the precise bearing of the cape at present visible in order the more

## The Chase—Second Day

certainly to hit aught the remote unseen headland eventually to be visited so does the fisherman at his compass with the whale for after being chased and diligently marked through several hours of daylight wake through of the hunter drous skill the proverbial evanescence of a thing writ in water a wam is to all d-sired purposes as reliable as the steadfast land And as the mighty Leviathan of the modern railway is so familiarly known in its every

are occasions when these Nantucketers time that other LEVIATHAN OF deep according to the observed humour of his speed and say to themselves so many hours hence this whale will have gone two hundred

three leagues and a quarter from his port Inferable from these statments are many collateral subtle matters touching the chase of whales

The ship tore on leaving such a furrow in the sea as when a cannon ball missent becomes a ploughshare and turns up the level field

By salt and hemp! cried Stubb but this swift motion of the deck creeps up one's legs and tingles at the heart This ship and I are two brave fellows!—Ha! ha! Some one take me up and launch me spin-wise on the sea—for by live-oaks' my spine's a keel Ha! ha! we go the gait that leaves no dust behind!

"There she blows—she blows!—she blows!—right ahead!" was now the masthead cry

Aye aye! cried Stubb "I knew it—we can't escape—blow on and split

have felt before these were not only now kept out of sight through the

mark by all these things their hearts were bowled along The wind that made great bellies of their sails and rushed the vessel on by arms invisible as irresistible this seemed the symbol of that unseen agency which so enslaved them to the race

They were one man not thirty For as the one ship that held them all though it was put together of all contrasting things—oak and maple and pine wood iron and pitch and hemp—yet all these ran into each other in the one concrete hull which shot on its way both balanced and directed by the long central keel even so all the individualities of the crew This man's valour that man's fear guilt and guiltiness all varieties were welded into oneness and were all directed to that fatal goal which Ahab their one lord and keel did point to

The rigging lived The mastheads like the tops of tall palms were out spreadingly tufted with arms and legs Clinging to a spar with one hand some reached forth the other with impatient wavings others shading their eyes from the vivid sunlight sat far out on the rocking yards all the spars in full bearing of mortals ready and ripe for their fate Ah! how they still strove through that infinite blueness to seek out the thing that might destroy them!

Why sing ye not out for him if ye see him? cried Ahab when after the lapse of some minutes since the first cry no more had been heard

Sway me up men ye have been deceived not Moby Dick casts one odd jet that way and then disappears

It was even so in their headlong eagerness the men had mistaken some other thing for the whale spout as the event itself soon proved for hardly had Ahab reached his perch hardly was the rope belayed to its  
an orchestra that made the air  
rises The triumphant halloo

or thirty buckskin lungs was heard as—much nearer to the ship than the place of the imaginary jet less than a mile ahead—Moby Dick bodily burst into view! For not by any calm and indolent spoutings not by the perceable gush of that mystic fountain in his head did the White Whale now reveal his vicinity but by the far more wondrous phenomenon of breaching Rising with his utmost velocity from the furthest depths the Sperm Whale thus booms his entire bulk into the pure element of air and piling up a mountain of dazzling foam shows his place to the distance of seven miles and more In those moments the torn enraged waves he shakes off seem his mane in some cases this breaching is his act of defiance

There she breaches! there she breaches! was the cry as in his immeasurable bravadoes the White Whale tossed himself salmon like to Heaven So suddenly seen in the blue plain of the sea and relieved against the still bluer margin of the sky the spray that he raised for the moment intoler

My glittered and glared like a glacier and stood there gradually fading and fading away from its first sparkling intensity to the dim mustiness of advancing hower in a vale

1 41 ab thy hour  
re man at the

fore the boats'—s and try

Unmindful of the tedious rope-ladders of the shrouds the men like shooting stars slid to the deck by the isolated backstays and halivards while Ahab less daintily but still rapidly was dropped from his perch.

Lower at 31 he cried so soon as he had reached his boat—a spare one  
 need the sternoon previous Mr Starbuck the ship is thine—keep  
 at 37 from the boats but keep near them Lower all'

As if to strike a quick terror into them by this time being the first assailant himself, Moby Dick had turned and was now coming for the three crews. Ahab's boat was central and cheering his men, he told them he would take the whale head and head—that is, pull straight up to his forehead—a not uncommon thing for when within a certain limit such a course excludes the coming onset from the whale's sidelong vision. But ere that close limit was gained, and while yet all three boats were plain as the ship's three masts to his eye, the White Whale churning himself into furious speed almost in an instant as it were, rushing among the boats with open jaws and a lashing tail, offered appalling battle on every side, and heedless of the irons darted at him from every boat, seemed only intent on annihilating each separate plank of which those boats were made. But skillfully manœuvred incessantly, wheeling like trained chargers in the field, the boats for a while eluded him though at times, but by a plank's breadth, while all the time Ahab's unearthly slogan tore every other cry but his to shreds.

But at last in his untraceable evolutions the White Whale so crossed and recrossed and in a thousand ways entangled the slack of the three lines not fast to him that they fore-shortened and of themselves warped the devoted boats towards the planted irons in him though now for a moment the whale drew aside a little as if to rally for a more tremendous chase. Seizing that opportunity Ahab first paid out more line and then was rapidly hauling and jerking in upon it again—hoping that way to disencumber it of some snarls—then lo!—a sight more savage than the embattled teeth of sharks!

Caught and tied—corkscrewed in the mazes of the line—loose har-  
poons and la-  
and dripping  
could be do  
through—and then without—the rays of steel dragged in the line beyond  
passed it inboard to the bowsman and then to ice sundering the rope

near the chocks—dropped the intercepted rigot of steel into the sea and was all fast again. That instant the White Whale made a sudden rush among the remaining tangles of the other lines by so doing irresistibly dragged the more involved boats of Stubb and Flask towards his flukes dashed them together like two rolling husks on a surf beaten beach and then diving down into the sea disappeared in a boiling maelstrom in which for a space the odorous cedar chips of the wrecks danced round and round like the grated nutmeg in a swiftly stirred bowl of punch.

While the two crews were yet circling in the waters reaching out after the revolving line tubs oars and other floating furniture while aslope little Flask bobbed up and down like an empty vial twitching his legs upwards to escape the dreaded jaws of sharks and Stubb was lustily singing out for some one to ladle him up and while the old man's line—now parting—admitted of his pulling into the creamy pool to rescue whom he could—in that wild simultaneousness of a thousand concerted perils—Ahab's yet unstricken boat seemed drawn up towards Heaven by invisible wires—as arrow like shooting perpendicularly from the sea the White Whale dashed his broad forehead against its bottom and sent it turning over and over into the air till it fell again—gunwale downwards—and Ahab and his men struggled out from under it like seals from a seaside cave.

The first uprising momentum of the whale—modifying its direction as he struck the surface—involuntarily launched him along it to a little distance from the centre of the destruction he had made and with his back to it he now lay for a moment slowly feeling with his flukes from side to side and whenever a stray oar bit of plank the least chip or crumb of the boats touched his skin his tail swiftly drew back and came sideways smiting the sea. But soon as if satisfied that his work for that time was done he pushed his plated forehead through the ocean and trailing after him the intertingled lines continued his leeward way at a traveller's methodic pace.

As before the attentive ship having descried the whole fight again came bearing down to the rescue and dropping a boat picked up the floating mariners tubs oars and whatever else could be caught at and safely landed them on her decks. Some sprained shoulders—

could have bettlen any one. As with Fedallah the day before so Ahab was now found grimly clinging to his boat's broken half which afforded a comparatively easy float nor did it so exhaust him as the previous day's mishap.

But when he was helped to the deck all eyes were fastened upon him as instead of standing by himself he still half hung upon the shoulder of

and would old Ahab *hau kahu*

"The ferrule has not stood sir and the carpenter now coming up  
I put good work into that leg

But no bones broken sir I hope said Stubb with true concern  
Aye! and all splintered to pieces Stubb!—d'ye see it—But even with  
a broken bone old Ahab is untouched and I account no living bone of  
more one jot more me than this dead one that's lost Nor white whale  
nor man nor fiend can so much as graze old Ahab in his own proper and  
inaccessible being Can any lead touch yonder floor any mast scrape  
yonder roof?—Aloft there! which way

"Dead to leeward sir

Up helm, then pile on the sail again shipkeepers! down the rest of the  
spare boats and rig them—Mr Starbuck away and muster the boat's  
crews

Let me first help thee toward the bulwarks sir

"Oh oh oh! how this splinter gores me now! Accursed fate! that the  
unconquerable Captain in the soul should have such a craven mate!

Sir

My body man not thee Give me something for a cane—there that  
shivered lance will do Muster the men Surely I have not seen him yet By  
heaven it cannot be!—missing?—quick! call them all

The old man's hinted thought was true Upon mustering the company  
the Parsee was not there

"The Parsee! cried Stubb—he must have been caught in—

"The black vomit wretch thee!—run all of ye above aloft cabin fore-  
castle—find him—not gone—not gone!

But quickly they returned to him with the tidings that the Parsee was  
nowhere to be found

Aye sir said Stubb—caught among the tangles of your line—I  
thought I saw him dragging under

My line my line Gone?—gone What means that little word—What  
death knell rings in it that old Ahab shakes as if he were the bell! The  
harpoon too!—toss over the litter there—d'ye see it?—the forged iron  
men the White Whale's—no no no—blistered fool! this hand did dart it!  
—tis in the fish!—Aloft there! keep him nailed—Quick!—all hands to the  
gun of the boats—collect the oars—harpooneers! the irons the irons!—  
hoist the royals higher—a pull on all the sheets!—helm there! steady steady  
for your life! I'll ten times girdle the unmeasured globe yea and dive  
straight through it but I'll slay him yet!

Great God! but for one single instant show thyself cried Starbuck

never never wilt thou capture him old man—In Jesus name no more of this that's worse than devil's madness Two days chased twice stove to splinters thy very leg once more snatched from under thee thy evil shadow gone—all good angels mobbing thee with warnings—what more wouldst thou have?—Shall we keep chasing this murderous fish till he swamps the last man? Shall we be dragged by him to the bottom of the sea? Shall we be towed by him to the infernal world? Oh oh!—Impiety and blasphemy to hunt him more!

Starbuck of late I've felt strangely moved to thee ever since that hour we both saw—thou know'st what in one another's eyes But in this matter of the whale be the front of thy face to me as the palm of this hand—a lipless unfetured blank Ah! is for ever Ahab man This whole act's immutably decreed 'Twas rehearsed by thee and me a billion years before this ocean rolled Fool! I am the Fates' lieutenant I act under orders Look thou underling! that thou obeyest mine—Stand round me men Ye see an old man cut down to the stump leaning on a shivered lance propped up on a lonely foot 'Tis Ahab—his body's part but Ahab's soul's a centipede that moves upon a hundred legs I feel strained half stranded as ropes that tow distrustful frigates in a gale and I may look so But ere I break ye'll hear me crack and till ye hear that know that Ahab's hauser tows his purpose yet Believe ye men in the things called omens? Then hush aloud and cry encore! For ere they drown drowning things will twice rise to the surface then rise again to sink for evermore So with Moby Dick—  
men he'll rise once  
brave?

As fearless fire cried Stubb

And as mechanical muttered Ahab Then as the men went forward he muttered on—The things called omens! And yesterday I talked the same to Starbuck there concerning my broken boat Oh! how valiantly I seek to drive out of others' hearts what's clinched so fast in mine!—The Parsec—the Parsec!—

be seen again ere I co  
baffle all the lawyers as by the ghosts of the whole line of judges—  
like a hawk's beak it pecks my brain I'll solve it though!

When dusk descended the whale was still in sight to leeward

So once more the sul was shortened and everything passed nearly as on the previous night only the sound of hammers and the hum of the grind stone was heard till nearly daylight as the men toiled by lanterns in the complete and careful rigging of the spire boats and sharpening their fresh weapons for the morrow Meantime of the broken keel of Ahab's wrecked craft the carpenter made him another leg while still as on the night before slouched Ahab stood fixed within his scuttle his hid heliotrope glance

## The Chase—Third Day

anticipatingly gone backward on its dial set due eastward for the earliest sun

### Chapter 135

#### The Chase—Third Day

THE morning of the third day dawned fair and fresh and once more the solitary night man at the fore-masthead was relieved by crowds of the daylight lookouts who dotted every mast and almost every spar

There steady as thou goest and naught to be  
were it a new-made world and made for a summer house to the angels and  
this morning the first of us throwing open to them a fairer day could  
not dawn upon that world Here's food for thought had Ahab time to  
think but Ahab never thinks he only feels feels feel that's tingling  
enough for mortal man to think's audacity God only has that right and  
privilege. Thinking is or ought to be a coolness and a calmness and our  
poor hearts throb and our poor brains beat too much for that And yet

wild winds blow it they whip it about me as the torn shreds of split sails  
lash the tossed ship they cling to A vile wind that has no doubt blown  
ere this through prison corridors and cells and wards of hospitals and  
ventilated them and now comes blowing hither as innocent as fleeces Out  
upon it—it's tainted Were I the wind I'd blow no more on such a wicked  
miserable world I'd crawl some where to a cave and slink there And yet  
In every  
but run  
will not

stand to receive a simple blow Even Ahab is a braver than—a nobler  
than than that Would it  
that most expectant and  
but only bodily—sobs—  
cunning oh, a most malicious and fierce And yet I say again and say ear  
I not that there's  
I arm Trade Wind  
strong and head  
for ever the baser currents of the sea may turn and tack, and mightiest  
Masters of the land huff and say ever about, uncertain where to go at



last And by the eternal Poles! these same Trades that so directly blow my good ship on these Trades or something like them—something so unchangeable and full as strong blow my keeled soul along! To it! Aloft there! What d'ye see?

Nothing sir

Nothing! and noon at hand! The doubloon goes a begging! See the sun! Aye aye it must be so I've oversailed him How got the start? Aye he's chasing me now not I him—that's bad I might have known it too Fool! the lines—the harpoons he's towing Aye aye I have run him by last night About! about! Come down all of ye but the regular lookouts! Man the braces!

Steering as she had done the wind had been somewhat on the *Pequod's* quarter so that now being pointed in the reverse direction the braced ship sailed hard upon the breeze as she recharged the cream in her own white wake

Against the wind he now steers for the open jaw murmured Starbuck to himself as he coiled the new hauled main brace upon the rail God keep us but already my bones feel damp within me and from the rain do wet my flesh I'm drenched

Stand by  
Way down

Starbuck did Ahab's bidding and once

Time itself now held  
three points off the  
weather I saw Ahab descried the spout again and instantly from the three mastheads three shrieks went up as if the tongues of fire had voiced it

Forehead to forehead I meet thee this third time Moby Dick! On deck there!—brace sharper up crowd her into the wind's eye He's too far off to lower yet Mr Starbuck The sails shake! Stand over that helmsman with a topmast! So so he travels fast and I must down But let me have one more good round look aloft here at the sea there's time for that An old old sight and yet somehow so young aye and not changed a wink since I first saw it a boy from the sandhills of Nantucket! The same!—the same!—the same to Noah as to me There's a soft shower to leeward Such lovely leewardings! They must lead somewhere—to something else than common land more palmy than the palms Leeward! the White Whale goes that way look to windward then the better if the bitterer quarter But good bye good bye old masthead! What's this?—green? aye tiny mosses in these warped cracks No such green weather stains on Ahab's head! There's the difference now between man's old age and matters But aye old must we both grow old together sound in our hulls though are we not my ship? Aye minus a leg that's all By heaven! this dead wood has

## The Chase—The Day

the better of my live flesh every way. I can't compare with it and I've known some ships made of dead trees outlast the lives of men made of the mortal stuff of mortal fathers. What's that he said he should still go before me my pilot and yet to be seen again? Put where. Shall I have eyes in the bottom of the sea supposing I descend those endless stairs and all night I've been sailing from him wherever he did ink to Ave aye like many more thou toldst dreadful truth as touching thyself. O Parson but Ahab there thy shoe fell here! Good bye my thread—keep a good eye upon the whale the while I'm gone. We'll talk to-morrow night to-night when the White Whale lies down there wed by head and tail.

He gave the word and still gazing round him was steadily lowered through the cloven blue air to the deck.

In due time the boats were lowered but as standing in his shallop's stern Ahab just hovered upon the point of the descent he waved to the mate—who held one of the tackle-ropes on deck—and bade him pause.

"Starbuck!

"S

For the third time my soul's ship starts upon this voyage Starbuck."

Ave it thou wilt have it so.

"Some ships sail from the ports and ever afterwards are missing Starbuck!

"Truth sir sadder truth.

"Some men die at ebb tide some in low water some at the full of the flood—and I feel now like a billow that's all one crested comb Starbuck. I am old—shake hands with me man.

Their hands met their eyes fastened Starbuck's tears the glue.

Oh my captain my captain!—noble heart—go not—go not—see, it's a brave man that reaps his great agony of the persuasion then!

"Lower a 'way'—cried Ahab tossing the mate's arm from him. Stand by the crew!

In an instant the boat was pulling round close under the stern.

"The harks the sharks!—cried a voice from the lower cabin window there—

"O master my master come back!

But Ahab heard nothing for his own voice was high-lifted then and the boat leaped on.

Yet the voice spake true for scarce had he pushed from the ship when numbers of sharks seemingly rising from out the dark waters beneath the hull maliciously snapped at the blades of the oars every time they dipped in the water and in this way accompanied the boat with their bites. It is a thing not uncommonly happening to the whale-boats in those swarming seas, the sharks at times apparently following them in the same prescient way that vultures hover over the banners of marching regiments in the east. But these were the first sharks that had been observed by the *Pegquod*

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Stand by to sway me up! cried Ahab advancing to the hempen basket We should meet him soon

Aye aye sir and straightway Starbuck did Ahab's bidding and once more Ahab swung on high

A whole hour now passed gold-bitten out to ages Time itself now held long breaths with keen suspense But at last some three points off the weather bow Ahab descried the spout again and instantly from the three mastsheads three shrieks went up as if the tongues of fire had voiced it

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I am flesh every way I can't compare with it and I've  
 — of the  
 be-  
 eyes  
 d all  
 imposing I understand  
 sink to Ave eye like  
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 — h h l l o n s stern

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22 — 1

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since the White Whale had been first descried and whether it was that Ahab's crew were all such tiger yellow barbarians and therefore their flesh more musky to the senses of the sharks—a matter sometimes well known to affect them—however it was they seemed to follow that one boat without molesting the others

Heart of wrought steel! murmured Starbuck gazing over the side and following with his eyes the receding boat—canst thou yet ring boldly to that sight?—lowering thy keel among ravening sharks and followed by them open mouthed to the chase and thus the critical third day?—For when three days flow together in one continuous intense pursuit be sure the first is the morning the second the noon and the third the evening and the end of that thing—be that end what it may Oh! my God! what is this that shoots through me and leaves me so dently calm

11 pair glories behind me boy! I seem to see but thy eyes grown wondrous blue Strangest problems of life seem clearing but clouds sweep between—Is my journey's end coming? My legs feel faint like his who has footed it all day Feel thy heart—beats it yet?—Stir thyself Starbuck!—stave it off—move move! speak aloud!—Masthead there! See ye my boy's hand on the hull?—Crized—aloft there!—keep thy keenest eye upon the boats—mark well the whale!—Ho! ho!—drive off that hawk! see! he pecks—he tears the vane—pointing to the red flag flying at the main truck—Ha! he soars away with it!—Where's the old man now? sees t thou that sight oh Ahab!—shudder shudder!

at the next rising he held on his way a little sideways from the vessel the becharmed crew maintaining the profoundest silence as the head beat waves hammered and hammered against the opposing bow

Drive drive in your nails oh ye waves! to their uttermost heads drive them in! ye but strike a thing without a lid and no coffin and no hearse can be mine—and hemp only can kill me! I ha! ha!

Suddenly the waters around them slowly swelled in broad circles then quickly upheaved as if sideways sliding from a submerged berg of ice swiftly rising to the surface A low rumbling sound

a low droning in a thin drooping veil of mist it hovered for a moment in the rainbowed air and then fell swamping back into the deep Crushed thirty feet upwards the waters flashed for an instant like heaps of fountains then brokenly sank in a shower of flakes leaving the circling

surface creamed like new milk round the marble trunk of the whale

Give way! cried Ahab to the oarsmen and the boats darted forward to the attack but maddened by yesterday's fresh wounds that corroded in him Moby Dick seemed combinedly possessed by all the angels that fell from heaven The wide tiers of welded tendons overspreading his broad white forehead beneath the transparent skin looked knitted together as head on he came churning his tail among the boats and once more flailed them apart spilling out the irons and lances from the two mates' boats and dashing in one side of the upper part of their bows but leaving Ahab's almost without a scar

While Daggo and Queequeg were stopping the strained planks and as the whale swimming out from them turned and showed one entire flank as he shot by them again at that moment a quick cry went up Lashed round and round to the fish's back pinioned in the turns upon turns in which during the past night the whale had reeled the involutions of the lines around him the half-torn body of the Parsee was seen his sable raiment frayed to shreds his distended eyes turned full upon old Ahab

The harpoon dropped from his hand

Befooled befooled—drawing in a long lean breath—Ave Parsee! I

and my legs and so over me—Where's the whale? gone down again

But he looked too much the boat for as if bent upon escaping with the

to death. See! Moby Dick seeks thee now! It is thou thou that madly seekest him

Setting sail to the rising wind, the lonely boat was swiftly impelled to

swiftly a ridiculous interval. Glancing upwards he saw Tashigo Queequeg, and Daggo eagerly mounting to the three mastheads while the oarsmen were rocking in the two starved boats which had just been hoisted

to the side and were busily at work in repairing them. One after the other

now marking that the vane or flag was gone from the main masthead he shouted to Tashtego who had just gained that perch to descend again for another flag and a hammer and nails and so nail it to the mast

Whether fagged by the three days running chase and the resistance to his swimming in the knotted hamper he bore or whether it was some latent deceitfulness and malice in him whichever was true the White Whale's

accompanied him and so pertinaciously stuck to the boat and so continually bit at the plying oars that the blades became jagged and crunched and left small splinters in the sea at almost every dip

Heed them not! those teeth but give new row locks to your oars Pull on! tis the better rest the shark's jaw than the yielding water

But at every bite sir the thin blades grow smaller and smaller!

T

he

Aye and now—we near him! he helm! take the helm let me pass—and so saying two of the oarsmen helped him forward to the bows of the still flying boat

At length as the craft was cast to one side and ran ranging along with the White Whale's flank he seemed strangely oblivious of its advance—

As both steel and curse sank to the socket as if sucked into a morass Moby Dick sideways writhed spasmodically rolled his high flank against the bow and without striving a hole in it so suddenly canted the boat over that had it not been for the elevated part of the gunwale to which he then clung Ahab would once more have been tossed into the sea As it was three of the oarsmen—who foreknew not the precise instant of the dart and were therefore unprepared for its effects—these were flung out but so fell that in an instant two of them clutched the gunwale again and rising to its level on a combing wave hurled themselves bodily inboard again the third man helplessly drooping astern but still afloat and swimming

Almost simultaneously with a mighty volition of ungraduated instan

### The Chase—Third Day

taneous swiftness the White Whale darted through the weltering sea. But when Ahab cried out to the tarsman to take new turns with the line and hold it so and commanded the crew to turn round on their seats and tow the boat up to the mark the moment the treacherous line felt that double strain and tug it snapped in the empty air!

"What breaks in me? Some new cracks!—tis whole again oars! oars! Burst in upon him!"

Hearing the tremendous rush of the sea-cra hing boat the whale wheeled round to present his blank forehead at bay but in that evolution catching sight of the nearing black hull of the ship seemingly seen in it the nobler foe of a sudden he bore down upon its advancing prow smiting his jaws amid fiery showers of foam.

Ahab staggered his hand smote his forehead I grow blind hands! stretch out before me that I may yet grope my way! Is it night?

"The whale! The ship!" cried the cringing oarsmen.  
"Oars oars! Slope down and to thy depths O sea that ere it be for ever too late Ahab may I do this last time upon his mark! I see the ship! the ship! Da h on my men! Will I not save my hip!"

But as the oarsmen violently forced their boat through the sledge-hammering seas the before whale-smitten bows-ends of the planks burst through and in an instant almost the temporarily disabled boat lay nearly level with the waves its half-adding splashing crew trying hard to stop the gap and bale out the pouring water.

Meantime for that one beholding instant Tashiego's masthead hammer remained suspended in his hand and the red flag half-tapping him as with a plaid then streamed itself straight out from him as his own forward flopping heart while Starbuck and Stubb standing upon the bowsprit beneath caught sight of the down-coming monster just as soon as he.

The whale the hal! Up helm up helm! Oh all ye sweet powers of air nor hug me close. Let not Starbuck die if die he must in a woman's fainting fit Up helm I say—ye fools the jaws! Is this the end of all my bursting passions all my life-long furies? Oh Ahab Ahab lo thy work! Stead helm man stand! Nay nay! Up helm again! He turns to meet us Oh his unappealable bow-dries on towards one whose duty tells him he cannot depart. My God stand by me now!

Stand not by me but stand under me! However you are that will not help Stubb for Stubb too sits here I grin at thee thou grinning whale! Whoe'er helped Stubb or kept Stubb awake but Stubb's own unwinking.

And now poor Stubb goes to bed upon a mattress that is all too soft could it be stuffed with bruised food! I grin at thee, thou grinning whale! Look the sun moon and stars! I call ye assassins of as good a fellow as ever pouted up his ghost. For all that I would yet ring glasses with ye would



ye but hand the cup! Oh oh oh oh! thou grinning whale but there'll be plenty of gulping soon! Why fly ye not O Ahab? For me off shoes and jacket to it let Stubb die in his drawers! A most mouldy and over salted death though—cherries! cherries! cherries! Oh Flask for one red cherry ere we die!

Cherries? I only wish that we were where they grow Oh Stubb I hope my poor mother's drawn my part pay ere this if not few coppers will come to her now for the voyage is up

From the ship's bows nearly all the seamen now hung inactive hammers bits of plank lances and harpoons mechanically retained in their hands just as they had darted from their various employments all their enchanted eyes intent upon the whale which from side to side strangely vibrating his predestinating head sent a broad band of overspreading semi-circular foam before him as he rushed Retribution

Some men sat upon their faces Like dislodged trucks the heads of the harpooneers aloft shook on their bull-like necks Through the breach they heard the waters pour as mountain torrents down a flume

The ship! The hearse!—the second hearse! cried Ahab from the bow Its wood could only be American!

Diving beneath the settling ship the Whale ran quivering along its keel but turning under water swiftly shot to the surface again far off the other bow but within a few yards of Ahab's boat where for a time he lay quiescent

I turn my body from the sun What ho Tashtego! let me hear thy hammer Oh! ye three unsundered spires of mine thou uncracked keel and only god-bullied hull thou firm deck and haughty helm and Pole-pointed prow—death glorious ship! must ye then perish and without me? Am I cut off from the last fond pride of merriest shipwrecked captains? Oh lonely death on lonely life! Oh now I feel my topmost greatness lies in my topmost grief Ho Ho! from all your furthest bounds pour ye now in ye bold billows of my whole foregone life and top this one piled comber of my death! Towards thee I roll thou all-destroying but unconquering whale to the last I grapple with thee from hell's heart I stab at thee for hate's sake I spit my last breath at thee Sink all coffins and all hearsees to one common pool! and since neither can be mine let me then tow to pieces while still chasing thee though tied to thee thou damned whale! Thus I give up the spear!

The harpoon was darted the stricken whale flew forward with igniting velocity the line ran through the groove ran foul Ahab stooped to clear it he did clear it but the flying turn caught him round the neck and voice—

## The Chase—Third Day

7

and smiting the sea disappeared in its depths

For an instant the tranced boat's crew stood still then turned The ship? Great God where is the ship Soon they through dim bewildering mediums saw her sidelong fading phantom 'tis in the gaseous Fata Morgana only the uppermost mists out of water while fixed by infatuation or fidelity or fate to their once lofty perches the pagan harpooners still maintained their sinking lookouts on the sea And now concentric circles seized the lone boat itself and all its crew and each floating oar and every lance-pole and spinning animate and inanimate all round and round in one vortex carried the smallest chip of the *Pequod* out of sight

But as the last whelmings intermingling poured themselves over the  
s l h e a d f h i d e

— u u u u u u u u u u from its natural home among the stars pecking at the flag and incommoding Tashiego there this bird now chanced to intercept its broad fluttering wing between the hammer and the anvil —

1  
1  
u l i s h h o n c h i l l she had dragged a living part of heaven along with her and helmeted herself with it

Now small fowls flew screaming over the yet yawning gulf a sullen white surf beat against its steep sides then all collapsed and the great shroud of the sea rolled on as it rolled five thousand years ago



